

April 11, 1962

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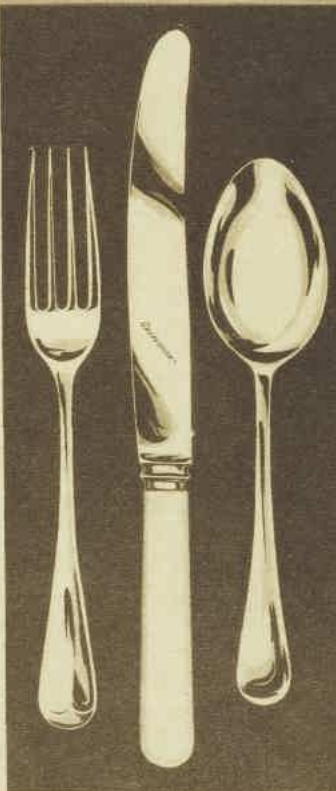
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THE WEEKLY ROUND

• We were delighted at the way readers liked the four-page "My Country" color feature in our March 28 issue.

PEOPLE from all over Australia wrote and rang to say how impressed they were with our wonderful color pictures.

They included school-teachers, who said how useful the pictures would be for children, and, nicest of all, poetess Dorothea Mackellar herself, who wrote: "The photographs are very beautiful and excellently illustrative."

★ ★ ★
VICTORIAN Alan Villiers, who plans to sail a replica of Captain Cook's Endeavour to Australia (page 7), says that Captain Bligh, of the Bounty mutiny, wasn't such a bad chap.

Mr. Villiers said he once had a mutiny. "Three of my crew didn't want to go on after they'd seen wonderful Tahiti," he said. "I got rid of them quickly."

★ ★ ★
"BABA," the French poodle in our "Dogs' Life" feature (pages 21 to 25), has to diet to fit the new wardrobe her owner, Mrs. Vera Fels, of Woollahra, N.S.W., buys for her each year at "Au Chien Elegant" in Paris.

So that "Baba" will not be tempted by titbits at home during the day she accompanies her mistress to the office.

Our cover

• Despite a frantically busy schedule, film star Jane Russell, who is due to start a Sydney nightclub engagement on April 9, found time to pose for our cover picture.

She sandwiched the picture in at a charity luncheon at Bel-Air, where she was the principal speaker.

And she fitted the charity lunch in between rehearsals for a two-week nightclub engagement in Houston, Texas.

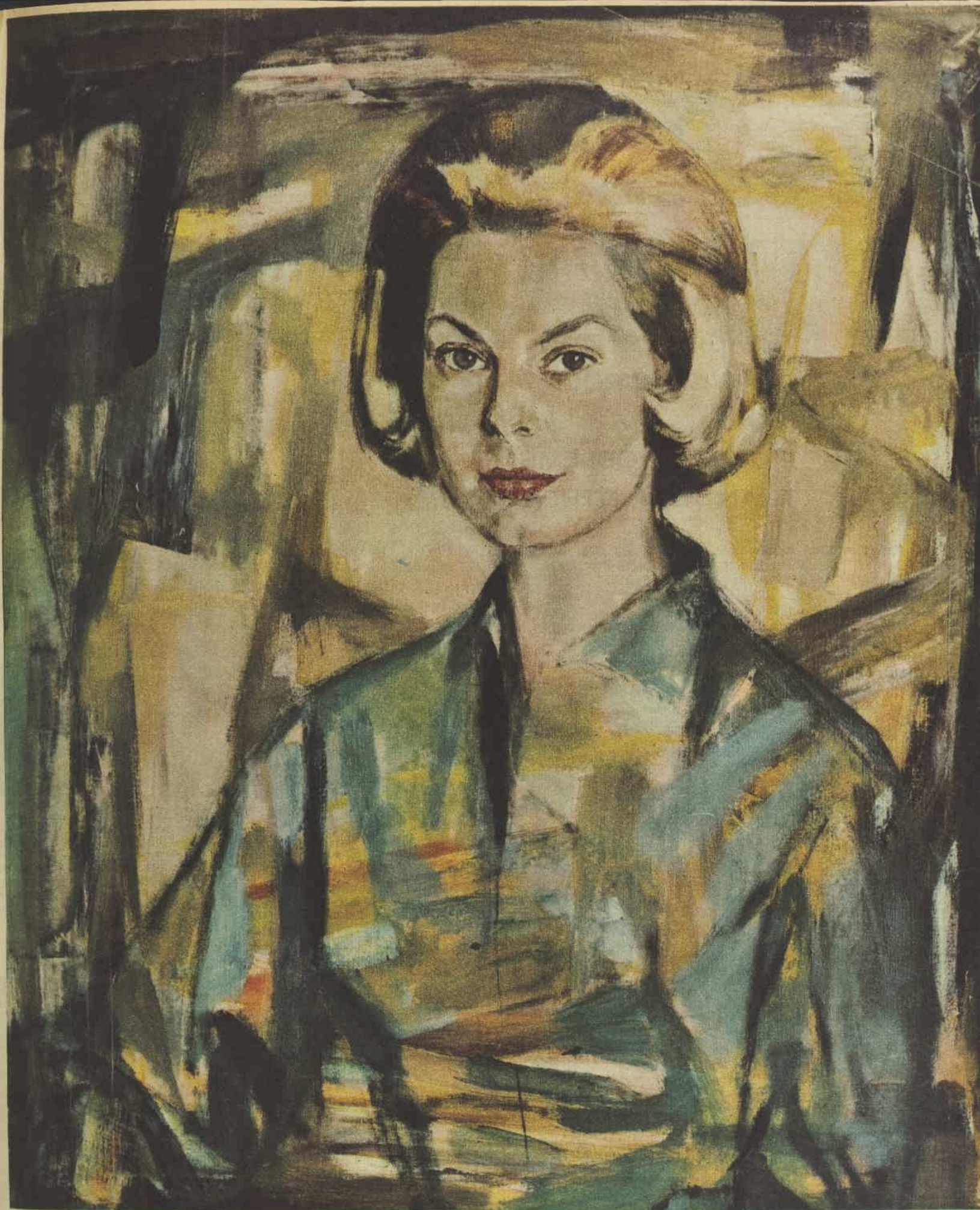
At the end of her Houston appearances, Jane returned to Hollywood to spend a short while with her husband, Bob Waterfield, before leaving for Australia. Story, page 15.

At lunchtime she has a brisk walk—causing quite a sensation when she appears in her rain garb.

One wet day recently a passer-by stopped in his tracks as "Baba," with a plaid raincoat and umbrella, daintily avoided a puddle.

"Now I've seen everything," he exclaimed.

For cocktail or dinner-party wear "Baba" has a jewelled collar and bows, also from Paris.



DUCHESS of KENT **by Judy Cassab**

• "This is one of my favorite portraits—one I'm most pleased with," says Sydney artist Judy Cassab of this portrait of the Duchess of Kent. Painted during Miss Cassab's eight weeks' London visit last year, it follows her earlier Kent portraits of Princess Alexandra, Princess Marina, and the Duke. The Duchess gave five sittings in Miss Cassab's London flat, and each lasted about 1½ hours. The Duchess, simply dressed, very punctual, and most co-operative, talked and moved around during the sittings. "I like to get all moods into my portraits," said Miss Cassab. "If you look carefully at this painting you will see that half the face is smiling and the other half is serious."

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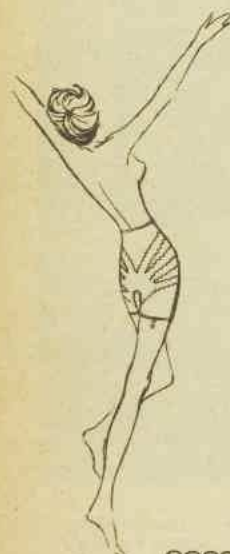
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Dancers' twins stay in London



● Twins Catherine (left) and Diana Blair, who must stay behind at home in Holland Park, London, while their parents tour Australia with Dame Margot Fonteyn's Royal Ballet Group.

● "There's Daddy! Look, LOOK, there's our Daddy!" tiny twin girls shouted excitedly from the stalls of the dignified Royal Opera House at Monte Carlo.

THE twins, Catherine and Diana Blair, aged two, rose from their seats in unison as the tall ballet dancer bounded on to the stage.

For David Blair, Britain's leading male ballet dancer, it was "one of the greatest thrills of my life."

David and his wife, Maryon Lane, leading dancers of the Royal Ballet Company, are leaving the twins at home when they tour Australia with Margot Fonteyn.

They are the only two working dancers in the Royal Ballet with children, and the first Royal Ballet parents to have twins. They are often torn between parenthood and careers.

Catherine and Diana, now aged 2½, are used to being left with Grandma or Nanny.

On their first birthday both parents were in America with the Royal Ballet. But David and Maryon were determined to be with them on their second birthday — last New Year's Day.

It was not too easy, as they had to be in Monte Carlo over Christmas and New Year. However, Anton Dolin lent them his villa, and, despite performances, David and Maryon spent lots of time with the children.

Prince Rainier's sister, Princess Antoinette, gave a Christmas party to which the twins were invited. She so fell in love with the tiny pair that on New Year's Day she sent them a specially made birthday cake.

But perhaps their biggest thrill and best present came to them in the theatre — the first time they saw their parents dance.

Their Nanny took them one afternoon to a matinee.



Standing in the wings, they watched their mother dancing.

They were struck dumb by the lights, color, and movement. Not a sound did they utter as the beautiful ballerina executed her last turn and came off-stage running toward them.

But as she swept them up for a kiss they looked frankly frightened. Maryon realised they did not recognise her in stage make-up.

"Big thrill"

After they had got over the shock they sat in the stalls to watch the rest of the performance. Suddenly a tall figure bounded on to the stage, and the twins shrieked, "Daddy," straight away.

"It was one of the biggest thrills of my life," David says.

"I don't think I have ever enjoyed a performance so much. They didn't interrupt again, but sat enthralled — the perfect audience."

At the moment the children seem keen on dancing.

"But we shall never force them to learn," says Maryon. "Ballet is a hard taskmaster, and only those who really have a vocation should think of taking it up."

If the children do, one thing is certain: They will have at least twice as much help and encouragement at home as any two prospective ballerinas in the world.

● The twins have a miniature indoor playground in their nursery. Parents David Blair and Maryon Lane help Catherine down the slippery slide while Diana waits impatiently for her turn.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 11, 1962

Girl from Perth returns home



● Ballerina Robin Haig, above, and, left, in costume for the Neapolitan Tarantella from "Swan Lake."

● Just 16 years ago a little girl in Kalgoorlie, W.A., saw a Black Watch display of Highland dancing.

SHE went right home and announced to her friend Sally, also eight years old, that they would get a truck, two kilts, and all the trimmings and drive around Australia giving displays of Highland dancing.

"It'll be a marvellous way to live when we grow up," she announced with conviction.

This far-seeing performer, Robin Haig, is returning to Australia as one of four starring ballerinas in Margot Fonteyn's Royal Ballet group.

This time, instead of a truck, she will be transported by jet. Point shoes and tutus have replaced the kilts she dreamed of in the dust of a Kalgoorlie summer.

Behind her is a record of unqualified success.

"The joke is that after my passion for Highland dancing I gave up the whole idea," Robin said. "My mother, thinking that I might enjoy it, arranged for me to go to dancing lessons in Kalgoorlie, where we stayed for two years at the end of the war."

"I hated every minute in that class. Of course, I had never seen ballet in my life and didn't know the difference, but, looking back now, I realise those three agonising lessons were in tap-dancing."

"I've never been able to tap a beat since."

"Dream world"

Three years later Robin was taken to see the Ballet Rambert, which was then visiting Perth, where she had returned to live with her family.

"I was enthralled, as in a dream world. It never occurred to me that one could earn one's living that way."

"I just thought it must be a beautiful thing people did to make themselves happy."

"Then, for my eleventh

birthday present, my parents sent me along to the Linley Wilson School of Ballet. That was the beginning of everything."

At the end of each class the teacher gave her pupils a period of free expression. Even now shy at rehearsals, Robin used to do her expressing in the corner with her back to the others.

One day Mrs. Wilson called her over to say, "I think we can make a dancer of you."

"I have never wanted to be a great ballerina," Robin explains today. "I am not a great technician."

"I love to express feelings and emotions in dances, if possible human emotions."

Strangely enough, Margot Fonteyn said only a few weeks earlier that she had never aspired to technical virtuosity, but loved to tell the story of a ballet.

When I told Robin Haig this she smiled, but rather shyly: "Oh, yes, that's just what I mean. But, of course, I've a long way to go. A very long way."

Already she has gone farther than she believed possible. When she left school at 17 she was engaged immediately as a soloist with Walter Gore's Australian Theatre Ballet in Melbourne.

She won the first Royal Academy of Dancing scholarship awarded in Perth, and came to England to study at the Royal Ballet School.

"It was a wonderfully exciting time, and I revelled in every hard-working minute of it. I never thought it would lead me to the Royal Ballet's resident company."

But at her first audition, after 18 months at the school, Robin found herself in the No. 1 company, whirled off on a tour of the United States.

"The American audiences were so encouraging and overwhelming in their reaction that it spurred me to greater efforts," she said.

"Of course, we all react better to enthusiastic audiences, so I was lucky to have such a boost at the beginning."

In 1960 she went with the Royal Ballet to the United States again, and a year later to that ballerinas' Mecca — Russia.

By BETTY BEST,
of our London staff

"It was unbelievable to be dancing there at last. The theatres were so magnificent and the audiences so generous that once more it was like a dream coming true."

When Robin came back to London she was asked to join Walter Gore's newly forming London Ballet.

Undaunted

To leave the security of the Royal Opera House banner and its annual holidays and steady salary for church-hall rehearsal-rooms and uncertain bookings would have daunted a lesser spirit.

"Of course, if it had not been Walter Gore's ballet I wouldn't have thought twice," she told me. "But I had loved working with him in Melbourne. Then, about half his soloists are Australians and this was a great draw."

The London Ballet, not yet a year old, has already had great success in Edinburgh, Dublin, and the counties, and will be in the West End by its next season.

No one was more surprised than Robin when her telephone rang one night during a recent tour and Dame Margot Fonteyn asked her to go to Australia. The London Ballet, conscious of the honor being paid to its young soloist, released her for the trip.

"A year ago I would have been too terrified to accept," says Robin, "but the experience with Walter Gore has given me confidence and taught me so much that I felt I couldn't resist it."

"There will probably never be another tour like this one—it is so special. I feel the least-experienced dancer among them and would not dare to do it unless I felt sure of really good partners."

"I have several new parts and only have seven days' rehearsal in London and five in Perth."

"But, oh, what a chance to see the family and what a wonderful way to go home!"



● Robin Haig with Dame Margot Fonteyn (at left) and David Blair at a reception at the Royal Opera House, London, before leaving for Australia.

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A new Endeavour to voyage into history

From our London office

● Alan Villiers, who plans to sail a 500-ton replica of Captain Cook's Endeavour on a slow, 20,000-mile journey from England to Australia, will next month make a more comfortable preliminary trip to Sydney as passenger on a luxury liner.

THE main reason for the first trip, on which Mr. Villiers will be accompanied by his wife, is to interest people in the Endeavour project, scheduled for 1964.

Alan Villiers, who was born in Victoria 59 years ago, hopes to sail the replica Endeavour over Captain Cook's route round the Cape of Good Hope in 1768.

It's a £100,000 project (at least), but Mr. Villiers has found shipbuilders eager to get the job done, and he intends to start work on the vessel next year.

"I want the Endeavour to be taken to Sydney to be the nucleus of a National Maritime Museum there," he said. "She will, of course, be the real thing. There'll be none of this nonsense about engines, electric light, and the like."

"I know it would be much easier just to build her right there in Botany Bay, but it would lose its meaning if we didn't sail her across."

Among the crew Mr. Villiers has already invited to join him in the venture is 23-year-old Philip Roff, of Melbourne, a 6ft. fair-haired Rhodes Scholar who is reading maths for his B.A. at Oxford.

Philip, who arrived at Ox-

ford 18 months ago with his fiancée, Barbara Edgley, of Frankston, Vic., said: "I'll be the most unable seaman on board, because I've never sailed before in my life."

But Alan Villiers—author of several nautical books and one of the world's best-known sailing authorities—has his own theory about the 25-man crew he is carefully selecting for his long sea voyage.

"If the majority of the crew are professional seamen and the rest are enthusiastic types, it works out fine," he said.

A slow journey

"I pick my men to get along together. After all, we only call into three ports during the six months' journey, so you couldn't afford to have conflicting temperaments aboard."

Before he sails to Australia next month Mr. Villiers will be in Norway as nautical director for a film—another task for which he has already become famous.

In many films, such as "Moby Dick," "John Paul Jones," "H.M.S. Defiant," Mr. Villiers was not only the technical brain but actually sailed and commanded the ships—leaving Gregory Peck, Alec Guinness, or Peter Ustinov, etc., free to act their roles.

"These ships are not the kind you get in a studio



ALAN VILLIERS, who plans to sail a replica of Captain Cook's Endeavour to Australia, pictured in the costume of an 18th-century seaman. He sailed the Mayflower II from London to Plymouth, U.S.A., in 1957.

tank," said Mr. Villiers. "They're real—and a lot of the actors get seasick, just as anybody else will."

The "last of the sea-dogs," as he has been affectionately called, has often been asked why he continues to sail out-of-date frigates such as the Joseph Conrad, the Mayflower II, and the Endeavour.

"I go on sailing because I think it's a shame to throw away knowledge it took two thousand years to get," he says.

"It's no problem to sail these vessels. I find it much harder to catch the No. 2 bus!"

Looking forward to the trip

with as much enthusiasm as Captain Villiers himself is Philip Roff, who, despite his own misgivings about his seamanship, seems more than suitable for the voyage.

A trained commando and keen sportsman, he is captain of Oxford's New College Boat Club and captain of the Isis Rowing Crew.

Wedding first

The trip, however, isn't till 1964, and Philip's thoughts meanwhile are occupied with studies and with plans for his marriage to Barbara Edgley on July 14 next year in the 14th Century Chapel at New College.

Philip and Barbara—who studied for her Bachelor of Commerce at Melbourne University and is now a full-fledged economist—have had to postpone their wedding for three years because students aren't eligible for a Rhodes Scholarship if they are married.

While Philip has been at Oxford, Barbara has been "filling in time" by taking a cooking course at the Cordon Bleu in London, and according to Philip she is now "the best cook in the world."

After their marriage and a honeymoon on the Continent, Philip will settle down to another year at Oxford and will then begin his six months' adventure of scrubbing the decks and "heaving the anchor ho my hearties" on the Endeavour.

Barbara will probably spend most of this time with her mother, Mrs. John Edgley, who owns a steer and poultry farm at Frankston, Victoria.



RHODES SCHOLAR Philip Roff, of Melbourne, who will be a crew member on Captain Villiers' six months' Endeavour cruise, pictured recently at Oxford with his Australian fiancée, Barbara Edgley.

NEXT WEEK

What would you like to know

● ABOUT BEAUTY?

The look is feminine, says Candy Jones, American model turned beauty expert, and she tells you how to achieve it in a four-page Beauty Book. She advises on hair, make-up, and spot exercises to give your figure new trimness.

● ABOUT FASHION?

The Chanel cardigan-suit is a world best-seller for autumn-winter. Now you can make your own with a special concession offer of a Chanel suit pattern for only 3/6.

● ABOUT SITTING-ROOMS?

In color: Eight beautiful sitting-rooms, each made interesting by its owner's individual taste. In each, ideas to help you plan your own sitting-room.

● ABOUT CAKES?

A four-page cookbook gives 16 cake recipes, including cake toppings and special-occasion cakes, plus the Cakes of the Month—in doll designs.

● ABOUT MONEY?

In the Home and Family section: The five basic reasons why husbands and wives disagree about money. Also a mother's story in verse telling how she found happiness without a large bank balance, and an engaged girl's story, "I paid debts for my fiancée."

● ABOUT BABYWEAR?

Charming designs to knit for the child who is over six months and out of the small-baby stage, including a three-piece set of leggings, jacket, and hood.

● ABOUT NEEDLEWORK?

For 10/-, a stamped needlework design—Australian wildflowers on a cream linen panel, 18in. square—with embroidery cotton and working instructions. The panel makes a delightful picture, cushion, or table-mat.

● ABOUT FICTION?

Beginning a new serial, "I Am Watching You," a suspense story by American author Ann Head.

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This skirt — a Pure Wool

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Shoes by p.b

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 11, 1962

From one of London's plushiest hotels comes an inside story of . . .

Life with the royal, rich, and famous

● **When Mr. Sergio Nobile retired after 28 years as floor manager of the Dorchester, one of London's plushiest hotels, he decided to head for Australia—taking with him his store of treasured memories of famous people.**

MR. NOBILE (pronounced Nobbilay) was born in Naples, but has been a British subject for many years.

Two years ago he and his wife chose Australia for their retirement because their two daughters and three grandchildren live in Queensland.

Their daughters came to Australia ten years ago. One, Mrs. Jack Proctor, lives at Holland Park, Brisbane, with her husband and three children, while the other, Miss Celeste Nobile, lives at Warwick.

Mr. Nobile, who has settled with his wife in a seaside home at Wynnum, near Brisbane, often looks back on the interesting life he had at the Dorchester, but he says he has no regrets about coming to Australia to live.

"It is a most beautiful place," he comments happily.

Being presented with a personal gift from Princess Marina of Kent, dealing with film stars, carving the beef for the Duke of Windsor are all among the assorted and treasured memories of 67-year-old Mr. Nobile.

Of Royalty, he says: "It was always party-time when I saw them. They were either guests or hosts. And no one enjoys a party as much as British Royalty."

"They completely relax and put everyone else at ease immediately."

"You would think that people would be stiff and formal with Royalty present, but it's the exact opposite."

By MARJORIE STAPLETON

When they appear it's like a signal to have a wonderful time.

"The Queen Mother is the champion at putting people at ease, and next comes Princess Marina. But they all have the gift."

"The Queen Mother is delightful. So placid and smiling, and always a kind word, even if one merely meets her in the corridor."

"About eight years ago I took care of the party Princess Marina gave for her son, the Duke of Kent. There were about 30 guests, including Princess Margaret."

"Princess Marina — then Duchess of Kent — intended the young men to serve a cold buffet and wait on the ladies."

"But they danced on and on and enjoyed themselves so much they forgot about food."

"The Duchess came out and asked me if my staff would take over after all, as it seemed hopeless to try to carry out her original plan."

"The party lasted until about 5 a.m."

"The Duchess was so worried about keeping us up so late, though we didn't mind in the least as they were all so friendly and pleasant."

"Next morning she sent her butler to me to ask if she could show her appreciation with a gift of money or a souvenir."

Mr. Nobile then proudly showed me his beautiful cuff links embossed with the Kent crest and the monogram M for Marina.

Among his other souvenirs are a silver tray from the wartime High Commissioner for Canada, Mr. Vincent Massey; a silver cigarette case from the Maharajah of Kapurtala (India); and a jade ashtray from ex-Queen Ena of Spain.



MR. SERGIO NOBILE, floor manager of the Dorchester Hotel, London, for 28 years. When he retired two years ago he came to live in Australia.

Mr. Nobile showed me pictures of the Dorchester's rich and grand Oliver Messel Suite, named after its designer, who is the uncle of Lord Snowdon, Princess Margaret's husband.

"Mr. Messel used to work in his shirt sleeves, painting screens and moving furniture," he said. "The late Mario Lanza loved to give parties in this suite."

Its reception-room carpet is woven as a garden, with flower-beds, a wheelbarrow, and a swan in a pond. A Napoleonic sofa almost invites Madame Recamier to the party.

Walls of silk

The bedroom walls are hung with yellow corded silk, and Messel's original sketches for the ballet "Sleeping Beauty" are hung from sashes of mulberry silk.

In the ninth-floor penthouse suites, also designed by Oliver Messel, birdcage hanging lamps, grape-garlanded windows, and telephones in bathrooms dazzle the eye.

It's not the taste of those who like plain carpets and ranch furniture, but it's swooning with romance.

Elizabeth Taylor and her third husband, the late Mike Todd, always chose the Harlequin Suite, which looked all dark-stripe effects and sultry opulence.

"Miss Taylor is beautiful,

but temperamental," Mr. Nobile said, shaking his head slightly — but he could not be persuaded to say more.

A staff of 56 helped Mr. Nobile to run the nine floors with one-happy-family harmony and precision.

"There were never any arguments," he said. "The managing director, Mr. George Ronys, treated us as friends. We were intensely proud of our work and high standards."

"During the war we were always expecting a bomb, as it was the meeting-place for Eisenhower, Churchill, and other statesmen," he said. "They would have a meal together, then lock the door and talk."

"They would chuckle as they tuned-in to Lord Haw-Haw across the Channel, who told them he knew where they were and that they would soon be blown up. But we got only one incendiary nearby."

Clara Bow, the original "It" girl, was the first film star Mr. Nobile met, then came Norma Shearer, Ben Lyon, and Bebe Daniels.

Robert Taylor stayed there when he filmed "Waterloo Bridge" and "A Yank at Eton." He used to do most of his own cooking in his suite and liked to chat with Mr. Nobile as he cooked.

"A very nice fellow," was the comment.

The Duke of Windsor frequently entertained in his

own suite, and always liked the floor manager to carve the roast beef — his favorite meal.

Mr. Nobile hopes to renew acquaintance with Helen Wood (now Mrs. Ashley Cooper), who, as Miss Australia, stayed at the hotel four years ago.

"She adored cashew nuts," he said. "I wonder if she still does?"

Royal charm

Mr. Nobile then settled the question of whether or not the Royal family are "special people."

"Very special," he said. "Only very special people could maintain their friendly dignity, their unruffled elegance, hour after hour."

"While other people show strain, they never do. The Royal ladies' complexions remain perfect, their hands are always in a graceful position. They never neglect to say thank-you for the smallest service."

When Mr. Nobile left the Dorchester, he was given a staff send-off which still brings tears to his eyes when he plays back the tape-recording of it.

"They told me not to play the tape until I reached Australia."

"My heart ached, but I knew I had no regrets. The sun was shining and the birds singing in the trees. I was happy to be here."

DUKE OF WINDSOR
... roast beef was his favorite meal.



THE KENTS
... their guests forgot to eat.

MARGARET
... always says thanks.

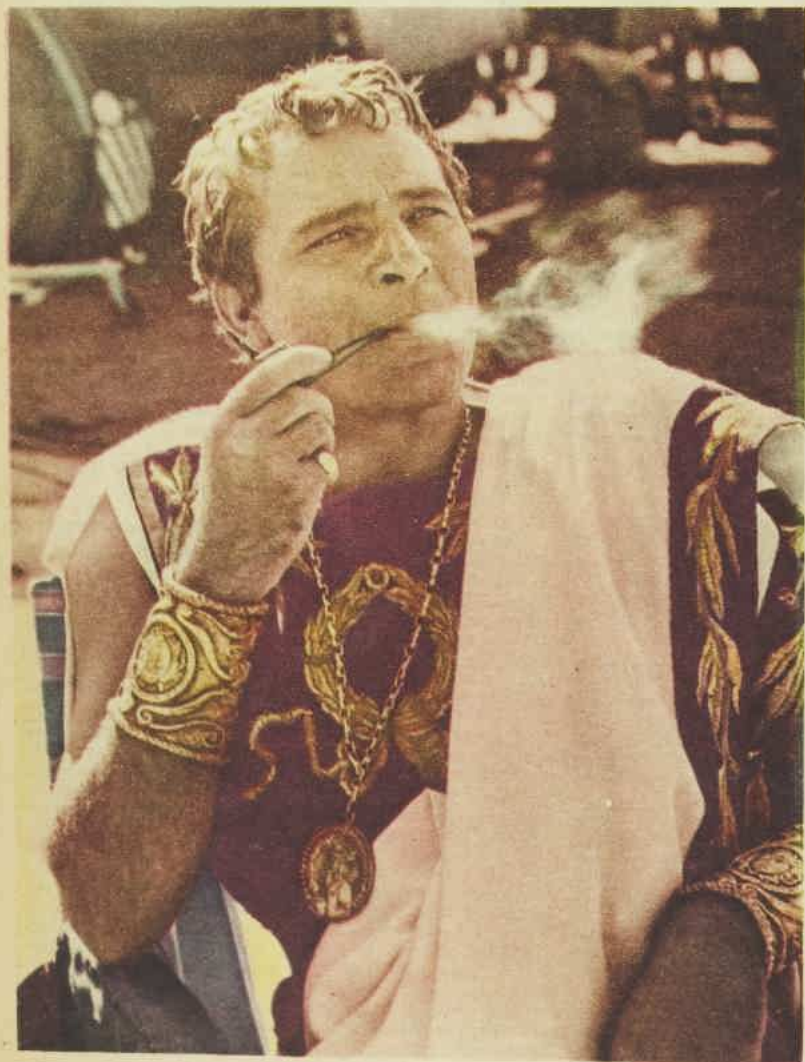


QUEEN MOTHER
... always a kind word, always placid.





CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt (Elizabeth Taylor), with the first of her Roman lovers, the veteran soldier and dictator Julius Caesar (Rex Harrison), in a scene from the film. After his assassination she was won by Mark Antony.



WELSHMAN Richard Burton, who plays the handsome, swaggering Mark Antony, relaxes with his pipe between takes. He's 35 and rich. His father was a coalminer.

I WATCHED LIZ TAYLOR MAKE A CLOSE-UP

—writes **DAVID McNICOLL** (Editor-in-Chief of Australian Consolidated Press) from Rome

● Spyros Skouras, the head of Twentieth Century-Fox, who should be the most worried man in the world today outside Khrushchev and Kennedy, was smiling happily when I met him at Cinecitta, the huge, sprawling film studios outside Rome.

ACROSS from America for two days, he'd just sat through two hours and 40 minutes of scenes from "Cleopatra."

"It's wonderful," he said. "This film will gross two hundred and fifty million dollars."

Why, then, should Skouras be one of the most worried men in the world?

The answer is a simple one:

"Cleopatra" is only half made. It is going to cost close on 30 million dollars (about £A14 million).

And the financial future of the huge Fox organisation depends on this film being successfully completed.

And its successful completion depends on one young woman—Elizabeth Taylor.

Little wonder that the Fox shares react on Wall Street when she catches a cold. Little wonder that the publicity boys behind the huge enterprise shudder when anything happens which damages the public image of Miss Taylor.

So many superlatives have been used about "Cleopatra" that I confidently expected to be disappointed when I accepted an invitation to spend a few days watching the film being made.

It didn't happen. Because the features which impressed most were not the gargantuan set, the hordes of extras, and the breathtaking costumes but the thought put into personality and character as opposed to spectacle, into drama and suspense as opposed to outdoor grandeur.

Not, mind you, that the sets aren't enough to take your breath away.

The Roman forum which has been built is about half as big again as the original. It covers ten acres of ground and contains 30 buildings.

They're not just a phony pasteboard front, either; they're pretty solid. The columns and statues, the work of fine Roman craftsmen, are magnificent replicas.

But the forum set almost looks puny alongside the Alexandria set.

This has been built at Torre Asture, 45 miles south of Rome on the Tyrrhenian Sea. Cleopatra's Alexandria palace is the biggest movie set ever built. It covers 20 acres, four of them built over water and supported by 15,000 pillars.

In other words, they've built something

about four times as big as the Sydney Opera House.

To animate these colossal sets there are, naturally, all the usual trappings of a super-spectacular film—hordes of soldiers carrying thousands of bows; cohorts of slaves, white and black; elephants, horses, monkeys, and assorted birds in sufficient numbers to get Sir Edward Hallstrom started on a new zoo enterprise.

The galleys are as big as Kirribilli ferries and considerably more comfortable. (The sails will interest those who sail in the yacht Gretel, challenger for the America's Cup. The purple kept fading in the hot Italian sun, so naval architect Hil-yard Brown, who's in charge of the maritime sequences, has had special purple nylon sails woven in California.)

In addition, there are 26,000 costumes to clothe the assorted armies, jars and ornaments by the hundreds, 10,000 spears, 8000 pairs of shoes—and, of course, an asp.

Ex-child star

At Cinecitta I lunched in the commissary restaurant whose official name is Nino's. Here at twenty tables the busy people of "Cleopatra" lunched and sipped their wine in an hour of relaxation.

At one table sat producer Walter Wanger with Sid Rogell, the "figure man" of the production, who has to see what is happening to the 30 million dollars.

At the table next to me sat Pamela Danova, executive assistant to director Joseph Mankiewicz and one of the half-dozen women who play a vital part in producing this film.

With her was Richard Burton, swathed in a red dressing-gown, his high-laced Roman boots peering incongruously from under the towelling.

Wandering round the dining-room chatting with various people was a tow-headed young man whose face seemed vaguely familiar.

This was Roddy McDowall, formerly famous child star and now one of the best-known actors on Broadway. He plays Octavian in "Cleopatra," and his seven-minute speech to the Roman Senate is said to be one of the high spots of the film.

Acting with Elizabeth Taylor is no new experience for him, for he first appeared with her 20 years ago in "Lassie Come Home"—remember?



To be allowed to watch Elizabeth Taylor acting in her intimate scenes is about as hard as getting a dinner invitation to Buckingham Palace. Not only is Liz difficult about it, but her director, the mercurial Joe Mankiewicz, actively resents strangers on the set when he is directing.

So I felt duly honored when told I could watch Cleopatra and Mark Antony making one of their close-up scenes. (I should mention that Caesar had met his nasty fate a week before.)

The indoor sets were even more magnificent, though not as huge as the outdoor.

Cleopatra's bed (this is known as the Mark Antony bed and is very different from the one Cleopatra shared with Caesar in the first half of the picture) is round, golden, and looks extremely comfortable if somewhat exposed to draughts.

Alongside it is her bathroom, with one of the most fabulous-looking baths you would ever see—blue and deep with waterlilies floating on top.

I was rather sad to have missed the bathing sequence, but didn't feel so bad when I heard that everyone except essential personnel had been

cleared from the set before Miss Taylor slipped into the water.

I'm told that I also missed her 19 handmaidens, who are among the most succulent girls ever gathered together in Italy, and cause traffic jams when they walk down the Via Veneto.

Shooting was due to start and the set was buzzing with activity.

Small, voluptuous

The color men were testing the lights, cameras were being moved up and down, the stand-ins for Taylor and Burton were standing patiently in their places while distances were measured for shots and new light angles were experimented with.

Away from the scene of general chaos, and looking quite relaxed as they sprawled in their chairs, were Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor, the movement of their lips indicating that they were boning up on their lines.

Poised above them was "old No. 1," the huge Todd-AO camera, which is one of the veterans. It filmed a big part of "South Pacific," and in its

adventurous life has been strapped to the top of a DC4 as it plunged over the Fijian mountains. It has really earned the 75,000 dollars it cost.

Liz Taylor is smaller than I thought she would be. She gave a dazzling smile and motioned me where to stand while the picture was being taken.

Her make-up was extraordinary, but the most amazing feature was the eyelids and sides of the eyes, which were covered with blue, through which were sprinkled small gold chips.

Her dress was low-cut (most of her scenes in "Cleopatra" are pretty revealing). I couldn't help but be impressed by the voluptuousness of her figure.

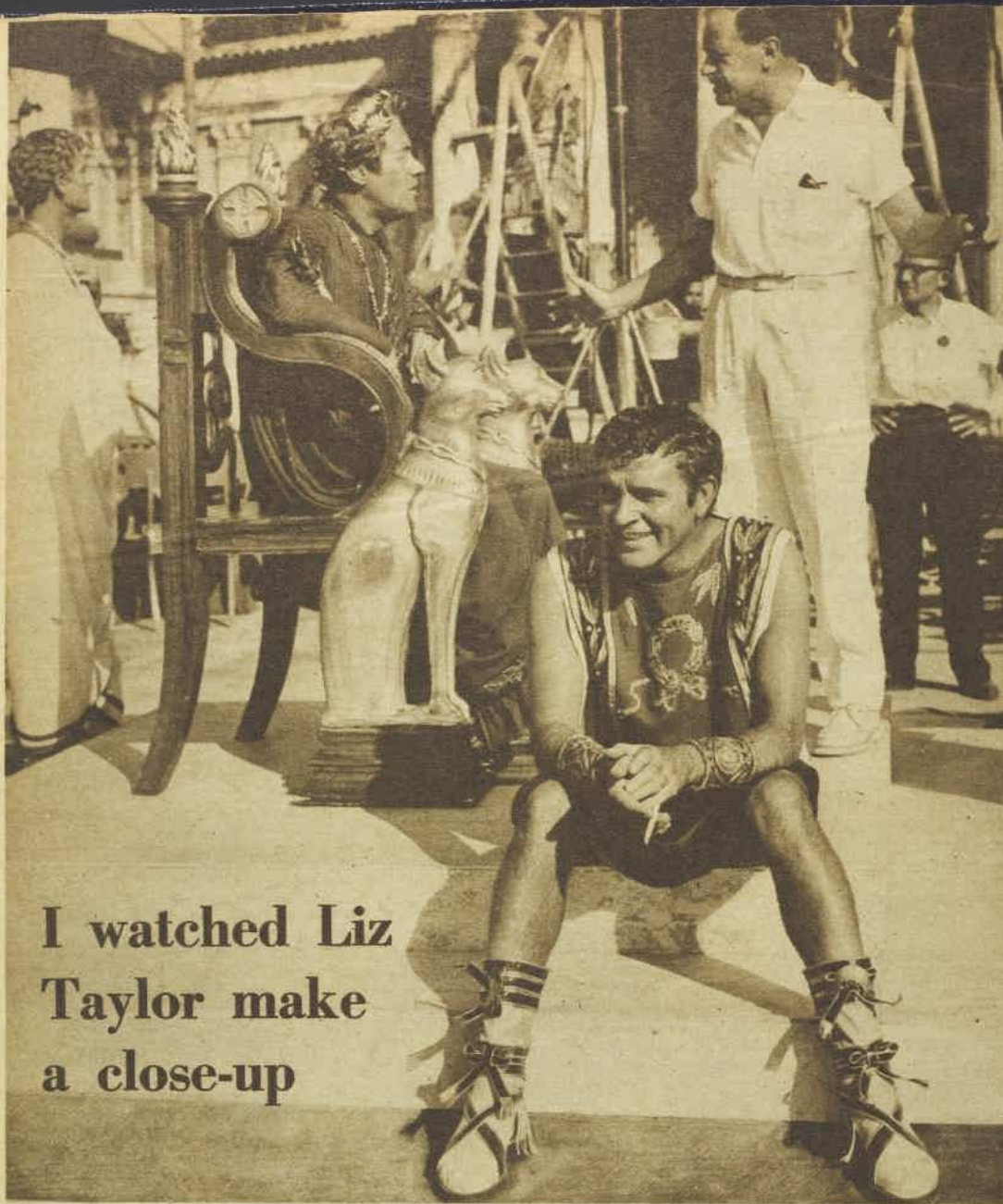
Liz has charm and good humor, and my only criticism of her would be her rather strident laugh.

The scar on her neck is very pronounced. Joseph Mankiewicz suggested to her that she wear a high collar to cover it, but Liz would have none of it.

She is proud of her scar, and so Cleopatra will appear with obvious indications of what doctors would describe as a severe tracheotomy associated with considerable scar-tissue damage.

CEREMONIALLY
receiving the all-
conquering Caesar
in this early scene
from the film, Cleo-
patra's beauty
shines out as she
sits enthroned.

CONTINUED
OVERLEAF



I watched Liz Taylor make a close-up

From page 11

A strange person, Miss Taylor. Lusty, very interested in men, very interested in money.

Her original contract for a million dollars expired some time ago, and now she is on 10,000 dollars a working day.

So you can be sure she doesn't miss any more days' work than she has to. If you read of the production being held up because of Liz having a cold you can be sure it's a pretty bad cold, because it has to be to part Liz from 10,000 dollars.

Rumors are, of course, rife about her romantic interests. It is quite apparent that she likes Richard Burton. But she likes lots of people who work and move round her.

It is only natural that one of the loveliest women in the world, and certainly the highest-paid, should be a popular subject of rumor.

A hooter sounded. Silence fell on the set. Mankiewicz stepped back from the stage.

Taylor moved to the top of the steps where her stand-in had been. Burton started to advance up the stairs, his hand thrown out to Cleopatra in mock courtesy.

Taylor's face suddenly seemed to galvanise into fury. "Damn you! Damn you and

Page 12

all your ideas!" she spat out at him.

Mankiewicz gestured with his hand that it wasn't right, gathered them together into a huddle while he explained what he wanted; then it all started again.

Then again. And again.

Mankiewicz is an extraordinary man. He has a most impressive string of successes behind him. But he took on the biggest job of his life when he agreed to take over "Cleopatra."

Director Mamoulian had turned it in after the disheartening setbacks in England. Peter Finch and Stephen Boyd had been replaced by Rex Harrison and Richard Burton; three million dollars had gone down the drain.

Studious man

Mankiewicz moved it all to Italy, built the most incredible sets ever seen, and set to work to write the entire script by himself.

A studious man, he has read all there is to read about Caesar and Cleopatra.

The characters he gives them may not jibe with those of other students whose ideas are drawn from Shakespeare and Plutarch. There will, for instance, be no "Friends, Romans, countrymen" speech for the simple reason that that is merely what Shakespeare thought was said.

Mankiewicz has attempted to make the dialogue clear and lucid, modern in its approach and appeal, but with an underlying archaic sound essential to such a film.

Mankiewicz is absolutely wrapped up in this film. He goes home to the Grand Hotel at night and works for hours on the script.

When it is all over he will have behind him what may literally be the spectacular to end all spectacles. But he doesn't want to be remembered for a spectacular.

He wants to be remembered for a well-acted film, like his "Letter to Three Wives" and "All About Eve."

When "Cleopatra" is finished he'll go back to the job he was on before Skouras approached him — a film version of Lawrence Durrell's Alexandria-quarter "Justine."

In the cavernous studio next door, choreographer Hermes Pan was rehearsing seductive dances which Cleopatra ordered for Antony's delectation on her barge.

It was fascinating to watch this balding sprite (he did all the dance routines for the Astaire films, "Can-Can," etc.) as he welded the team of girls and young men into a sensational dance routine of his own devising.

"This will look best," he said as he dropped into a chair next to me, "when these girls are dressed to give Antony the treatment."

DIRECTOR Mankiewicz gives instructions to Caesar. Mark Antony rests, this time with a cigarette. Octavian (Roddy McDowall) is at left.

"They will be wearing bikinis made of grapes, if you can visualise the picture."

I could; although even in their ballet tights the luscious girls would have put a pretty severe strain on Mark Antony.

I drove back to town that day with Roddy McDowall.

"It's a terribly exciting picture," he said. "People who are just expecting another spectacular — a 'King of Kings' or something — are going to be very surprised by the excellence of this film."

After three days' watching it being made I'm inclined to agree with him.

But whether it's a good film or not, whether it's dramatic or corny, nothing can stop its box-office success.

Because never has a film had such vicissitudes, faced such appalling losses through sickness and disaster.

There was something in the jaunty step of Mr. Spyros Skouras, something in the happy smile, which indicated that all the setbacks, the disasters, rumors, fights, and seemingly insuperable odds are going to be worthwhile.

SOCIAL

THE Acting Consul-General for Greece, Mr. Anthony Protonotarios, and his wife "had an answer" for friends who want to give up smoking, at the delightful reception they gave at their home at Vaucluse to celebrate Greece's national day.

Casually arranged on tables in the living-room were several single strands of large, velvety-smooth amber beads — known as komboloya.

Besides being decorative they are an ancient oriental device for inducing relaxation by occupying the hands, restfully fingering the beads.

For guests at the party, toying with a strand was a wonderful alternative to lighting up another cigarette!

MR. AND MRS. H. D. ("Mick") FAIRFAX, of "Tarnuk," Merriwa, will entertain at the Royal Sydney Golf Club after the marriage of their eldest daughter, Dymphna, to James Alker at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, on April 24. Dymphna's bridesmaids will be her sisters Diana and Prudence, Helen Webb, of Molong, Fiona Reid, of Yass, Barbara Giblin, of Gulargambone, and the bridegroom's niece Mary Alker, aged four, who'll be partnered by youthful South Australian Tom Hayward, also aged four. After honeymooning, Dymphna and James will make their home at "Gorian," Burren Junction.

MAY 2 will be a field day for garden-lovers when the beautiful gardens of four country homes will be open for inspection. Mrs. Leslie Price, of Bowral, president of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Arts Council of Australia, which will benefit from the viewings, says the pilgrimage will begin at 10.30 a.m. at "Rathane," the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Spence at Bowral. "Rathane" is specially noted for its driveway of deciduous trees, which will soon be donning their autumn finery. Next will be the garden at "Trelm," Sir Malcolm and Lady Ritchie's home at Moss Vale. Visitors will unpack their picnic lunches on arrival at "Camaroo Park," Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Thomas' property at Sutton Forest, and enjoy an alfresco meal in the garden — where an enormous pear tree almost 100 years old is one of the highlights. If the weather is nippy, they'll "picnic" indoors, warmed by blazing log fires, and explore the fascinating home — one of the oldest in the district. Since settling at "Camaroo Park" from Deniliquin, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas have restored its colonial glory by removing coats and coats of paint from the interior of the house to reveal wonderful cedar panelling and doors. Later in the afternoon everyone will again "step into the past" at "Summerlees," Mr. and Mrs. John See's historic home at Sutton Forest, where even the original stables on the property are a showpiece.

FROM Melbourne comes news of the engagement of Rosanne Grimwade, daughter of Mrs. Geoffrey Grimwade, and the late Mr. Grimwade, to Michael Roet, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Roet, of Toorak.

AFTER the wedding of their daughter Vicky to Peter Marquis at St. James' Church, Turrumurra, on April 7, Dr. and Mrs. Douglas Stewart will give a small reception at their home, "Yurranga," Turrumurra. Guests will be entertained in the garden if it is a fine evening. A sentimental "something old, something blue" note in Vicky's bridal finery will be a tiny chiffon handkerchief, also carried by Vicky's mother at her wedding.



JUST WED. Mr. Peter Nicolson, of "Mirani," Walcha, and his bride, formerly Miss Bridget Pennefather, at reception at the Bathurst Golf Club, given by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Pennefather, of "Maneela," Bathurst, after the wedding of the young couple at St. Stephen's Church, Bathurst. They left later to honeymoon in Fiji.

ROUNDAABOUT

By Mary Coles



IN LONDON. First Australians to wed at Greenwich Naval College Chapel, Lieutenant Archie McQueen, R.A.N., and his bride, formerly Miss Patsy Crago, of "Spire View," Coonabarabran, at left, cutting cake at reception in the Queen Elizabeth Ante-Room at the college after the ceremony. **ABOVE:** The bridal couple with Miss Alison Davies, of Coonabarabran, and Miss Robin Powell, of Coolah (at right), who were among the guests. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald McQueen, of "Southwinds," Frankston, Victoria. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Crago.



ABOARD H.M.S. TABARD. From left, Mrs. David Eliot, Miss Susan Armstrong, and Rear-Admiral H. S. Mackenzie, Flag-Officer Submarines, R.N., at cocktail party given by the captain of Tabard, Lieutenant-Commander Geoffrey Hayhoe, R.N., to celebrate the recommissioning of the submarine in Sydney.



ABOVE: From left, Mr. and Mrs. Bede Tancred, Mr. Michael McGuren, and Miss Mary Tancred at the gala first night of "At It Again" at the Phillip Theatre, to aid the Actors' Benevolent Fund.



JUST ENGAGED, Mr. Barney Remond, of Vauluse, and his charming English fiancée, Miss Catherine Wootton. She recently arrived in Sydney with her mother, Mrs. Stanley Wootton, who is here on a six months' visit.

"HOW to Make Two Autumn Models in 16 Hours" is the tempting carrot Mrs. William Duncan dangles before women 16 to 81 years in her millinery classes.

Mrs. Duncan's school at the Y.W.C.A., Sydney, is run for her pet charity. For the past eight years proceeds have gone to the T.B. Sailors, Soldiers, and Airmen's Association of N.S.W.

She has graduated 1100 pupils, including Mrs. L. Davies, aged 81.

Mrs. Duncan's hardest task is to persuade ambitious beginners to modify their chosen design (usually from a glossy magazine) to a style that will suit them.



Mrs. L. Davies . . . at 81 makes her own hats.

She drives slap-dash enthusiasts mad with her insistence on a perfect lining finish to the hats.

And she drives her husband mad with just six words: "I haven't a hat to wear."

"The trouble is it's often true," she confessed. "At such times I feel awful, but there's nothing else for it. I dash to town and buy an extravagantly priced model."

Worth Reporting

Charles for the blue water

PROSPECT of having his son, Prince Charles, as crew in the Fastnet ocean race is said to be behind Prince Philip's decision to replace his 29ft. International Dragon Class Bluebottle with the 34-ton yawl Bloodhound.

The Fastnet — Britain's premier yachting event and one of the world's toughest ocean races — is an annual 500-mile race around the Fastnet Rock off the southern tip of Ireland.

Boys of Charles' age have crewed for friends and relatives in this race, and it is thought that Charles, after a summer term at Gordonstoun sailing in the wild Moray Firth, may be ready to go on the race.

If so, he could leave Cowes with his father on Bloodhound in August.

Bloodhound, estimated to cost about £10,000, is expected to be given new rigging, metal spars, and terylene sails to speed her for racing. She is painted a color known as Bloodhound Blue.

GORDONSTOUN, Prince Charles' new school, advertised for an assistant-housekeeper. The salary: £350 a year. Among the duties: To help with expedition rations.

Roses by air from four States

ROSES from South Australia, Western Australia, Queensland, and Tasmania will be flown to Sydney by T.A.A. for the Autumn Rose Show and Parade of New Roses to be held at Farmers, Sydney, on April 10 and 11.

The Australian Women's Weekly Rose Trophy will be offered for competition among the National Rose Societies of these States and New South Wales.

The first time the trophy was awarded was at the 1960 Daily Telegraph Rose Show.

The chief judge will be Mr. Reg Edwards, gardening editor of the Sunday Telegraph and The Australian Women's Weekly.

He will be assisted by other well-known judges, including Mr. H. K. Brand, of South Australia.

The secretary of the South Australian National Rose Society, Mrs. Hurtle L. Cooke, will fly to Sydney to prepare her State's exhibit at the show.

She will bring between 300 and 500 blooms provided by S.A. society members.

From West Australia, Miss Ann Murton, of Victoria Park, will bring that State's entries, prepared by several regular rose show exhibitors.

They include Mr. C. C. Hillary and Mr. Fred Jackson, president and secretary respectively of the National Rose Society of West Australia, TV gardening personalities Don Wilson and Charles Newman, Mr. Eric Cummings, and Mr. A. J. Mell.

The Queensland exhibit will be presented by Mrs. Kath Graham, wife of the president of the National Rose Society of Queensland, and Mrs. E. J. L'Estrange.

The roses will be gathered from the gardens of 40 society members on the eve of the show, and the blooms to be exhibited will be selected by a panel of experienced judges.

They call him "man of the camellias"

COVETED trophy in the rose section at the Royal Horticultural Society's display at Sydney's coming Easter Show will be a handsome 50-guinea silver punch-bowl and tray.

It has been donated by Hazlewood Pty. Ltd., Epping, N.S.W., for annual competition. With it goes a three-guinea open order for roses at the nursery.

If the trophy is won three consecutive times or five years in all, it will remain the property of the winner.

Pictured here with the bowl is Mr. Walter G. Hazlewood, who, with his late brother, Harry, founded the nursery 53 years ago.

Mr. Harry was known as the "rose man." Mr. Walter, as one of Australia's foremost authorities on camellias, is "really a camellia man."

Two years ago the in-his-seventies "man of the camellias" published a book on trees and shrubs and roses for Australian conditions.

He got so many requests for it from the U.S.A. that he now has a friend in the States handling on-the-spot inquiries.



Mr. Walter Hazlewood

SIGN in a record shop:
"Used Records For Sale"
For Sale . . . For Sale."

Dogs need a balanced diet

ACCORDING to a recent English survey published in a booklet, "Shopper's Guide," every family dog should get a balanced diet.

This, says the survey, means cereal and vegetable as well as meat and good clean bones.

It points out:

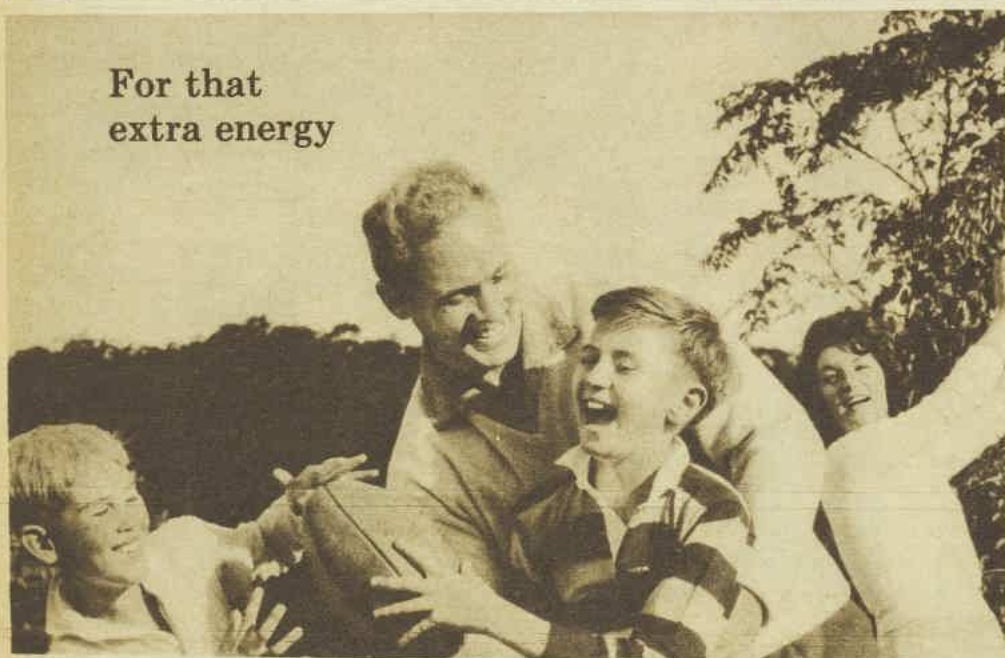
- Lack of vitamin B1 shows in loss of appetite.
- Lack of vitamin A may affect a dog's hearing and vision and lead to nervous symptoms.
- Lack of vitamin E means lost muscle tone and increased sensitivity to pain.

The survey says dogs fed on household scraps or canned foods MUST have a vitamin supplement.

So there you are, another hypochondriac in the family!

SIGN on electrician's van:
"Watts my line."

For that extra energy



Keep the family in great form all year round — with Milo. Made with hot or cold milk, chocolatey Milo is a delicious anytime drink, and a perfect tonic. Milo relaxes the nerves and builds up energy reserves . . . extra energy that makes doing things together so much fun. Start serving Milo regularly—see what a difference it makes to everyone.



it's marvellous what a difference **MILO** makes



WHY MILO IS SO GOOD FOR YOU
Malted Cereal: Provides energy food with tonic properties.
Vitamin A: Helps prevent infection, promotes growth, maintains vigour.
Vitamin B₁: Promotes the appetite and improves the digestion.
Vitamin D: Helps the body to utilize the minerals; calcium, magnesium, phosphorus.
Iron: Helps keep blood healthy.
Calcium/Magnesium/Phosphorus: Helps develop strong bones and teeth. Magnesium also helps strengthen nerve cells.



ORPHANED Korean quads adopted recently by an American couple. Babies are (from left) Mary, Lois, Ruth, and Sharon Bussman.

These quads were delivered by plane

● U.S. Presidents and Congress had to give permission for an American housewife to have six children in two years — and all were “delivered” by plane from Korea.

THE woman whose family grew in such a strange manner is Mrs. Elmer Bussman, of St. Paul, Minnesota.

Unable to have children of their own, for years Mrs. Bussman and her husband — a clerk with a motor transport company — made the rounds of adoption agencies.

“Our ages were against us,” she told me. “My husband is 50, and I’m on the wrong side of 40. The agencies want to place orphaned children with young couples.

“Then we heard about the plight of Korean orphans and applied to adopt a Korean boy and girl. That was more than a year ago.

“We were allowed to bring over Paul Mark and Carol Ann from Korea — they’re three now, born 16 days apart — and they are the dearest children a mother could wish for.

“Later, when we heard about a set of quads in Korea who had lost their mother, we applied to adopt them, too.”

Bigger house

The quads’ mother died at their birth two years ago, leaving their father with seven children (including the quads). He felt compelled to surrender the quads to an orphanage.

It has required special Acts of the United States Congress to allow the adoptions.

When President Kennedy, last June, signed the Bill permitting the adoption of the quads, the Bussmans moved into a bigger house — one with four bedrooms.

They had a washing-machine and dryer installed. They need it. Since the quads’ arrival last Christmas, Mrs. Bussman has had to wash between three and four dozen nappies daily.

The quads are now at the toddling stage.

“We took them on their first visit to the doctor last week,” said Mrs. Bussman, “and they are all in perfect health.”

As well as six young children, Mrs. Bussman now has a sick husband on her hands. The week before the quads arrived, Elmer Bussman fell at his office and broke his pelvis.

He was in traction in a hospital bed when he first met the four new members of his family. He is still confined to a wheelchair at home, but manages to help with nappie changes—almost an assembly-line project with quads.

The quads now have new names, first names as well as a surname. In Fil, In Ae, In Sook, and In Ja have become Mary, Lois, Ruth, and Sharon. And Mrs. Bussman can now tell them apart.

When they arrived at the airport, Mrs. Bussman couldn’t tell one from the others. She was relieved to find their names taped to their backs.

Mrs. Bussman doesn’t think quads are a handful. She said: “A mother who has room in her heart for four has room on her lap for them.”

— Bill Wilson



MR. AND MRS. ELMER BUSSMAN and their other adopted Korean children, Carol Ann and Paul Mark, both three, last Christmas when the quads arrived.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN’S WEEKLY — April 11, 1962

Jane Russell —housewife and mother

From PAULA WALLING, in Hollywood

“I do hope Australians will like me,” Jane Russell told me modestly. I assured her that they would.

THE star of 18 Hollywood films is due in Australia for a nightclub engagement in Sydney starting on April 9.

Regularly over the past 20 years I have interviewed and admired a Jane Russell quite different from the provocative, sultry siren first seen by moviegoers lying in the hay in a revealingly tight blouse, a piece of straw between her teeth.

That was in “The Outlaw,” her first film, released in 1945.

But the public image of Jane Russell, sultry film star, has little resemblance to the beautiful Mrs. Robert Waterfield.

At 40, Jane is still a beauty. She still prefers simple clothes at home, and wears little jewellery; her measurements are still 38-24-36.

She was, is, and will be always one of the world’s most provocatively attractive women. But she has a depth that few people know.

Extremely religious, she sincerely feels that her nightclub tours around the world, singing, dancing, and meeting people, may be doing just a bit toward improving relations among the peoples of the world.

At least she hopes this is so and it gives her a “good feeling.”

“Gets lonesome”

When I saw her just before she was to leave for Australia, Jane was looking forward to her visit. She has already made successful tours of Italy, Spain, Argentina, Brazil, and Chile, but she gets lonesome for her husband, top football coach Bob Waterfield, and their three adopted children during long absences from home.

Michael Woulfe, who has been her personal clothes designer for 15 years, has made her a complete new wardrobe for Australia.

“I love to travel,” Jane told me. “But Bob loves to stay at home, where he can think of football to his heart’s content.”

Unlike many Hollywood couples, Jane and Bob have been happily married for 19 years. She dated the husky footballer steadily for four years before they slipped off quietly to marry in Las Vegas at Easter, 1943.

That was two years before “The Outlaw” was released. Jane was comparatively unknown, while Bob was a football idol in Los Angeles.

With the premiere of “The Outlaw” Jane became a sensation and the roles were reversed. But she has kept her private life private.

Her closest friends are old schoolmates, who are not associated with the movie industry. Most of their social activities are barbecues or informal parties at home.

Jane is deeply attached to her mother and her four brothers, all of whom live close by with their families in the San Fernando Valley, Southern California.

Her mother has 20 grandchildren, including Jane’s adopted three. The star’s eldest, Tracy, 10, shares Jane’s birthday, June 21.

With so many children popping in and out of the house, often en masse, she has decided that home architecture is all wrong.



● Jane Russell pets the samoyed of her hostess in California, where our cover picture was also taken. The dog examines with interest the star’s fox hat and collar.

“The kids,” she says, “can’t come into the living-room because it’s being reserved for a State occasion. They can’t go into the den because Daddy’s watching television. The nursery is out because the baby is asleep. They can’t go into the kitchen because a meal is being prepared.”

So Mrs. Robert Waterfield, housewife and mother, is planning a home where each member of the family can have the utmost privacy yet the greatest opportunity for communal living.

On the architect’s drawing board right now is a plan with “areas” instead of rooms. It will have sliding panels so that people can be excluded or included.

An experimental version of the home will be built at Malibu Beach.

“We’ve got this thing down to where it can be built for 18,000 dollars (about £A9000),” says Jane. “We want the postman to be able to afford to own it.”

(This would be a low-priced house in California.)

Can’t cook

Jane has such an obvious interest in house-keeping problems that I asked her if she could cook. She laughed and admitted she couldn’t even boil an egg. What’s more, producer Howard Hughes, to whom she is under contract, will allow no “domestic” photographs to be taken of her for publication.

She told me that at a recent football club lunch Bob was asked if she could cook.

“Are you crazy?” he asked with a perfectly straight face. “Do you think I want Jane bending over a hot stove, possibly searing my livelihood?”

Jane would still love to make more pictures. “But there’s got to be a story,” she said. “I don’t want to make pictures just for the sake of it—and I don’t have to. The next picture I make is going to have some meaning to it.”

*"Only she
knew how
to heal
the scars
of battle..."*

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The Romance Of One Of The World's Greatest Heroes!



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CHARLTON HESTON and SOPHIA LOREN



also starring **RAF VALLONE · GENEVIEVE PAGE**
co-starring **JOHN FRASER · GARY RAYMOND · HURD HATFIELD · MASSIMO SERATO and HERBERT LOM**
music by **MIKLOS ROZSA** written by **PHILIP YORDAN and FREDRIC M. FRANK** directed by **ANTHONY MANN**
70 mm SUPER TECHNIRAMA · TECHNICOLOR® a SAMUEL BRONSTON PRODUCTION in association with DEAR FILMS PRODUCTIONS

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"I'm mixing some paint, why?"



"It's a waste of time to clean up today, Mum... Mike and Freddy are coming to play!"

It seems to me

THE first paper I worked on had a rule, "Bad language must never be reported unless used by a bishop."

I never did find out who put that rule in the style book, but it could well have been the Scottish chief sub-editor, a man who, so I was told, hid a grim humor under his green eyeshade.

All I ever saw under the green eyeshade was a dour expression. If there was anything he disapproved of more than young reporters it was young girl reporters.

"Don't speak to him unless he speaks to you," warned the social editor. "Just remember to put your copy in the left-hand basket. But on Saturday night, when he is off duty, put it in the right-hand basket. The Saturday night chief sub works the other way round."

I was on that paper only a few months when it went out of existence. The staff, young and old, were scattered in various directions. Which is a pity, because I would like to get my hands on a copy of that style book.

The rule could now be revised to read, "Bad language may be reported only when used by the Duke of Edinburgh."

I never cared for autumn once, I found its calm depressing; Its falling leaves, its hint of chill, The flight of time was stressing.

And then there were the clothes, of course, Which offered other reasons. (You buy an unbecoming suit, You're stuck with it for seasons.)

But circumstances as we know Are wont to alter cases. When summer goes, what lies ahead? Hooray, the autumn races.

LUGGING a bedcover back from the laundry last week I wondered what had happened to the word "quilt."

The term "bedcover" was once used to distinguish the boxed or flounced type from those white quilts that are now rare.

The Oxford dictionary defines quilt as a "bed coverlet made of padding enclosed between two layers of linen, etc., and kept in place by cross lines of stitching," or "any coverlet or counterpane."

There are still kapok quilts called just that in shops.

When they reach the home, however, they often masquerade under the name of eider-down.

IN Stanthorpe, Queensland, C.S.I.R.O. officers have developed a seedless apple, using an acid to fertilise the flowers instead of bees.

"Don't you think," asks the wife of her husband in the future, "that it is time we told the children about the birds and the C.S.I.R.O.?"

By



Dorothy Drann

ACCORDING to a Sunday paper sports column, the N.S.W. Golf Association objects to juniors wearing white anti-sunburn ointment all over their faces, wants them to wear hats or use flesh-colored cream.

It is curious how irritating those smears of white ointment can be. The sight rouses some older people to perfect transports of fury.

I don't like the look of it much myself, and have been trying to work out why one

should care if boys want to make themselves hideous.

Is it because of some primeval memory of warpaint, provoking hostility?

A RUMOR that Canberra residents would have to pull down outside TV aerials was denied by the National Capital Development Commission.

A spokesman said there was no question of compulsion, but the Commission recommended indoor aerials so as to avoid "an unsightly forest of ironmongery" on roofs.

Canberra is an attractive city and one sympathises with the desire of its authorities to keep it so. But TV aerials seem to belong to modern rooftops as much as chimneys do to older skylines.

THE Dutch State Secretary of Defence has sent a special order to the Dutch Army saying that there is too much swearing among the troops. All soldiers, he said, should be careful of coarse language, which showed a lack of refinement.

Oh, bother the sergeant-major!
He's an awfully tiresome chap
Whenever he flies in a rage or
Wants to give someone a rap.

Crying "Asterisks, dots, and dashes,
For words I am stuck, at a loss,"
He glares, and his teeth he gnashes,
And he looks quite frightfully cross.

We soldiers, we sneer, by golly,
We're a truculent fighting force,
And we hiss to each other, "What
folly!"

Avoiding words that are coarse.

On parade it disturbs our refinement,
And offends us nearly as much,
When he screams, "You are out of
alignment,
You unspeakables, you're in Dutch."

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Everybody can strike it rich in this easy Ipana Gold Rush Contest! Here's all you do! 1. Look at the portraits of the six popular personalities. Now pick the smile which belongs to each personality from the row numbered "smile" photographs! FOR EXAMPLE: If you think No. 3 "smile" is Lisa Konrads, write the figure 3 in the square beside her name on your coupon. 2. On a separate sheet of paper, write not more than 25 words why you like Ipana. 3. Complete coupon with your name and address and send together with end flap from an Ipana toothpaste carton (Fluoride, Standard or Chlorophyll).



Easy to WIN! Just match the stars to their golden smiles!

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2. Employees (and their families) of Bristol-Myers and its advertising agents are NOT eligible to enter.
3. Judge's decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
4. ENTRIES CLOSE ON 4th MAY, 1962, and no entry mailed after that date will be considered.
5. RESULTS WILL APPEAR IN WOMAN'S DAY, DATED 11th JUNE AND THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, DATED 13th JUNE, 1962.
6. All entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Company Pty. Ltd. and may be used for advertising purposes.
7. All entries will be judged by a specially selected judge. Prizes will be awarded on the skill shown in matching the smiles to the faces. Excellence of the statement why you like Ipana will be taken into consideration only in the event of more than one competitor correctly matching the photographs.

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puzzles.

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STATE

Pin flap of Ipana toothpaste pack here. * If you wish to qualify for the £500 extra bonus, attach end flap or label from Theraderm 'F'. * Not required where such condition contravenes State laws.

BM396/62

Page 17

Planters

make the happiest funfoods



...like Cheezpop, Chickpop, Bac'npop!

it's partytime—bring on the "pops"!

Planters trio of pops are handfals of fun. They're crisp. Crackling. Salty. And puffed up with pride over their zesty flavours. Pops are pals to drinks. They waken your palate, sharpen your taste for every frosty sip.

Next party, snacktime or barbecue, nibble on Cheezpop. Or Chickpop. Or Bac'npop. Or all 3. They're pop-pop-popping good fun! Call into your store right now and pick a pack. 2 sizes—Snack-size or new Gianormous!



BUY PLANTERS OTHER HAPPY FUNFOODS * PLANTERS NUTS * SLIM JANE PRETZELS * SLIM JANE MINI PRETZELS * PLANTERS GLACE FRUITS

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 11, 1962

Kookie weds his old sweetheart

By NAN MUSCROVE

● Former teenage TV idol, hair-combing Edd ("Kookie") Byrnes is married to an old sweetheart of his, beautiful starlet Asa Maynor.

KOOKIE and Asa got married a few days after he combed his hair on the "77 Sunset Strip" set for the first time in over 12 months.

As a kind of celebration at the beginning of the new "Sunset Strip" series, Kookie stepped in front of the cameras and combed his hair.

When Edd played "Kookie," the jive-talking car-hop in "Sunset Strip," hardly an episode passed without him combing his hair.

All that stopped when Kookie was promoted from being a car-hop to the role of Gerald Kookson III, assistant detective to Efrem Zimbalist Jr. and Roger Smith.

"I wouldn't comb my hair on the show after I got the new role," Edd said recently. "But I feel safe now."

When Edd was reigning as the teenagers' great idol, he was sent hundreds of combs every week from his fans.

Many fans wrote in asking Edd to comb his hair with their comb, leave some hair in it if possible, and return it. Others wanted a lock of his hair.

Today, after a year's absence from hair-combing, Edd doesn't get any combs.

"That's fine with me," Kookie said. "I think my fans look at me as an actor these days."

Right after this profound statement, Kookie took off with Miss Maynor, altar-bound.

Asa is a long-time girlfriend to whom his engagement was announced, and denied strongly, more than two years ago.

At that time Kookie said he liked Asa more than the other girls he went out with.

"But we are not engaged," he said. "I have never proposed to her. She is a great gal. I enjoy her company. We are very good friends."

"I can't afford a new comb, much less to marry on what I'm making now," he added.

At that time Kookie was suffering. He'd had an overdose, according to Hollywood writers, of adulation from his fans, and had been laid off by Warners when he refused to work unless he got a star-size salary.

After months of chequeless rebellion, Kookie was accepted back into the fold, made some movies, and became "Sunset Strip's" Gerald Kookson III. It is good news about the marriage.

At the time of the denied

engagement (Asa denied it just as strongly as Kookie), Asa believed many people thought she was capitalising on her friendship with Kookie to get better roles, more money.

Now, many girls later, Kookie has come back to his old sweetheart, and she has the role she has wanted for years—Mrs. Edd Byrnes.

Drama in the newsroom

"DEADLINE MIDNIGHT,"

A.B.C.-TV on Mondays at 7.30, is the TV show that nothing will drag me away from at present.

It is the behind-the-scenes story of the production of a London newspaper—a fictitious one called "The Daily Globe."

The series, in its stories, is as varied as the front page of your daily paper. It has no cut-and-dried line. One week you have the story of an air crash, in another a court case, the following week a flare-up in a local council.

The show is set mostly in the news editor's office and the pressroom, with news editor Michael Grieves (Glyn Houston) in charge.

In telling how news is found and made into a story, and in the behaviour of its cast, it is remarkably true to newspaper life.

Having spent my working life in newspapers, it is clear and straightforward to me. But many people unfamiliar with newspapers, except to read or wrap fish in, find it confusing.

A taxi-driver crystallised many of the complaints I've heard against it.

He has a fight with his wife every week when he wants to watch "Deadline Midnight."

He used to drive a newspaper truck and is familiar with the organised chaos that



● Glyn Houston, who plays News Editor Mike Grieves in "Deadline Midnight."

precedes that neat fivepence-worth the newsboy offers.

His wife can't bear it. She doesn't understand all the cross-talk that goes on in the news editor's office about all the stories that make up the day's work.

She floored her husband at the end of one episode when she asked him to explain about the lost dog.

"What dog?" he asked.

His wife told him that the news editor had picked up the phone and bellowed into it, "What about that lost dog?"

My experienced taxi friend told her he was inquiring about some other story on the day's news list. His wife, disgusted, said it wasn't in the story and vowed not to watch "Deadline Midnight" again.

I have my own theory about the series. I think viewers are so conditioned to the strict formulas of the mystery and crime shows, with almost every remark a lead to whodunit, that the extraneous remarks in "Deadline Midnight" are taken as deeply significant to the main story.

If my theory is right, there must be awful headaches for some uninitiated viewers. This is a shame, because it is a most entertaining show.

Next time you watch it, remember it doesn't matter about that lost dog.

FILM REVIEWS AND GOSSIP

With AINSIE BAKER

★ TOO HOT TO HANDLE

Life and love in the world of the London striptease clubs, with Jayne Mansfield as the strip queen who doesn't strip. Leo Genn, who's worthy of better things, plays the tough club owner who doesn't believe in marriage or the law. Carl Boehm, as a visiting French journalist wearing a Professor Higgins hat, and mysterious strip girl Danik Patisson are the young love interest.—Esquire, Sydney.

In a word . . . **TEPID.**

THE TARTARS

A below-average entry in the medieval epic-spectacular field, made in Europe and with Orson Welles as the brutal Tartar chieftain and Victor Mature showing his legs and teeth as the Viking boss. Those with speaking parts speak in broad American.—Liberty, Sydney.

In a word . . . **MISS.**

I ONCE heard a highly cultured interviewee on TV say, to the detriment of my blood pressure, that without poetry there were many things that could not be written or spoken.

A famous Australian bushman and Territorian Bill Harney, 67, gave the lie to that statement recently in what I can only describe as a documentary interview called "Black Australia."

(Bill Harney, or Billarni as the aborigines call him, married a quarter-caste aboriginal woman and spent years living with the blacks in the North. "Black Australia" was his story of his life with them.)

Harney's half-hour talk was a mixture of words so beautiful and loving as he described the country and aborigines, and sheer horse sense as he talked of their problems today, that it was pure joy to listen to him.

It was splendid TV. The camera didn't exist for him. No one did except his interviewer and, obviously, friend, John Thompson.

It was like a private and quiet talk between two friends, on which viewers were allowed unashamed eavesdropping.

I haven't seen anything as good of its type since "After Supper with Peter Ustinov."



KOOKIE (Edd Byrnes) on a movie set during his lay-off from "77 Sunset Strip" obliges with an autograph for one of the Indians in the cast. The "Indian" is what is known in Hollywood as a "utility Indian," a white extra made up with greasepaint—and cheaper to hire than a real Indian.



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... contains essential vitamins and minerals

Give them milk the way they like best . . . in smooth, creamy Hansen's Junket. Hansen's Junket is full of the good, pure nourishment that builds up healthy young bodies and sound, strong teeth.

Serve with fruit or sprinkle with nutmeg and you have a delicious dessert for the whole family—you can make ice cream, too, at half the price, with the quick, easy recipe in every tube of Hansen's Plain Tablets.



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READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

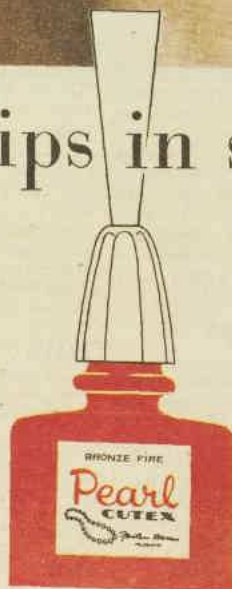
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 11, 1962



shower your fingertips in shimmering luxury

Only Cutex has that subtle glow of real pearls. That's because Cutex actually contains 'essence of pearl'. You can actually see, almost feel that extra glow in Cutex pearl polish . . . and it wears longer, too.

Cutex colours are *latest* fashion colours . . . the newest is Bronze Fire Pearl, a warmly glowing bronze shade. Wear it to accent fashion's smokey new autumn tones . . . to give shimmering luxury to your fingertips.



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BY

CUTEX

CUTEX PEARL POLISH 6/3
Strengthens as it beautifies

BEAUTY HINT: To give your pearl polish a high lustre, and to avoid a streaked appearance, apply at least 3 or 4 thin coats.

DOGS' LIFE



"What is the world coming to?"

A five-page
feature

● The Afghan puppy seems to be carrying more than his share of the world's woes, but dogs, especially when very young, have an odd habit of looking sorrowful when they could be very happy underneath it all, as some of the pictures on the following pages show. This pup was five weeks old when the picture was taken at the home of Dr. and Mrs. James Furber, of Woollahra, N.S.W.



● "Consider only the good, the true, the beautiful," the young chow chow might be saying. The breed is rare in Australia and comes from ancient China. Picture taken at Mr. F. Hartog's home in Sydney.



● Frivolity has its place even in the life of a basset hound. On the scales is Candy and below is Count Caesar, both only a few weeks old, owned by Mrs. N. Buchanan, of North Ryde, N.S.W. Their father was brought from America.

*"But don't let's lose
our sense of balance"*



DOGS' LIFE

*"There's the fun
of always asking
questions"*

● The boxer is Goondooloo Jedda, three years old, owned by Mrs. R. Carr, of Northmead, N.S.W., and the pup was one of 10 in the first litter.



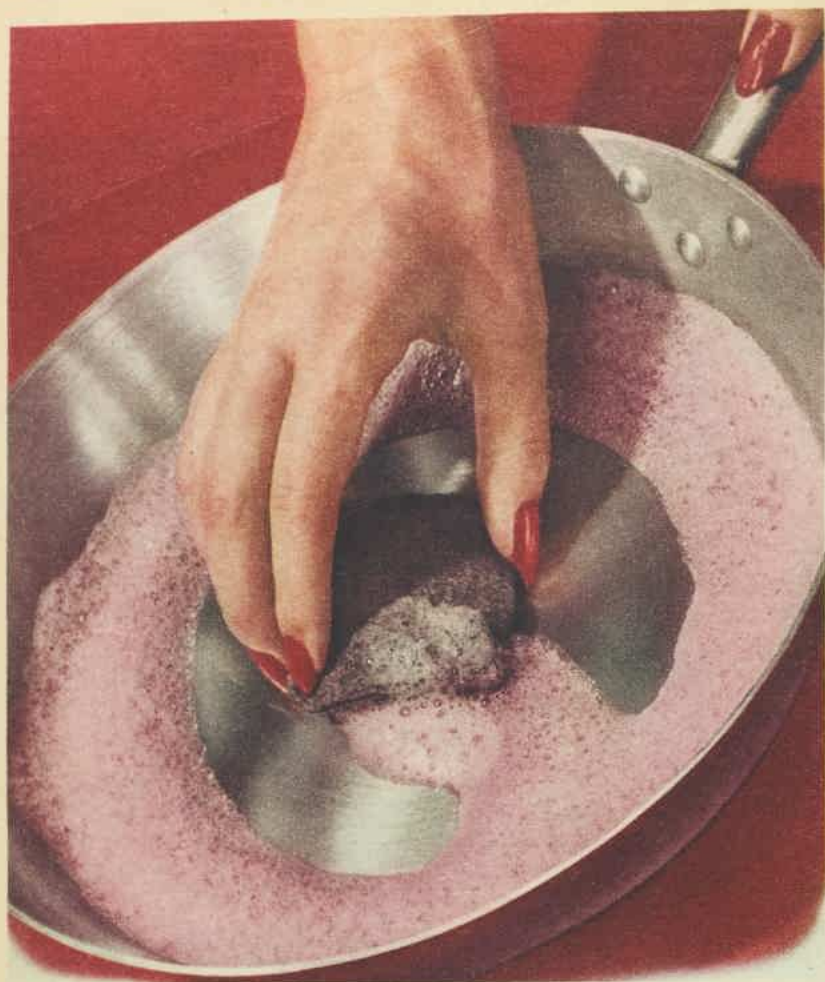
*"And the boon
of gracious
guardianship"*

● The Afghan hound Kyber Amanulla is an accomplished poseur, for the pup (Furbari Famatina) is not his. Photographed at Dr. and Mrs. James Furber's home, Woollahra, N.S.W.

*("They knew someone
was looking")*

● The tricolor cocker spaniels were six weeks old when photographed at Mrs. E. Ford's home, Artarmon, N.S.W.





Burnt pans swirl clean

with



Steelo Soap Pads

The first swirls get off all the burn and rough stuff. Billions of Steelo "scrub bubbles" cut grease so fast you scarcely need to scrub. Round and round with a few more swirls and there's that Steelo brightness. All pots and pans — old as well as your precious new ones — start looking better and brighter, inside and out, when you take to them with Steelo Soap Pads. There is extra coconut oil in every pad (and coconut oil is so kind to hands). Steelo Soap Pads are also rust resistant.

bring back...bring back
oh bring back my
whiteness
to me!

FIESTA

* Safety

BLEACH

Sprinkle Fiesta Bleach Powder into your washing machine and your whites and coloureds will out-dazzle every other clothes line.

KY308



"On the other hand, life seems a muddle when you're very small"

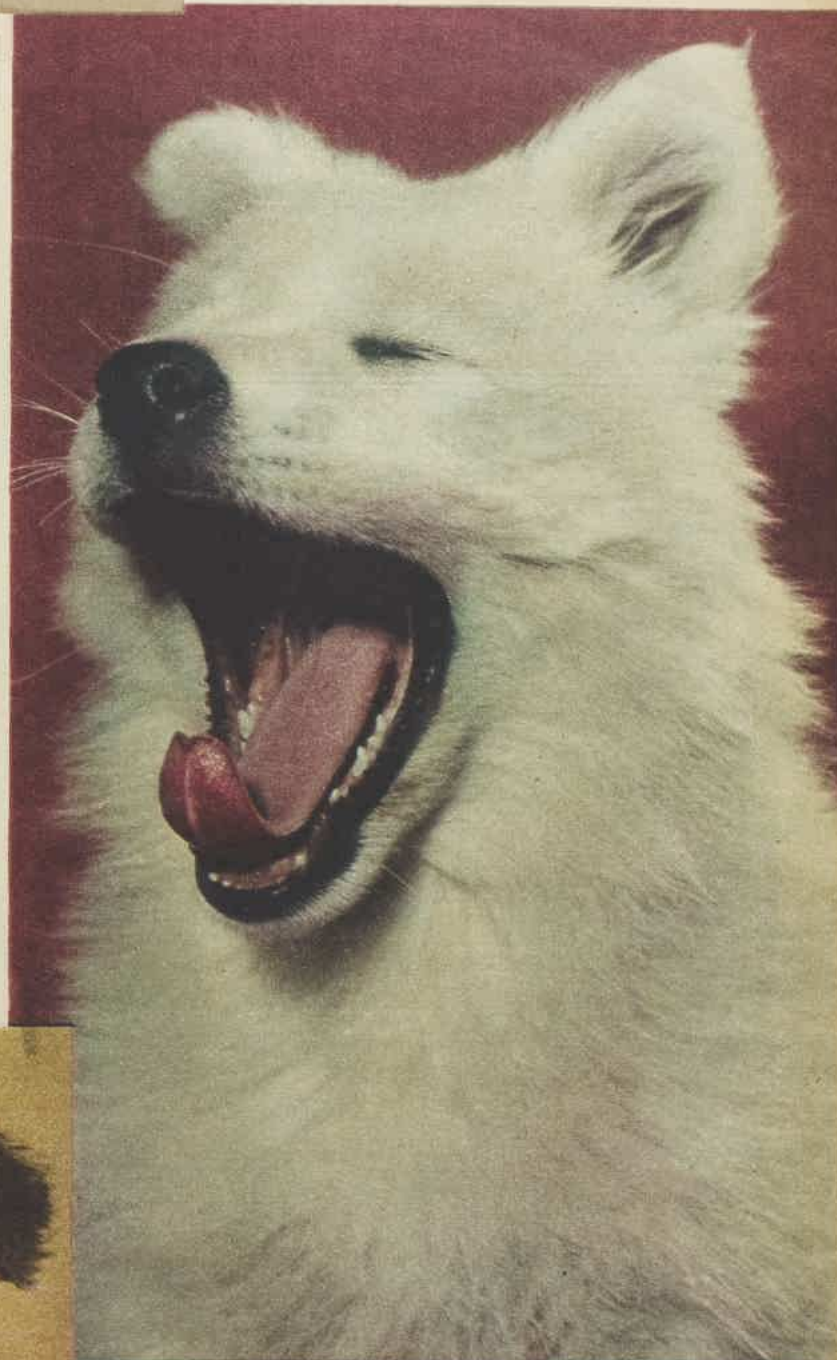
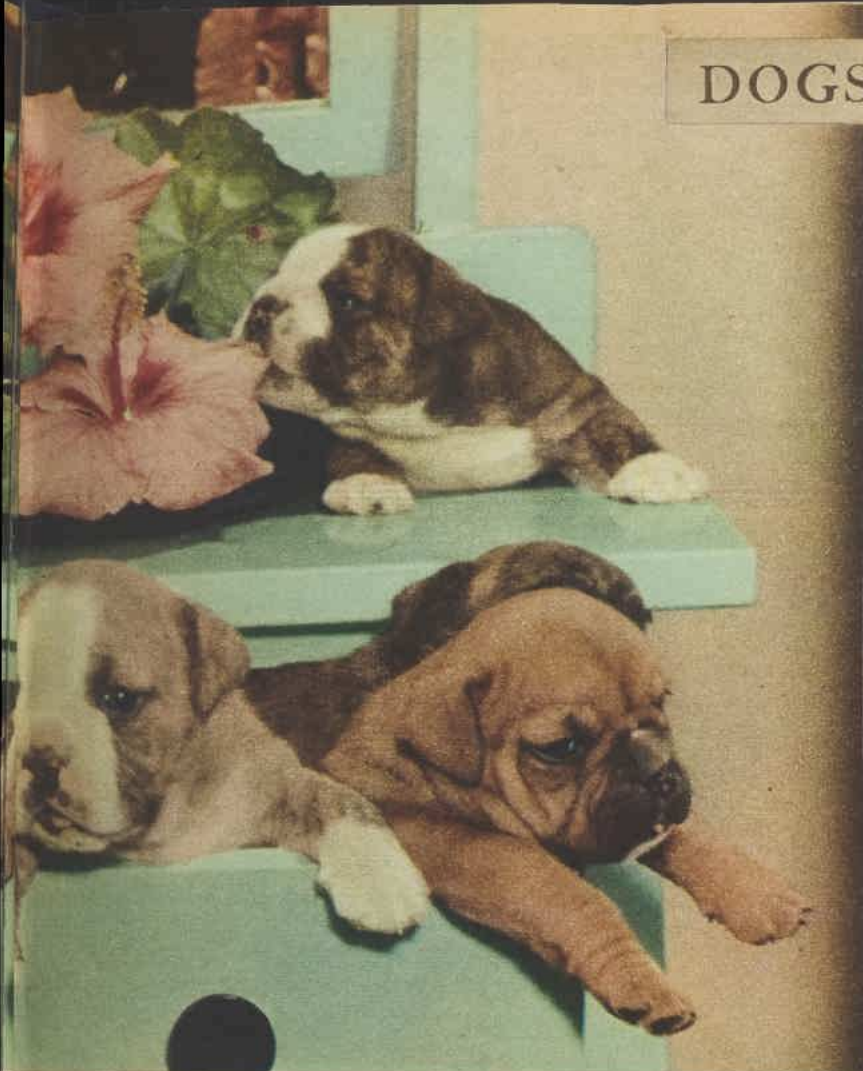
● Somewhere in and on this chest-of-drawers are nine three-week-old bulldogs (an unusually large litter for the breed) at the home of Mr. C. B. Smythe, of Sydney. The puppy at top right should obviously be called Ferdinand.



"Later one has to keep up one's appearance"

● "Baba," a French poodle owned by Mrs. Vera Fels, of Woollahra, had her clothes bought at "Au Chien Elegant" in Paris.

DOGS' LIFE



"Actually, it's all merely a question of good breeding"

● The samoyed yawning right into the camera is Star Mist, at 10 weeks old, owned by Mrs. P. J. Daily, of Epping, N.S.W.

"...And, of course, bones to hide—and a roll in the dirt"

● The Irish terrier with the optimistic look is Clonmel Caius, six weeks old when photographed at Miss Mary Connolly's home at Lewisham, N.S.W.

All dog pictures by Keith Barlow, staff photographer, except for the chow chow on page 22, taken by staff photographer Ron Berg.





High-stepping little casuals . . . wafer slim . . .

in Autumn's coolest colours

lively little flats . . . feather-light and

slimly shaped from heel to toe

Butter-soft leathers . . . bowed

buckled and trimmed . . . to

fill every need in

your casual shoe

wardrobe

39/11

Style No. CQ014
in hide. Colours:
Dom, Olive Wood,
Snow Gum, Black and
in many more
new season shades.

Style No. SF004

in Aniline hide.
Colours: Dom, Olive Wood,
Snow Gum, Black and in
many more new season shades.

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Style No. CQ017

in hide. Colours: Dom,
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more new season shades.

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Style No. CQ013 in hide
with special ribbed,
non-slip soles. Colours:
Dom, Olive Wood,
Snow Gum, Black
and in many more
new season shades.

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Colours: Dom, Olive Wood,
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39/11

A swingin' new collection
Demoiselles by Knight



Style No. SF010, in
Aniline hide, also
available as SF008
at 42/11 in the latest
Buffalo hide. Colours:
Otter, Sycamore and Red.

42/11



39/11

Style No. SF001
in Verona Crush,
Glow Hide. Colours:
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29/11

Style No. CB002 in plain
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new season shades.



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AUTUMN'S FASHIONS...

FAMOUS

Life Strides

by

Knight

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LUSH LEATHERS! COOL COLOURS!



Rhythm pumps . . . with so slim heels
and toes pointed to perfection.
Light, soft leathers for easy-go
comfort . . . in Autumn's coolest
colours. All this fashion

for just

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Style No. FS033 in hide.
Colours: Dom, Olive Wood,
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other new season shades.



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49/11



Life Stride
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HOUSE OF GOODCHILD



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Available at 99 out of 100 shoe stores throughout Australia

Whether you wash by hand or machine . . .

THESE GARMENTS NEED SPECIAL WASHING CARE



Hand-knit by Villawool — washing care by Lux. Villawool recommends Lux for all precious hand-knitted "because Lux is so safe . . . preserves softness and safeguards shape like nothing else can."

And special washing care means Lux care! Even when they're machine-washable, modern fabrics need the protection of gentle Lux suds. Only Lux is made from pure baby-mild soap, so only Lux can take *real* care of special finishes, keep subtle colours *really* true. All things — blankets woollens, undies, baby clothes — stay softer, last longer, when they're washed in safe, gentle Lux.



Everything a little girl wears stays bright-as-new with Lux! Because it's pure mild soap, Lux can't fade colours.



His cashmere sweater — handsome? Yes! Washable? Yes — in Lux! Pure-soap Lux protects fibres, guards against shrinking.



Cuddly brushed fabrics never lose their comforting softness — pure Lux is so baby-safe and mild!



IF IT'S SAFE IN WATER, IT'S SAFE IN LUX . . . and so are your hands

*It was a time for gaiety and
laughter . . . a short story*

**BY
MAYNAH LEWIS**

TRYING hard to make her words sound casual, Paula said: "They're getting ready for the wine festival tomorrow night."

Helen's reply was half smothered as she shielded her eyes from the morning sun:

"Uh-huh?"

The high promontory on which they sat overlooked the village. A mere dozen or so cottages huddled together around the church, with a sprinkling of larger buildings — the school, the village stores, and the hotel beyond.

Paula watched as cartloads of fir branches were unstacked by figures which looked like tiny marionettes from where they sat on the heights above. Through the stillness she could hear the creak of the high wooden wheels as they rolled over the cobbled streets.

From this height she couldn't tell whether Alain was there, but she guessed he would be.

Her sandalled foot traced a pattern across the rough grass as she said: "It should be fun."

Helen rolled over on to one elbow. "You're not suggesting we should stay behind for it, are you, Paula?"

"Well . . ." The word trailed away, as though conscious of its own inadequacy.

"Look, Paula. You know we're off tomorrow morning. Oh, I agree the place has charm, but we said in the beginning that a week here would be enough. We've got the feel of the language and now we're off to Paris. Think of it! The Louvre, Versailles, Montmartre . . . I didn't come all the way from the States to spend my time buried alive in this place."

Coming alive. The words sprang into Paula's mind, but remained unspoken.

There was silence between them for a moment before Helen pressed her point. "Besides, we've arranged to meet John, Larry, and the others tomorrow."

"We could wire them."

"I wouldn't think of it. After they've offered to show us round? I think it's very good of them to bother. We'll see a lot more of Paris with people who know it so well."

The words were like a battering ram at the door of her mind, but Paula held fast to hope. Yes! She knew all these things. She knew and didn't care. What matter if their friends thought her rude? Tomorrow would be one more day with Alain. And in the autumn darkness of the wine festival, who knows . . .

Paula sighed. "You can leave me here," she said. "I'll follow in a day or two."

She heard Helen draw her breath sharply. "It's not that boy, is it? Listen, Paula . . ."

"If you're speaking of Alain, he is not a boy." Paula looked at her steadily and her friend's eyes were the first to waver and look away.

"But, Paula, honey, he's only a youngster."

"Twenty-two."

"And you're twenty-eight . . ."

The words dropped between them like stones, and Paula's hand flew to her throat. "Does it matter?"

Helen moved nearer the edge of the jutting point of land, and her voice had a roughened quality. "It mightn't matter if everything else was equal. But a boy from a French village; who lives the primitive life of a peasant . . ."

To page 75

*Paula knew she would always remember the
night Alain held her tenderly in his arms.*

WINE FESTIVAL

A drink with a Stranger.

SHE loved him! She was very young and inexperienced, but in her longing for him she felt as old as time. She had waited long enough. They had both waited long enough—because of loyalty to a sick woman whom Lisa had never seen, whom Hugo once had married, and who, in the blurred world in which she lay, knew about neither of them.

If she had known about them, Lisa was sure she would have smiled and given them her blessing. She must have been a nice person or Hugo would not have married her. But that was long ago, and if she had almost done with life, they were still deeply alive.

And the time had come . . .

Lisa straightened herself tensely from the bed she had been making to listen to a plane passing overhead. It was growing foggy, the day darkening even at midday. She was so afraid London Airport would not be clear. If Hugo didn't arrive back from Rome after all these preparations she could not bear it.

She endeavored to plan methodically. She would put the champagne in the refrigerator at the last moment before she left for the airport. The smoked salmon and the cold chicken needed no preparation. The salad was made. The garlic rolls could be heated at the last minute. She hadn't forgotten candles for the table or fresh flowers.

Monica thought she was mad. But Monica, bless her, who had known about and watched the affair from its beginning, not approving but with a kind of helpless and wry understanding, had suddenly acquired a sick friend who required her company for a night or two. She was packing now to go.

"Are you going out to the airport, Lisa?" she called.

"Yes, of course."

"I'd ring up first and make sure the flights are arriving. It's getting very foggy."

Lisa came to stand at the door of Monica's bedroom. Dressed in a long, loose sweater and skirt, she was very slender, her head, with its bright hair, emerging from the rolled collar of her sweater like a flower. She was beautiful, with a subtle disturbing beauty that only a man like Hugo—confound him, thought Monica—would recognise. She was also, just now, very pale, her eyes strangely shining as they became when she was intensely excited.

The wonder of it was, of course, that Hugo had so far behaved with so much honor. The child would have been wax in his hands. But one had to admit he was essentially decent, and the sick wife was a tragedy for two scrupulous people like this.

"It won't be too foggy, will it? Planes land in all sorts of weather. I've rung the weather people and they say slight fog."

"It won't be the end of the world if he doesn't get in today."

"I think it will," Lisa said, almost in a whisper. "I don't think I could bear it."

"Oh, don't be an idiot," Monica snapped impatiently. "He's only been away a month and there's every day of the year ahead."

Lisa's face suddenly lightened.

"Yes, of course there is. I am an idiot. I always want things to happen now, this minute. How am I looking, Mon?"

"Ghastly," said Monica briefly.

When they met by chance her
radiant beauty cast a spell
over him and suddenly a
spark was kindled in their
hearts which could not
be extinguished . . .
a sophisticated short story

BY
DOROTHY
EDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY HOLLAND

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PRINCESS OF THE BLOOD ROYAL

No creature had ever under-
stood him so completely . . .
a short short story

By **URSULA
BLOOM**



SHE walked discreetly through the growing corn, high on her black-gaitered legs, her body blurring with the dusty green of coming harvest; it had been a dry summer. She was from Siam, a Princess of the blood royal.

She saw the ditch, sprang it, on to the fence, and staring down, saw the bungalow beyond. Now she moved across the flower-bed, and the woman saw her.

The Princess of the blood royal had been left to a maid when her mistress went abroad for ever. The maid disliked her. The cat was a pest, and my goodness, what a miaow! Now the cat had left. She came to the kitchen door with anxiety, and Mrs. Murdoch, who adored cats, put down some fish in a saucer. Slowly the Princess advanced, sniffed it, then touched it with a pink tongue.

"I don't know what Dannie will say, he dislikes cats," murmured Mrs. Murdoch.

The Princess lifted her brown muzzle and miaowed raucously. When Mrs. Murdoch opened her arms to her, for the moment she refused. An hour later she had adopted the home. She parried, pleased to have given royal favor to a simple woman in a small but comfortable bungalow.

An hour later she heard Dannie returning; lifting her muzzle she smelt the air, her whiskers twitching. He saw her immediately.

"What's that cat doing here?"
"She came across the field. She's a very beautiful cat."

The Princess stared with unblinking eyes of the palest blue and behind them great understanding. Mrs. Murdoch wondered if she realised that Dannie had never recovered from that time in a Japanese prison camp? He was not the Dannie she had once known, though she still loved him, changed as he was. The cat advanced to him.

"She's coming to me." His eyes had horror in them.
"She only wants to see what you are like."
"I hate cats. Why is she here? She'll have to go."
Gently his wife said: "She comes from Rosie Briggs' cottage. The cat has been neglected; she was a prisoner there. We can't send a prisoner back to a camp."

"No," he whined. "We can't send a prisoner back."
The Princess had stopped in her tracks. For weeks they were to live together, not speaking to one another. The man never spoke to her, but he watched her furtively out of the corners of his eyes at times. Once he put down a hand to attract the cat, but she ignored it. She was not the type to be won by spoiling, or food, or favors. Her eyes said I-am-a-Princess-of-the-blood-royal-and-it-is-for-me-to-advance-not-for-you.

"She's a collaborator!" he said once.
"Nonsense! Besides, Siam has nothing to do with Japan, as you should know. She might even hate the Japs more than you."

"None could do that," he snarled.
"One day you will forget it, Dannie. Men have to forget," she told him.

Six months later they had got as far as the occasional meeting. Once the cat rubbed herself against his leg, then was off again as he put down a hand to her.

It was a hot day when Dannie was in the garden reading a paper and the cat asleep on the lawn. Looking out, Mrs. Murdoch heard the click of the gate, and saw the commercial van waiting without. It was the firm of vacuum-cleaners searching for new purchasers, the chatterbox of a milkman had told her. She had prayed he would not come here, for the representative was a Japanese. Now she saw him entering. A little fawning man with slit eyes.

At that moment Dannie looked up, and the paper dropped from his hand. Had not his continual agony been, "One day they'll find me out and take me back," and she had told him that the war was done, there could be nothing like that any more. Now she saw his fear. It was a hideously scarring fear, and the sound that he made was of some frenzied animal which is trapped.

He was too far away for her to get to him, but the Princess of the blood royal heard him. She got up. She let out that vigorous hunting call of hers, which was the rake of scythe on harvest, an agony and a triumph in one.

The little Japanese man approached and took off his too-English hat to Dannie. Instantly his wife knew that Dannie recognised him. He had been one of the "ferrets" in the camp where he had suffered. With the adroitness of the Asian, the man smiled, "War no more. Ver' good," he said.

It was then that the Princess came. She took off and sprang through the air like a flying devil, for a cat can think. She flung herself at the Japanese man, spiking him with those merciless hooks of hers. Never had a cat been less of a collaborator. Never had a cat understood a man's fear better, and she came in to kill. Hers was the justice of the wild. To avenge. To fight to the death. To win.

Dannie would never know why he went to the rescue, but in the moment of attack he saw the old hatred die, and all that he had borne seemed to drift out into the shadows of forgetfulness, as it should have done before. It was his wife who caught the cat. They faced each other in the small sitting-room when the ambulance had taken the man away.

Dannie said: "The cat knew. She just knew what had happened to me."

She was proud of him when he said, "I only hope the poor chap isn't too badly hurt," for she knew that he had rounded that last poignant corner.

The cat advanced. She walked imperiously, every hair in place, and the hooks sheathed. Dannie put down his hand to her, and now she came, a rasping tongue licking him but never a tooth touching him. The blue matrix eyes were calm, they were understanding, they were fond.

Fear died within him as she licked and purred. They were lifelong friends. He was himself again, the man who could forgive and forget, the man who was actually sorry for the Japanese who had suffered. She lifted her brave head and gave him the triumphant miaow which glories the god of all cats, and burns with pride, and joy, and exultation.

I am a Princess of the blood royal, said the cry, and you are my friend. I am content.

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 11, 1962



"We made a pact once, long ago, she and I. If ever I needed her, she swore she'd come to me," Mary heard Amyot whisper.

Castle Dor

Final instalment of
our romantic serial

By "Q" and
DAPHNE
DU MAURIER

MR. TREGENTIL, his hat askew, was visibly put out. "Amyot's given me the slip," he fluttered. "Mary, too. I was in a dark corner of the church, peering at the lettering on a tomb — unfortunately not a Tregentil — none are to be found there, I was misinformed — when suddenly Mary exclaimed 'Amyot's gone. I'm after him,' and before I reached the entrance both had vanished. I searched high and low, questioned passers-by, not a trace of either. I concluded the best thing to do was to fetch Dingle and the brougham and hope to pass them on the road. But we have seen no one. We had better return to St. Columb forthwith."

Dr. Carfax, looking upward, saw that the mist was once more closing in upon the trees about Tresadern.

"A fruitless journey," he said grimly. "We can spare ourselves the trouble."

"But why, in heaven's name? Where else can they be?" asked Mr. Tregentil.

The doctor, seeing young Johnny, that sprig of the line of vanished Hoels, marching up and down by a tumbled barn, stick on shoulder serving for a sword, unconscious of any adult eye upon him, turned suddenly to his older patient and pushed him within the house.

"Not in your world, Tregentil, nor in mine," he answered. "But in some borderland of buried kings and lovers. Happily, on the high road to the Indian Queen. Come and eat, for we may have to travel with them before nightfall."

The night before Linnet Lewarne and her husband set forth on their two-day holiday, when the bar was closed, the shutters put up, and landlord and wife gone upstairs to bed, Deborah Brangwyn waited until the church clock struck eleven and all was still, then slipped along the passage to her master's room and softly tapped upon the door.

A hoarse voice bade her enter. The landlord was sitting humped on one side of the great brass bedstead, not yet undressed, the candlelight throwing a monstrous shadow of him on the wall behind his head.

"What's wrong?" he asked. "Is your mistress ill?" Deborah shook her head, motioning him to silence, then closed the door behind her.

"No, sir," she whispered, "but I must speak to you, and there may not be another chance."

The landlord glowered. "Can't be so urgent you have to disturb me in my bed," he muttered. "Well, what is it? Out with it."

Deborah set down the candle and stood with folded arms.

"You must know my mistress has deceived you and has done so this long while," she said.

Mark Lewarne made as though to rise, the bed creaking under him; then he sat down again, heavily, and stretched out his hand for the tumbler of whisky beside him.

"I don't want that gossip," he said harshly, "I've had more than enough of it from Ned. You can shut your trap."

He swallowed down the whisky and the hand that replaced the glass was trembling.

"If I speak it's for her sake I do it, not for yours," said Deborah. "She has a good home here, and all she needs, with you dying a wealthy man; and that before long, if you continue the way you do. Be angry if you like, I don't care. When you're dead and gone she must do as she pleases. But to run off now with a penniless farm laborer, and he a foreigner who has barely escaped prison, will ruin her life for ever, as well as yours and mine."

The landlord stared, his head, for all the whisky he had taken, strangely clear. "So it was true," he said slowly, "the Breton lad, Ned swore it was he and I wouldn't believe him. They met and kissed in the moonlight, but that was in summer. Why, he was shut up and waiting trial for several weeks, wasn't he? And now he's back at Bosanko's, sworn to good behaviour?"

"That's so," Deborah nodded, "but nothing will keep them from running off if once they meet."

"Mistress wrote him two days ago, I posted the letter. Not to Lantyan, he isn't there. He has gone with the Bosanko children to a farm called Tresadern, not a few miles from the Indian Queen. Now you see why she's so eager to go with you. It's not for the dinner, nor your sweet company, but for his bright eyes she's doing it and so to seize her chance and be gone."

Deborah snapped her fingers, and in the brief gesture the landlord saw the destruction of all his hopes and dreams, nurtured, despite his fears, during the past months. They were away, without thought or care, a pair of lovers blinded to all sense of duty, taking ship and sailing out of his life for ever, gone without recall, Linnet and the Breton lad, with a snap of Deborah's fingers.

"I'll waken her," he said, "I'll go and wake her now and tax her with it."

"No," said Deborah swiftly, "you'll never stop her that way, it would madden her the more. Listen while I tell you . . ."

She drew near, sinking her voice to a whisper, and now their two shadows merged together on the wall, out of all proportion, menacing, grotesque.

Never, thought Mark Lewarne, when he and his wife set forth next day to St. Austell, driven by Tim Udy in the

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SKIN TROUBLE?

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Page 33

barouche, had Linnet appeared so beautiful; never in the bare two years of their wedded life, so carefree or so gay.

She even smiled upon Ned Varcoe, whom she so much despised, bidding him see that the hostelry did not burn down in their absence and then kissing the top of her dog's head, which was no larger than a man's fist, gave him into the charge of Deborah, with instructions to feed him upon stewed rabbit.

"You may eat cold meat yourself," she said, "but Pettigrew must have the best." So saying she stepped into the carriage like a queen, hands enfolded in a warm muff, the blue of her coat matching her eyes.

They put up at the White Hart, and she insisted that her husband should go shopping with her and buy her gloves and a new hat, the lightest hat you ever did see, made

of velvet and ribbon, joking the while with the shop assistant as she chose it, declaring she would wear it at the dinner, for she, and none other, was the Indian Queen.

They left the shop, Linnet with the hat set jauntily upon her head, her arm linked in her husband's, and surely, thought Mark Lewarne, she has not only me bewitched but the town as well, for everyone they passed stared at her, glancing back in admiration, while at the White Hart his acquaintance, the landlord, treated her more like royalty than the wife of a fellow publican.

It can't be true, Mark Lewarne told himself, when she toasted him at dinner, it can't be true what Deborah said, she does not mean to deceive

Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

from page 33

me, no woman with a lie on her conscience could show herself so artless, and so free from guilt.

"It was a holiday I needed," she told him, "I've been fretting this long while for a change of air. I feel a different being already," going willingly to his arms, for the first time in months, when they came to share the room put at their disposal.

She slept beside him like an innocent child, who for too long had slammed her door in his face when he dared approach it, or even locked it to insult him more. What if it had been jealousy and spite that had

driven Deborah to make her accusation? Women did such things after a tiff.

Linnet had not ridden abroad or visited Lantyan since August, to his certain knowledge. She had spent most of her days sitting up in the big guest-chamber, with that ridiculous dog on her knees — cold and sulky, it was true, but perhaps for the very reason she had given him this night — she needed a change.

"We'll see what morning brings," decided her husband, before dropping off to troubled sleep, "if she's still sweet and loving, and acts the same when we reach journey's end, then Deborah's a liar, and the sooner she's dismissed the better 'twill be for the pair of us."

The morning brought fog, a clammy cold air drifting past the window when Linnet, the first to awaken, threw wide the sash. She dressed hurriedly, and was fastening her gown when her husband opened his eyes.

"What's the haste?" he murmured, "we've the whole day before us, haven't we?" His wife, so clinging at midnight, did not deign to throw him a glance today. "The sun's deserted us," she said briefly, "we'd best be off before the weather spoils my hat."

Then he understood. This was the sort of weather when anyone in his senses stayed in town. He yawned and stretched. "We'd be more comfortable here," he remarked, his eye upon her, "another day's shopping and so home, giving the Indian Queen a miss."

She paused, her hands now busy with her hair, and came to the bed.

"Shame on you, Mark Lewarne," she said, pulling the sheets from him, "afraid of a bit of mist. Why, it will be bright enough on the high ground. Everyone of your friends foraging at the Indian Queen, and the landlord of Troy's Rose and Anchor dare not stir."

If his spirits sank, it was not because of the weather, but at sight of her cold eyes, her determined chin.

The bait must be strong to lure her some nine miles in doubtful weather to a comfortless spot in the clay country.

When they descended, dressed and ready to mount the carriage, the White Hart landlord stared at them, astonished.

"You're never leaving in this fog?" he cried, "why, 'twill be thick as a blanket round St. Denis. I decided against it myself as soon as I put back the shutters. I tell you, Lewarne, you'll find the dinner cancelled, no one will drive from Bodmin or Truro when they see how it is."

LEWARNE glanced at his wife to see how she took it. Linnet, unsmiling this morning, held out her hand to their host.

"Thanks for your advice," she said, "but we're not accepting it. It isn't often my husband and I take a holiday. If we lose ourselves, we'll just draw in to the side of the road and sit tight. He'll not regret it."

At this the landlord of the White Hart set up a roar of laughter and slapped his friend on the shoulder. "Why, nor would I, in his place," he said, "there's one thing, ma'am, if the dinner does come off, your husband will be the most envied man at the table."

Could be . . . thought Mark Lewarne, could be . . . but only if the woman he'd held in his arms last night was his alone. And that, in this morning's light, was doubtful.

"Whoa! and away there," called Tim Udy, who, at the prospect of a couple of nights' free liquor consumed in freedom, safe from a scolding wife, would have driven the horses to perdition: a farther few bleak miles and another point of hospitality would serve only to raise a double thirst.

He reckoned, and so had Linnet, on improving conditions, but it was one thing to climb up to St. Denis and the clay country on a fine morning, with all the landmarks clear, another to cover the same ground in growing fog, the road seeming to branch in all directions. Were they, in fact, on the St. Denis road at all, or striking away from it, to the bare downs?

The horses plodded on, Tim Udy peering to right and left, cursing the scarcity of signposts, while within the carriage Mark Lewarne sat silent, aware of his wife's hands restless within her muff.

"He has missed the road," she kept saying, "I tell you, the fool has missed the road."

"If he has," replied her husband, "we can always turn back again."

No answer to this, save an impatient tapping of her foot on the floor and a gesture of exasperation.

Here was a different creature from the smiling, placating wife of yesterday; and his heart grew heavy within him.

It was nearing midday when, peering from the carriage window, Mark Lewarne discerned a river to the left of them. "It must be the Fal," he exclaimed, "in which case, we're miles off course, and may as well give up."

"Oh, no!" cried Linnet, "and you sitting there like an idiot to allow it? Get out and make inquiries; there's a cottage yonder, in those trees."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 11, 1962

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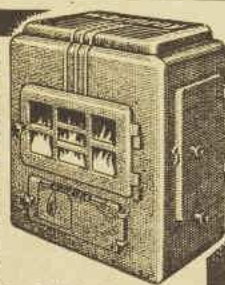


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Aged relatives

MY 82-year-old grandmother, who has been living with us, has recently become unable to look after herself properly, and as my mother works during the week Grandmother has been put in a home for the aged. However we now find that many of our relatives object to this, although they never mention taking her themselves. The home is a bright, cheerful place, and Grandmother is provided with the best possible attention. We visit her three to four times a week, yet we still wonder if we have done the right thing.

£1/1/- to "Wondering" (name supplied), Hampton, Vic.

Hurtful remark

HOW thoughtless are those people who, with often the best intentions, say to young women, "It's time you found yourself a young man and got married." Often the young woman is wishing hard that this would happen, but having the situation thrown up at her doesn't improve matters. Sometimes, too, I rather suspect a peculiar sense of pleasure is derived from this sort of hurtful remark, which usually comes from married women. What they are saying in effect is, "I've got myself a man. Now let's see if you can do as well."

£1/1/- to "Sensitive" (name supplied), Augusta, W.A.

Artificial wedding bouquet

ARE artificial flowers ousting the real blooms from our homes? At a recent wedding I was shocked to see that the bride carried a "permanent bouquet," which, she explained, she could keep for years as a reminder of her wedding day. What do others think?

£1/1/- to "Real Roses" (name supplied), Black Forest, S.A.

First-baby problem

ON leaving the hospital, should a young mother with her first baby go home to her husband? Or should she go to her mother for a week or so to "pick up" and get used to coping with the baby?

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. A. Thompson, Quindahup, W.A.

Lenten suggestion

MY granddaughter, anxious to find out what each member of the family intended giving up for Lent, asked her six-year-old brother. He thought it over for a minute or two and said, "I'll give up Lent."

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Bourke, Cremorne, N.S.W.

Guests with gifts

"HOSTESS" (N.S.W.) should not feel either resentful or embarrassed when her invited guests arrive with gifts of food. They don't bring gifts because they expect not to be fed, but because they love to make a contribution.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Stegert, North Bundaberg, Qld.

WHEN guests are invited the hostess supplies sufficient food. If guests bring extra food it upsets her planned menu and causes embarrassment and waste. However, when guests arrive uninvited it is considerate of them to bring extra food to help out.

£1/1/- to G. D. Cilento, Ascot Park, S.A.

HOW foolish of "Hostess" to feel resentful. From early childhood I was taught that these little acts of kindness were simply "correct form." Our home seems to be always overflowing with visitors, and, though I love to have them, how dearly I would love an occasional gift for the larder. With nine of my own to feed I'm often at my wits' end trying to spin out the food.

£1/1/- to "Redhead" (name supplied), West Brunswick, Vic.

GUESTS who arrive with food (sometimes obviously purchased on the way) are one of my pet grievances. Should the hostess use the gifts and spoil one's carefully planned menu or risk offending by not using them? However, the keen gardener who brings her produce as a gift to the hostess rather than a contribution to the meal is a vastly different matter.

£1/1/- to "Capable Caterer" (name supplied), Cheltenham, N.S.W.

I ENJOY the thoughtfulness of guests arriving with food. Their gifts are usually different and lend variety to the meal.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Henderson, Port Augusta, S.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

TRRING trring, trring trring,
I went the phone. I answered it, saying who I was.

"Oh, that's you," said the voice of Jack Potts. Jack is one of those people who use the playback technique on the phone. Whatever you say, he repeats it.

"What's on your mind, Jack?" I said.

"What's on my mind? I was wondering if you'd be in this afternoon."

"No, we're going to the beach."

"You're going to the beach. Then could I drop in tomorrow?"

"Yes, I'll be here all day."

"You'll be there all day . . ."

And so on.

This playback talking slows down conversation. It is one of a number of telephone habits that I find irritating.

High on the list is something the wrong-number people do.

Phone rings and a voice says: "Is that the Wuff-Wuff Pet Food Shop?"

You reply: "I'm sorry, you have a wrong number."

Instead of sensibly admitting defeat, the voice says sharply: "What number is that?" As if it made any difference.

I used to give my number meekly. Now I just hang up.

THE PHONEY WAR

There is one telephonic trouble-maker whom I happen to like (he is my young son) but who rates a mention.

It is his habit, as an economy, to make calls from public phone boxes without putting pennies in. He screams frantically into the



mouthpiece, while at the other end I hear a very faint squeak like a mouse trapped in a bottle. After shouting to him to speak louder, I dimly make out the words:

"Dad, can I go to the pictures?"

Another unsatisfactory talker is the one who thinks a phone call should be fun for the whole family. After having her own say, she adds: "Just a minute, Amber Mae would like to talk to you," and puts the baby on.

Follows a stilted chat with long pauses on these lines:

"Hello, Amber Mae, and how are you today?"

"Gah . . . Urh . . . Mmmm . . ."

The worst affliction, by far, is the caller who won't stop talking. Some people on a telephone are like the couple in the song who thought that love was over but just couldn't say goodbye.

These are the sort you commonly find occupying public telephone boxes.

For a really bad hold-up you need two non-stop gossipers both using the playback technique. I heard a pair lately when the lines were crossed:

"Are you going to the dance, Nan?"

"Am I going to the dance? I'll go if Fred asks me."

"You'll go if Fred asks you. Then I tell you what, I'll get Harold to drop a hint."

"You'll get Harold to drop a hint. Well . . ."

I could not resist the temptation to break in. In a deep voice I said: "This is a recorded message. Boo!"

One of them said, startled: "Did you hear that, Nan?"

"Did I hear that? Yes . . ." And they went on talking.

Betty Sydney

Deluxe

showcase of miracle-bake mixes



Deep-blended flavours and the new creamy shortening guarantee fluffy, moist cakes every time!

The best ideas in the cake mix world come from the Test Kitchens of Betty Sydney! Thrill to the deep-blended flavour-fair! Even the batter tells you it's a Deluxe mix . . . every cake a masterpiece in the art of home-baking.

Ingredients are Premium Quality . . . the shortening creamy-smooth. Select from the "Deluxe" showcase of miracle-bake mixes and make the "red spoon" your key to baking triumphs!



1 Coffee Gateau



2 Honey Coconut



3 Chocolate



4 Vanilla Swansdown



5 Orange Blossom



6 Ginger Nut Crunch



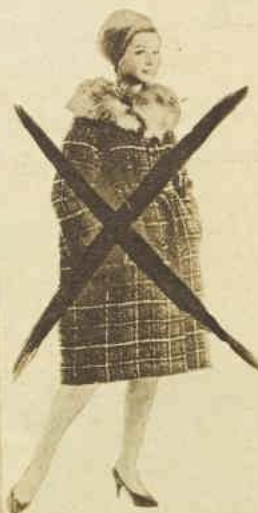
7 Passionfruit Crunch



8 Peanut Delight

WHAT'S IN FASHION . . .

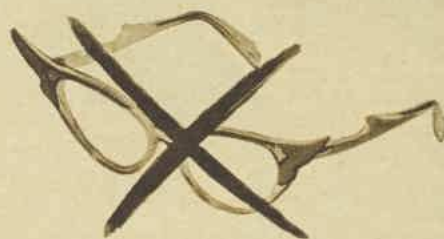
by BETTY KEEP



WINTER COATS are some of the slickest items around. The very bulky look (left) has been replaced by smooth tailored lines (far left). Coats are more fitted than they have been for many years. A vital part of the coat story is flare. Lots of coats are collarless; even more have double buttonings—centred or to one side. Welt seaming is treated as a trim. Dior launched a coat with a high waistline. Note this "lift," because, coupled with low-placed pockets, it will be a major coat silhouette in Australia next spring. New coat lengths in the U.S.A. are nine-tenths and seven-eighths. Color is as dynamic as line—orange, for instance, bursts into flames. There is, too, a large family of off-beat greys and off-whites. Details to note: Smaller, higher armholes, narrowed shoulders, diminishing collar—or none at all.



HATS make the most news in years. The hard-to-wear hat (above) is out. At left are three of this season's best millinery looks. They include face-flattering rollers and berets. These new shapes consider the wearer's coiffure and sit on the head to show the hair. A larger hat, often made in fur, slants back and shelters the hair and nape of the neck. (Note the example on the opposite page.) Talking of fur hats, if you have one, wear it; don't forget the substitute—in fur fabric. The most popular millinery furs are mink and leopard.



SPECTACLES veer away from over-decorated frames (above). Simple square and oblong frames (right) are currently chic for daytime. The look is narrow, but not slanting. A wrap-around shape is also in vogue; the frame is thicker, wraps around to the side, and tapers over the ear. Style colors are black, burnished browns, tortoiseshell, and beige. Don't regard spectacles as a fashion drawback; they should be treated as an accessory.



AND WHAT'S ON THE WAY OUT

● *How's your fashion sense? Check it against the styles shown here. With an eye to the future, take note of the important pointers from the recent Paris collections.*



RUFFLES, frills, and flounces—take heed. Maison Dior's autumn collection included deliciously feminine dance dresses (below), short, and massed with tiny ruffles of lace. But the single-ruffle silhouette (left) is out. Ruffles, which will be big in spring fashions, will spill from suit necklines, dangle from sleeve edges, as well as circling hemlines. The ruffled accessory is also in the spring picture. Prettiest possible prop is a ruffled shawl or stole. In the Dior spring collection a floor-length stole made in drifts of black organza ruffles worn with a figure-conscious white satin ballgown endorsed a new era of femininity.



SUIT (above) with slender skirt and no-fit jacket is going, going, gone. In its place is one with a body-conforming jacket, side-fastened, and collarless, and free-wheeling skirt (right). Current suit jackets have narrow, set-in sleeves; mainly they are wrist-bone length and uncuffed. Hems still hover at the knee (pleasing both men and women), and will stay that way here through next spring and summer. Paris has overwhelmingly endorsed skirt fullness of flares, group pleating, and godets. Chanel is one of the few designers who ignore flares. The only concession she makes to the new shaping is a closer fit to her famous cardigan suit. Keep an eye cocked for belts. In Paris they appeared on every type of garment, including spring suits.



HAIRDO facing you (at right) is an irresistible new style, like a little girl's, with fluffs on the cheeks and tendrils on the forehead. The look is young, fresh, ungimmicky. Out of fashion is the high-swept look (above). Another current trend is a smooth coiffure with side hair pointed forward on the cheek (above left). In the U.S., New York is experimenting with the Cleopatra coif, billowing six inches from the head in a pyramid shape.





HOME-STYLE apple pie with custard, cream, or ice-cream goes with any meal any time.

The recipe here is for a perfect apple pie and five ways to vary the flavor.

Spoon measurements are level, and the 8-liquid-ounce cup measure is used in all our recipes.

APPLE PIE

Apple Filling: Eight or 10 large green apples, 1 cup sugar, 6 cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water.

Wash apples. Using a stainless-steel knife, peel apples and cut into quarters. Remove core and slice thinly. Place in a large saucepan with sugar, cloves, and water. Cover and bring to boil, then reduce heat and simmer until apples are tender (about 20 minutes). Remove from heat and allow apples to cool. When cool, remove cloves. Drain excess liquid if necessary. Canned apples or apple pulp can be substituted for fresh apples. As the canned apples are unsweetened it is necessary to flavor them as follows: For a 9in. pie use 2 16oz. cans of apple, combined with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white or brown sugar, 1 teaspoon ground cloves or mixed spice (or more or less according to taste). After flavoring, use as for fresh stewed apples.

Shortcrust Pastry: Twelve ounces plain flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking-powder, 2 tablespoons castor sugar, 6oz. butter or substitute, egg-white for glazing, extra sugar. Sift flour, salt, baking-powder, and sugar into a large basin. Take butter straight from refrigerator so that it is very firm, then cut with a knife into small pieces and drop into sifted dry ingredients. Rub pieces of butter through dry ingredients, using only the tips of the fingers, as the fingertips are the coolest part of the hand and all pastry should be kept as cool as possible while being made and handled. Keeping pastry cool helps to give a light, crisp, finished product.

Add iced water a small quantity at a time, mixing with one hand until a firm dough is obtained. Be careful not to add the iced water too quickly as you may add more than is necessary to give correct consistency.

If dough is too soft and sticky it will shrink during baking. Before rolling out pastry, wrap it in greaseproof paper and chill for at least $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. This will make pastry easier to roll out and also help to prevent pastry shrinking during baking.

Roll out two-thirds of pastry to fit a 9in. tart-plate. This can be done in several ways. The usual method is on a lightly floured board, but excess flour is absorbed into pastry during the rolling out, which causes the pastry to become dry, tough, and hard to handle. Sometimes more water has to be added to pastry so that it can be rolled a second time and this alters the balance of the ingredients in the pastry.

A much easier and more successful method of rolling out pastry is between two large sheets of greaseproof paper or plastic. Little or no flour is needed for rolling out, and pastry can be rolled out several times without any change in the consistency.

While rolling out pastry, keep turning and loosening regularly, but do not stretch pastry, as this causes shrinkage during cooking. When pastry has been rolled out evenly and to correct size, peel off top layer of paper or plastic and roll pastry loosely on to floured rolling-pin and place carefully into the greased 9in. tart-plate.

Press pastry on to base of tart-plate and work up sides, carefully easing it into the dish and taking care not to leave any air bubbles.

Brush over surface of pastry with a little egg-white. This helps to form a seal and prevent pastry becoming "soggy" when cooked.

Fill with cold cooked apple, piling it high in the centre. Roll out remaining one-third of pastry in same manner as before, making it large enough to cover top of pie.

Glaze edge of base pastry. Taking care not to stretch it, place rolled pastry over apple filling. Press edges together, then trim edges with a sharp knife.

Place pie in refrigerator to chill for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Glaze top of pie with egg-white, sprinkle generously with extra sugar (this gives a crisp top to the pastry). Slit top of pie in several places to allow steam to escape during cooking. Place on a scone slide, as this makes it much easier to handle.

Bake in a hot oven for 10 to 15 minutes or until lightly browned on the edges, then reduce heat to moderate and bake a further 15 to 20 minutes.

Remove from oven and serve hot, warm, or cold.

VARIATIONS

These variations can be added to freshly stewed or canned apples to produce a different flavor.

- Add three tablespoons apricot jam, grated rind and juice of 1 lemon to apple pulp after cooking.
- Replace half the uncooked apples with rhubarb and cook in the usual way. (This mixture can be thickened slightly with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sago if desired.)
- Add the pulp of three passionfruit, rind of 1 lemon, and 2 egg-yolks to apples after cooking.
- Add 1 cup chopped raisins or sultanas to the cooked apple pulp.
- Add 3oz. finely chopped crystallised ginger or 1 teaspoon powdered ginger while cooking apples.

YORKSHIRE APPLE PUDDING

Four ounces flour, 1 egg, 3 egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 3oz. butter, pinch salt, sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cooking apples, 1 tablespoon raisins, little lemon juice, brown sugar.

Prepare batter. Sift flour into a basin and break in egg and egg-yolks. Gradually add milk, beating well all the time. Melt 1oz. butter and beat into the batter. Add pinch salt and sugar to taste and allow to stand 1 hour. Peel and core apples. Melt 2oz. butter in a pan, add the apples, raisins, and lemon juice. Cook over heat until nearly tender; sweeten with sugar. Remove from pan and stand aside. Wipe the pan and then melt remaining butter. Pour in the batter and put in a hot oven for about 3 to 5 minutes or until the outside has formed a crust. Remove from the oven and carefully pour off liquid centre. Fill centre of the batter with the apple, pressing it down carefully. Pour the batter which has been removed back on top of the apple and bake in a moderately hot oven until batter is cooked. Remove from oven, turn upside down. Sprinkle with brown sugar and place under a hot grill for a minute or two to caramelize. Serve.

SUNDOWNER APPLE BITES

Two large red-skinned apples, juice 1 lemon, 6oz. soft cream cheese, 1 tablespoon cream, few drops vanilla essence, 3oz. finely chopped walnuts, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, cocktail sticks.

Wash and dry apples. Leave skin on and cut them into $\frac{1}{4}$ in. dice (24 from each apple). Dip in lemon juice to prevent discoloration. Blend cream cheese with cream and vanilla essence. Drain and dry apple pieces and coat them with cheese mixture. Roll each in a mixture of chopped walnuts and brown sugar and impale each "bite" on a cocktail stick.

APPLE PANCAKES

Two large eggs, their weight (which will be 4 or 5oz.) in butter, flour, and sugar, about $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 1 tablespoon rum, salt, 2 cups canned or cooked unsweetened apple pulp, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons apricot jam, pinch mixed spice, grated rind 1 lemon, sugar.

Combine the eggs, flour, sugar, and pinch salt in basin with the just-melted butter until all are quite smooth. Gradually add tepid milk and rum; stir until the batter is the consistency of thick cream. Grease a heavy iron pan very lightly with butter and heat. Spoon batter on to heated pan a tablespoon at a time to form little pancakes. Turn pancakes over when browned on underside, and when they are done on both sides lift them out with a spatula. Continue cooking pancakes until all batter is used, then sandwich together with the following apple mixture — combine apple pulp, sugar, apricot jam, mixed spice, and grated lemon rind; mix well. Sprinkle lightly with sugar and serve while still warm.

It's the height of the season
and this week we feature
of those two fruits. Old-fashioned
top favorite and the
are given on these pages
apple and pear delectables

APPLES

ISLAND APPLE DESSERT

Three tablespoons butter, 4 apples (peeled and sliced), 1 tablespoon arrowroot, 2 cups milk, 2 eggs (beaten), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed corn cereal crumbs.

Melt butter in a saucepan, add apples, and cook over low heat 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Blend arrowroot with a little of the milk, add the eggs and sugar, and mix well. Place remaining milk in a saucepan and bring to the boil. Pour gradually into the arrowroot-and-egg mixture, return to saucepan, stir constantly until mixture is thickened, about 2 minutes. Add apples and raisins and mix well. Pour into a buttered pie-plate and sprinkle with corn cereal crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven 20 minutes. Serve hot or cold with whipped cream if desired.

CANADIAN BAKED APPLES

Eight firm red apples (cored), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup seedless raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup walnuts, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups maple syrup, cream.

Arrange apples in a well-buttered baking-dish. Fill centre of each with a little lemon juice, some raisins, and chopped nuts. If any of the juice or filling is left, sprinkle it over the top of the apples. Dribble the maple syrup over the apples until each one is glossy and the bottom of the dish is well covered. Cover and bake in a moderate oven for 45 minutes, basting occasionally with the syrup. Serve hot with cream and some of the syrup.

VIRGINIAN SHORTCAKE

Shortcake: Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, 8oz. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking-powder, milk.

Cream butter and sugar together well, add unbeaten egg, and continue beating until well blended. Sift flour and baking-powder together and add to butter mixture. Knead to a soft dough, adding a little milk if necessary, and roll out into two equal rounds 8 to 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter to fit into a sandwich-tin. Prepare filling:

Filling: One cup stoned dates, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons water, 2 cups sweetened cooked apple pulp, icing-sugar.

Place dates in a saucepan with sugar, lemon juice, and water. Bring to the boil and mash dates with a fork, fold in apple pulp; cool. Place one half of shortcake in tin, spread prepared filling over, and cover with other round of pastry. Neaten the edge and decorate if desired. Prick all over with a fork and bake in a moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Dust with icing-sugar before serving.

BAKED APPLE RINGS

One and a half cups brown sugar, 1 cup orange juice (or any other unsweetened juice desired), grated rind 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 6 apples, washed, cored, and sliced in $\frac{1}{4}$ in. rings.

Combine sugar, orange juice, lemon rind, and lemon juice in a saucepan, bring to the boil, and boil for 5 minutes. Arrange the sliced apples in a large baking-pan and pour hot syrup over the apples. Bake in a moderate oven until tender, turning once and basting occasionally. These apples can be served hot or cold as a dessert with whipped cream or ice-cream.

VARIATIONS

Cinnamon Apple Rings: Add 4 pieces of stick cinnamon to the juice and bake with the apples. Remove the cinnamon after cooling the apples. Red coloring can be added to the syrup when it is prepared.

Mint Apple Rings: Crush 6 to 8 sprigs of fresh mint in the syrup as it is cooking. It can be colored with green coloring.

CRISP pastry and clove-flavored apples make a perfect pie. It can be served with cream or custard or American style with ice-cream.



WOOLWORTHS

*Hand
Knits*

1962, No. 2

34 PATTERNS

**FOR ALL THE
FAMILY**



The Australian Women's Weekly
April 11, 1962

A GUIDE TO BETTER KNITTING

1—Always use the wool and needles specified in the pattern.

2—**TENSION:** Before you start knitting, check your tension carefully, as the success of the finished article depends on this. Take the wool and needles specified in the directions, cast on 20 stitches, work 20 rows in stocking-stitch. Lightly press work. Check tension by placing an inch tape across the stitches, count the exact number of stitches to one inch and compare with the tension given in the directions. If your tension is too loose, try a size finer needle. If your tension is too tight, try a size coarser needle. If more than one size of needles is recommended in the pattern and you have found it necessary to alter the needles to obtain the correct tension in the stocking-stitch test sample, corresponding alterations must be made to the needles throughout the directions.

3—**MAKING UP:** Spend plenty of time, as hand-knits look best when really well made up. The following simple rules will help to produce a well-finished garment:

(a) **Pinning out**—use plenty of pins. Lay out each piece wrong side up on a thick blanket, measure the chest and pin to mark off the right size. Do the same lengthways, measuring from the shoulder to the lower edge. Pin round all edges of the knitted fabric, pins spaced every ½ in. Don't pin the outside edge of ribbing, e.g. the basque, but place the pin inside the ribbed band.

(b) **Pressing**—for stocking-stitch, patterned and lace fabrics, use warm iron and damp cloth. For Fair Isle fabrics use a hot iron and wet cloth. Ribbed fabrics should be pressed very lightly with an almost dry cloth. Don't use a rubbing motion when pressing, dab the iron lightly straight up and down.

Important—each pattern gives exact details for making up and it is advisable to follow these carefully.

(c) **Seaming**—Use a back stitch seam for fashion garments and older children's woollies. Place the two

ABBREVIATIONS—used in patterns throughout book.
● k, knit; p, purl; dec., decrease; inc., increase; beg., beginning; alt., alternate; st-st., stocking-stitch (knit one row, purl one row); cont., continue; rep., repeat; t.b.l., through back of loop; sl., slip; tog., together; p.s.s.o., pass slip stitch over; m.c., main color; c.c., contrast color; rem., remaining; m-st., moss-stitch (knit 1, purl 1, knit 1, repeat throughout); w.r.n., wool round needle; w.fwd., wool forward; w.o.n., wool over needle; m. 1, make 1; R.S.F., right side facing; W.S.F., wrong side facing.
SAVE on knitting accessories — Woolworths have a full range at lower prices.

DYE lots vary and can never be matched, so it's wise to ask the sales assistant to check that all your wool of the same shade is from the same dye lot (this is marked on the wool band). Woolworths recommend that you buy an extra ball or two for each garment—they will gladly refund on any wool left over. **WHEN USING BON-BON SPORTS ALWAYS BUY TWO EXTRA BALLS FOR EACH GARMENT.**

pieces of knitting evenly together, right side to right side, and pin along the portion to be seamed, matching the knitting row by row throughout. Sew with a back-stitch into the second stitch from the end of every row, taking one stitch from each side of the garment, i.e. insert the needle point into the end of the last stitch and bring it out in the next stitch.

(d) **Flat seam**—for baby clothes and underwear: Place the two pieces of knitting evenly together, right side to right side, and sewing stitch by stitch, taking care that the "stretch" is the same as the knitting, i.e. insert needle from right to left through the centre of knob (formed by knitting stitch at beginning and end of purl row) in front piece of work, then insert needles from left to right through centre of knob at back of work.

4—WASHING: USE LUX FLAKES.

(a) To preserve the life of the garments, do not allow to become oversoiled. Wash frequently in gentle **LUX FLAKES**.

(b) Make a rich lather in luke-warm water, ensuring that all flakes are dissolved.

(c) Damp badly soiled areas before washing and work in dry **LUX FLAKES** with your fingertips.

(d) Do not soak. Wash quickly, at the same time gently squeeze the **LUX** suds through the garment. Never twist or rub, as this causes "felting."

(e) Rinse in luke-warm water, changing it until it remains completely clean.

5—**DRYING:** Gently squeeze water from garment and roll in towel. Knead until excess moisture is absorbed by towel and then unroll.

Place garment on towel on flat surface and gently work into shape. Place in shady, breezy place to dry but never place in direct sunlight. When dry, press lightly on wrong side.

For beginners and children, Woolworths recommend the Australian Wool Bureau's "Adventures with Wool," available from the Australian Wool Bureau, Box 4361, G.P.O., Melbourne, for 2/- copy, post free.

COVER SWEATERS

Directions below.



Materials: 18 (20, 23, 26, 27, 29, 30, 32, 34) balls Woolworths Astrakhan; 1 pr. each. Nos. 5 and 8 needles; 1 set No. 8 needles.

Measurements: To fit 28 (30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44) in. chest; length, 18 (19, 21, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, 29) in.; sleeve, 15 (16, 17, 17½, 17½, 19, 19½, 20, 20½) in.

Tension: 4 sts. to 1 in.

BACK

** Using No. 8 needles cast on 59 (63, 67, 71, 75, 79, 81, 85, 89) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 in. Change to No. 5 needles and st-st. Cont. until work measures 11½ (12½, 13½, 14½, 15½, 17, 17, 17) in., ending on a purl row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 2 (2, 2, 3, 3, 3, 4, 4, 4) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of the foll. 3 rows, then every 2nd row 1 (2, 3, 3, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4) times, and 47 (49, 51, 53, 55, 59, 59, 63, 67) sts. rem. ** Cont. until armholes measure 6 (7, 8, 8, 9½, 9½, 10, 10, 10) in.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off at beg. of next and foll. rows 4 (5, 5, 5, 6, 6, 6, 6, 7) sts. 4 times, 6 (5, 6, 6, 5, 7, 7, 8, 7) sts. twice, 19 (19, 19, 21, 21, 21, 21, 23, 25) sts. once loosely.

FRONT

Work as for back from ** to **, cont. until armhole measures 3 (4, 4½, 4½, 4½, 5, 5, 5½, 5½) in., ending on a purl row.

To Shape Crew Neck: K 19 (20, 21, 21, 22, 23, 23, 25, 26) sts., cast off centre 9 (9, 9, 11, 11, 13, 13, 13, 15) sts., k 19 (20, 21, 21, 22, 23, 23, 25, 26) sts.

Cont. on last group of sts., dec. 1 st. on neck edge on next 3 rows, then on every knit row until 14 (15, 16, 16, 18, 19, 19, 20, 21) sts. rem. Cont. until armhole measures same as back armhole.

Shape shoulder to correspond with back. Ref. to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge, and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 34 (36, 38, 38, 38, 42, 42, 42, 42) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 in. Change to No. 5 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of the 5th and every foll. 8th row until 48 (50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 58, 60, 60) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 15 (16, 17, 17½, 17½, 19, 19½, 20, 20½) in. (or length required), ending on a purl row.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 2 (2, 2, 3, 3, 3, 3, 4, 4) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then 1 st. each end of next 5 rows, then each end of every knit row until 22 (22, 23, 22, 24, 26, 26, 26) sts. rem. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of the next 4 rows. Cast off rem. 10 (10, 10, 10, 12, 14, 14, 14) sts.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Using a small bk-st., sew up shoulder, side, and sleeve seams. Press seams. Set in sleeves. Flat-seam all ribbing.

NECKBAND

Using a set of No. 8 needles, pick up and knit 70 (74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88) sts. evenly round neck edge on 3 needles. Work in rounds of k 1, p 1 for 3 in. Cast off loosely ribwise.

Fold neckband in half to inside and sl-st. down.



WITH CREW OR V NECK

Materials: 26 (27, 29) balls Woolworths Astrakhan; 1 pr. each Nos. 5 and 8 needles.
Measurements: To fit loosely 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length, 22 (23, 23½) in.; sleeve, 17 in. (or length required).
Tension: 4 sts. to lin.

BACK

* Using No. 8 needles, cast on 74 (78, 82) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 in. Change to No. 5 needles and st-st. and cont. until work measures 13½ (13½, 14) in. (or length required), ending on a p row.*
To Shape Raglans: Cast off 4 sts. (all sizes) at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every alt. row until 24 (24, 26) sts. rem. Cast off.

FRONT FOR CREW-NECK

Work as back until 32 (32, 34) sts. rem., ending on a p row.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 6 (6, 7) sts., cast off 16 sts., k 6 (6, 7) sts., k 2 tog.

Dec. 1 st. each end of next and foll. alt. rows until 2 sts. rem.

Work 1 row, k 2 tog., and fasten off.

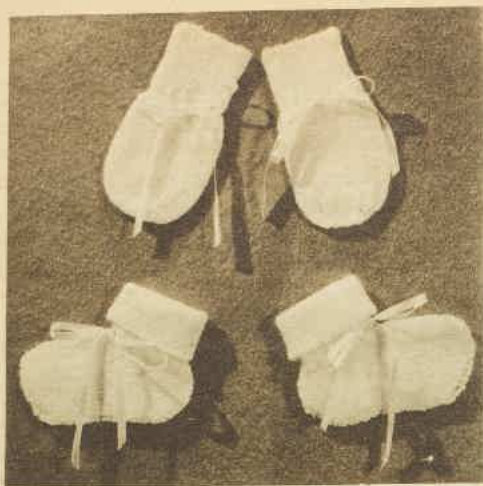
Return to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

Continued overleaf.

RIBBED BUTTON- THROUGH JACKET

Directions to fit 34-38 in. bust sizes are on pages 4/5.





BABY'S MITS AND BOOTEES

Materials: 1 ball Woolworths Baby Wool; set of 4 No. 13 knitting needles; 1 yds. ribbon 1in. wide.
Tension: 9½ sts. to 1in.

MITTENS

Cast on 48 sts. (16, 16, and 16).
1st Round: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to end of round.
Rep. 1st round 21 times.
23rd Round: W.o.n., k 2 tog., * w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to end. Rep. 1st round 4 times.

WITH CREW OR V NECK, continued from previous page.

FRONT FOR V-NECK

Work as back from * to *.
To Shape Raglan and V-Neck: Cast off 4 sts., work until there are 32 (34, 36) sts. on needle, cast off 2 sts., k to end.
Next Row: Cast off 4 sts., p until there are 32 (34, 36) sts. on needle, turn (leave rem. sts on holder).
Cont. to shape raglan as before and dec. 1 st. on neck edge on the next and every foll. 4th row 10 (10, 11) times, until 2 sts. rem. Cast off.
Return to rem. sts., join in yarn, and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 36 (38, 40) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in., evenly inc. 6 sts. (all sizes) on the last row. Change to No. 5 needles and cont. in st-st. inc. 1 st. each end of the 7th and every 6th row thereafter until 60 (64, 68) sts. Cont. until work measures 17in. (or length required), ending on a p row. Shape raglan exactly as back until 10 (10, 12) sts. rem. Cast off.

28th Round: Knit plain. Rep. 28th round 33 times.
In Next Round: * K 2 tog., rep. from * to end of round. Work 2 rounds without shaping.
In Next Round: * K 2 tog., rep. from * to end of round. Work 1 round without shaping. Break off wool and run end through rem. sts. Draw up and fasten off securely. Make another mitten in same manner.

TO MAKE UP MITTENS

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly, thread ribbon through holes at wrist.

BOOTEES

Cast on 55 sts.
1st and Alt. Rows: Knit plain.
2nd Row: K 1, w.fwd., k 26, w.r.n., p 1, w.o.n., k 26, w.fwd., k 1.
4th Row: K 1, w.fwd., k 28, w.r.n., p 1, w.o.n., k 28, w.fwd., k 1.
6th Row: K 1, w.fwd., k 30, w.r.n., p 1, w.o.n., k 30, w.fwd., k 1.
Cont. in this manner until 5 inc. rows have been worked from commencement. Cont. inc. in this manner at toe only until 10 inc. rows have been worked from commencement.

Work 3 rows without shaping.
In Next Row: K 50, turn.
Work on these 50 sts. as follows:
1st Row: K 13, k 2 tog., turn.
Rep. 1st row until 19 sts. rem. at each side of centre 14 sts.
In Next Row: Knit plain to end of row.
Work k 1, p 1 rib for 4 rows.
5th Row: * K 2, w.r.n., p 2 tog., rep. from * to last 4 sts., k 2, w.fwd., k 2 tog. Work rib for 2½in. Cast off in rib.
Work another bootie in same manner.

TO MAKE UP BOOTEES

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Sew up foot and leg seams. Thread ribbon through holes at ankle.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Neatly sew up the two front and one back raglan seams.

CREW-NECK BAND

With right side of work facing and using No. 8 needles, pick up and k 24 (24, 26) sts. across back, 10 (10, 12) sts. across top of left sleeve, 32 (32, 34) sts. across front of neck, and 10 (10, 12) sts. across top of right sleeve. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in. Cast off ribwise.

V-NECK BAND

With right side of work facing and using No. 8 needles, pick up and k 40 (42, 44) sts. up left and right sides of V-neck, 10 (10, 12) sts. across top of each sleeve, 24 (24, 26) sts. across back. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, dec. 1 st. each side of centre V on every row until band measures 1½in. Cast off ribwise. Fold neckband in half to inside and sl-st. down.

Sew up rem. raglan seam, side and sleeve seams. Press seams.

RIBBED BUTTON-THROUGH JACKET

Color picture page 3.



Materials: 2½ (B 22, C 23) oz. Woolworths Nylo Sports wool or Bon Bon Sports; 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 7 needles; 6 buttons; 1 cable needle.
Measurements: 34 (B 36, C 38) in.; length from shoulder, 22½ (B 23, C 23½) in.; length of sleeve, 13½ (B 14, C 14) in.
Tension: 13 sts. to 2in.
Cable 3: Sl. 1 to cable needle and place at front, k 2, then k 1 from cable needle.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 127 (B 135, C 141) sts.
1st Row: (K 1, p 1) to last st., k 1.
2nd Row: (P 1, k 1, t.b.l.) to last st., p 1.
3rd Row: (K 1, t.b.l., p 1) to last st., k 1, t.b.l.
Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 1½in., ending with 2nd row.
R.S.F., change to No. 7 needles.
1st Row: (K 1, p 1) to last st., k 1.
2nd Row: (P 1, k 1) to last st., p 1.
Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 13in., or length required.

To Shape Raglan: R.S.F., cast off 12 (B 14, C 14) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.
1st Row: K 1, p 1, cable 3, p 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., (k 1, p 1) to last 8 sts., k 2 tog., p 1, cable 3, p 1, k 1.
2nd Row: (P 1, k 1) 3 times, p 1, work in rib until 7 sts. rem., p 1, (k 1, p 1) 3 times.
3rd Row: (K 1, p 1) 3 times, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., rib to last 8 sts., k 2 tog., (p 1, k 1) 3 times.
4th Row: Same as 2nd row.
Rep. last 4 rows until 41 (B 41, C 43) sts. rem. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 75 (B 79, C 83) sts.
1st Row: (K 1, p 1) to last 15 sts., k to end.
2nd Row: P 15, (k 1, t.b.l., p 1) to end of row.
3rd Row: (K 1, t.b.l., p 1) to last 15 sts., k 7, sl. 1, k 7.
Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 1½in., ending with 2nd row.
R.S.F., change to No. 7 needles.
1st Row: (K 1, p 1) to last 15 sts., k 7, sl. 1, k 7.
2nd Row: P 15, (k 1, p 1) to end.
Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 13in., or length required.

To Shape Raglan: R.S.F., cast off 12 (B 14, C 14) sts. and work to end of row. Work 1 row.

Continued in next column.

CARDIGAN FOR A BABY

Materials: 3 balls Woolworths Baby Wool; 1 pr. each Nos. 11 and 12 knitting needles; 4 buttons.
Measurements: Chest, 24in.; full-length, 11½in.; sleeve seam, 8in.
Tension: 8 sts. to 1in.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 46 sts.
1st Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2. Rep. 1st row 11 times, inc. once at end of needle in last row. Using No. 11 needles, proceed as follows:
1st Row: Knit plain to last 7 sts., (p 1, k 1) 3 times, k 1.
2nd Row: (K 1, p 1) 3 times, k 1, p to last st., k 1.
3rd Row: K 3, * (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) twice, k 6, rep. from * to last 14 sts., (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) twice, k 3, (p 1, k 1) 3 times, k 1.
4th Row: Like 2nd row.
5th Row: K 4, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 8, rep. from * to last 13 sts., w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 4, (p 1, k 1) 3 times, k 1.
6th Row: Like 2nd row.
7th Row: Like 1st row.
8th Row: Like 2nd row.
9th Row: K 8, * (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) twice, k 6, rep. from * to last 9 sts., k 2, (p 1, k 1) 3 times, k 1.
10th Row: Like 2nd row.
11th Row: K 9, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 8, rep. from * to last 8 sts., k 1, (p 1, k 1) 3 times, k 1.
12th Row: Like 2nd row.
 Rep. from ** to ** throughout for pattern and shape for V-neck by dec. once inside front border on 3rd row of 5th patt., then every foll. 6th row 3 times (4 decreases), while at the same time shape armhole on 8th row of 6th patt. thus: Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of needle in next

row, work in patt. to last 9 sts., k 2 tog., (p 1, k 1) 3 times, k 1.
 Dec. once at beg. of needle in every alt. row 5 times, while at same time dec. once at front edge (inside border) in every foll. 4th row twice (34 sts.).
 Cont. in patt., dec. once at front edge (inside border) in 2nd and every foll. 4th row until 27 sts. rem.
 Work 2 rows without shaping.
To Shape Shoulder — 1st Row: Work in patt. to last 10 sts., turn.
2nd and 4th Rows: Work in patt. to end of row.
3rd Row: Work in patt. to last 20 sts., turn.
5th Row: Like 2nd row.
In Next Row: Cast off 20 sts., k 1, (k 1, p 1) twice, k 2. Work 13 rows in rib on rem. 7 sts. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 46 sts.
1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end of row.
 Work to correspond with left front, working border and shapings at opposite ends of needle and making a button-hole in the 7th row, then 3 more 1½in. apart.
To Make a Buttonhole: K 2, p 1, k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog., work in patt. to end of row.
Note:
 When dec. at front, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o. instead of k 2 tog.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 90 sts.
1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end of row.
 Rep. 1st row 11 times.
 Using No. 11 needles, proceed as follows:
1st Row: Knit plain.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 73 (B 77, C 81) sts. and work same as for back until work measures 11in., ending with 2nd row.
R.S.F., change to No. 7 needles.
1st Row: (K 1, p 1) to last st., k 1.
2nd Row: (P 1, k 1) to last st., p 1.
 Rep. last 2 rows, inc. 1 st. each end of next row and every 4th foll. row to 109 (B 117, C 121) sts. Cont. even in rib until work measures 13½ (B 14, C 14) in.
 Shape raglan same as for back until 41 (B 41, C 43) sts. rem.
 Rep. last 4 rows until 23 sts. rem. Cast off.

COLLAR

Join raglan seams. R.S.F., using No. 10 needles, commencing in last st. of right-front border, pick up and knit 25 (B 25, C 26) sts. to first seam. 24 sts. across top of right sleeve, 44 (B 44, C 46) sts. across back of neck, 24 across top of left sleeve, 25 (B 25, C 26) sts. down left side of neck to first inside st. of border.
1st Row: (K 1, t.b.l., p 1) to end of row.
 Rep. last row for 3½in. Cast off in rib.
TO MAKE UP
 Lightly press on wrong side all sections. Seam sleeves and sides. Sew facings into position and slip-st. around buttonholes. Turn over 1½in. of collar and join at each end. Catch at intervals around edge to hold in position. Press all seams and borders. Sew on buttons.



2nd Row: K 1, purl to last st., k 1.
3rd Row: K 8, * (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) twice, k 6, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.
4th Row: Like 2nd row.
5th Row: K 9, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 8, rep. from * to last st., k 1.
6th Row: Like 2nd row.
7th Row: Like 1st row.
8th Row: Like 2nd row.
9th Row: K 3, * (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) twice, k 6, rep. from * to last 7 sts., (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) twice, k 3.
10th Row: Like 2nd row.
11th Row: K 4, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 8, rep. from * to last 6 sts., w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 4.
12th Row: Like 2nd row.
 Rep. from ** to ** 3 times, then from ** to 8th row once. Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of each of next 2 rows, then dec. once at each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 70 sts. rem.

Cont. in patt. without shaping until armholes measure same as front armholes.
To Shape Shoulders — 1st and 2nd Rows: Work in patt. to last 10 sts., turn.
3rd and 4th Rows: Work in patt. to last 20 sts., turn.
5th Row: Work in patt. to end of row. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 50 sts.
1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end of row.
 Rep. 1st row 17 times.
 Using No. 11 needles, work in patt. as given from ** to ** for back, inc. once at each end of needle in 7th and every foll. 10th row until there are 60 sts. on needle. Cont. in patt. without shaping until work measures 8in. from beg., ending with a purl row.
 Dec. once at each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 24 sts. rem. Cast off.
 Work another sleeve in same manner.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Sew up side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Join together bands from fronts and sew to back of neck. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

Continued from previous column.

1st Row: K 1, p 1, cable 3, p 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., (k 1, p 1) to last 15 sts., k 7, sl. 1, k 7.
2nd Row: Work as before to last 7 sts., p 1, (k 1, p 1) 3 times.
3rd Row: (K 1, p 1) 3 times, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., rib to last 15 sts., k 7, sl. 1, k 7.
4th Row: Same as 2nd row.
 Rep. last 4 rows until 39 (B 39, C 40) sts. rem. W.S.F., cast off 20 (B 20, C 21) sts. at beg. of next row, work to end. Cont. in patt., dec. 1 st. inside raglan border every alt. row as before and at the same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until 8 sts. rem. Cont. in patt., dec. 1 st. at neck edge only every row to last st., end off.

Place 6 markers in front border for buttons equal distances apart, having top one 1in. from top and last one 1in. above lower edge.

RIGHT FRONT

Work this side to correspond with left front, reversing shapings and making buttonholes to correspond with markers.
To Make a Buttonhole: R.S.F., k 1, cast off 3, k 3, sl. 1, k 3, cast off 3, work to end of row.
Next Row: Work until 8 sts. rem., cast on 3, p 7, cast on 3, p 1.



V-NECK SWEATER WITH A COLLAR

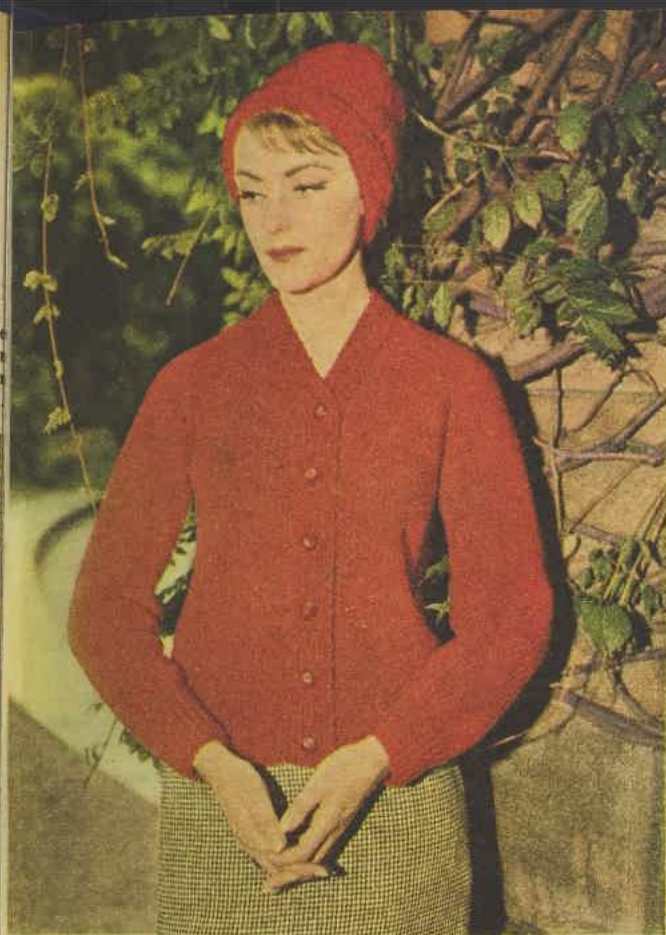
Directions for knitting
this patterned sweater
in 33-37in. bust sizes
are given on page 8.



GIRL'S JUMPER IN FOUR SIZES

Knitted in a simple
rib, directions for
this girl's jumper
are on page 11.





ASTRAKHAN HAT AND CARDIGAN

Directions for this
hat and cardigan
are on page 8.
Cardigan fits 32-
38in. bust sizes.



BULKY SWEATERS FOR HIM AND HER

Directions for these
sweaters to fit 32-
42in. chest sizes are
given on page 10.



ASTRAKHAN HAT AND CARDIGAN

Color picture page 7.



CARDIGAN

Materials: 22 (23, 24, 25) balls Woolworths Astrakhan; 1 pr. each Nos. 5 and 8 needles; 6 buttons.
Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust; length, 22 (23, 24) in.; sleeve, 17 in. (all sizes).
Tension: 4 sts. to 1 in.

BACK

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 64 (68, 72, 76) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 in. Change to No. 5 needles and st-st. Cont. until work measures 14 in. (or length required), ending on a p row.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off 2 (2, 2, 3) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

Next Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

Rep. last 2 rows until 20 (20, 22, 22) sts. rem. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 28 (30, 32, 34) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 in. Inc. 1 st. at end of last row. 29 (31, 33, 35) sts. Change to No. 5 needles and st-st. and cont. until work measures same as back, ending on a p row.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off 2 (2, 2, 3) sts., k to end.

Next Row: Purl to last st., k 1.

Next Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Cont. raglan shaping, at the same time, on neck edge, dec. 1 st. every 4th row 5 (5, 6, 6) times. Cont. to shape raglan until 2 sts. rem., k 2 tog. and fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 28 (30, 32, 34) sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2 in. Inc. 1 st. at beg. of last row. 29 (31, 33, 35) sts. Change to No. 5 needles and finish to correspond with left front in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 36 (38, 38, 40) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 in. Inc. 1 st. each end of last row. Change to No. 5 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of the 7th and foll. 6th row until 48 (52, 54, 58) sts. Cont. un^{til} sleeve measures 17 in. (or length required), ending on a p row. Shape raglan exactly as back until 4 sts. rem. Work 2 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Using a flat seam, sew up raglan seams. Using a small backstitch, sew up side and sleeve seams, but flat seam the ribbed edges. Press seams.

FRONT BAND

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 9 sts.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once.

5th Row: K 2, p 1, cast off 2 sts., k 1, p 1, k 2.

6th Row: Rib and cast on 2 sts. over cast-off 2 sts.

Cont. in rib, making buttonhole as before on every 17th

and 18th rows 5 times altog. Cont. in rib until band fits

round front edges slightly stretched. Cast off ribwise.

Using a small backstitch, sew band in position. Sew on

buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Press band.

HAT

Materials: 5 balls Woolworths Astrakhan; 1 pr. each Nos. 3 and 4 needles.

Size: To fit average head.

Tension: 7 sts. to 2 in., using No. 3 needles.

Abbreviations: Cr. 2 sts.: Knit into back of 2nd st., then slip the 1st st. purlwise on to right needle.

PATTERN

1st Row: (Cr. 2 sts., k 1) 3 times, sl. 1, k 7.

2nd, 4th, and 6th Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: K 2, (Cr. 2 sts., k 1) twice, k 1, sl. 1, k 7.

5th Row: K 3, (Cr. 2 sts., k 1) twice, sl. 1, k 7.

Rep. these 5 rows for patt. inclusive.

BAND

Using No. 4 needles, cast on 17 sts. and work in patt. inclusive until work measures 2 1/2 in. slightly stretched. Cast off.

CROWN

Using No. 3 needles, cast on 64 sts. and work in st-st. for 8 in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side. Using a small backstitch, seam the cast-on edge of crown to side edge of diagonal patt. in band. Join the side edge together of both band and crown. Fold top of crown in half, then into four equal parts. Top sew the tops of each of the four parts. Fold band in half to inside and slip-stitch down to seam. Lightly press band.



V-NECK SWEATER WITH A COLLAR

Color picture page 6.

Materials: 16 (B 18) balls Woolworths Special Crepe 5-ply; 1 pair each Nos. 12 and 9 knitting needles; 3 stitch-holders; a set of 4 No. 12 needles.

Measurements: Bust, 32-34 (B 36-37) in.; full length, 23 (B 23) in.; sleeve seam, 17 in.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1 in. over patt.

PATTERN

Number of sts. divisible by 4, plus 2 sts.

1st Row: Knit to end.

2nd Row: Purl to end.

3rd Row: K 1, * sl. 2, purlwise k 2, rep. from * to last

st., k 1.

4th Row: K 1, * p 2, sl. 2, purlwise rep. from * to last

st., k 1.

5th Row: Knit to end.

6th Row: Purl to end.

7th Row: K 1, * k 2, sl. 2, purlwise rep. from * to last

st., k 1.

8th Row: K 1, * sl. 2, purlwise p 2, rep. from * to last

st., k 1. Rep. these 8 rows.

BACK

With No. 12 needles, cast on 142 (B 154) sts., work k 1, p 1 rib for 1 in. Change to No. 9 needles and work in patt. until back measures 15 in. from cast-on sts., ending with the 4th or 8th row of patt.

Shape raglan armholes while keeping to patt.

1st and 2nd Rows: Cast off 6 (B 7) sts., work to end

of row.

3rd Row: K 2 tog., work in patt. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

4th Row: Work in patt.

Rep. 3rd and 4th rows ** until 46 (B 48) sts. rem.

Work 1 row and cast off.

FRONT

Make as directed for back to armholes.

To Shape Raglan Armholes and V Neck:

1st Row: Cast off 6 (B 7) sts. Work in patt. over 65 (B 70) sts., turn, leaving rem. sts. on a spare needle.

2nd Row: Work in patt.

3rd Row: K 2 tog., patt. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

4th Row: As 2nd Row.

5th Row: K 2 tog., patt. to end.

6th Row: As 2nd row.

7th Row: K 2 tog., patt. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. *

Rep. from * to * until 21 (B 22) dec. have been made

at neck edge. Cont. dec. at armhole edge until 2 sts. rem.

K 2 tog. and fasten off. Join wool to other side and work

to correspond.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 86 (B 74) sts. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 2 in. Change to No. 9 needles and work in patt. inc. once each end of the 3rd and every foll. 6th row to 110 (B 120) sts. Work even until sleeve measures 17 in. from cast-on edge (or length required).

Shape raglan top from ** to ** as directed for back until 14 sts. rem., work 1 row and leave sts. on a stitch-holder.

NECKBAND AND COLLAR

Sew sleeves to front and back, noting that tops of sleeves form part of neckline. With right side of work facing and using set of 4 No. 12 needles, knit across 14 sts. from left sleeve stitch-holder. K up 85 (B 89) sts. along left side of neck, knitting up last st. from centre front, 84 (B 88) sts. along right side of neck, 14 sts. from right sleeve stitch-holder, and 43 (B 47) sts. across back of neck, 240 (B 252) sts.

1st Round: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to end of round. Work 9 rounds in rib, dec. once at each side of centre st. at V every round and keeping the centre st. plain.

11th Round: Rib 53 (B 57) sts., cast off 73 sts., rib to end. Work 32 rows in rib on rem. sts., inc. once each end inside the end st. every 2nd row. Cast off in rib.

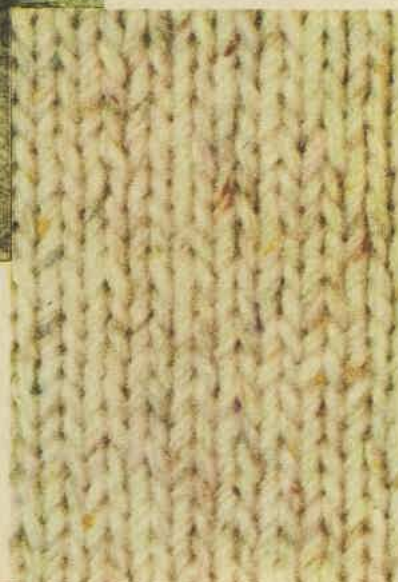
TO MAKE UP

Press work very lightly. Join side and sleeve seams.



FLECK SUIT AND BAG

Directions for
suit in 4 sizes
and bag are
on page 10.



SHIRT STYLE FOR A GIRL OR A BOY

Knitting direc-
tions for
shirt style are
on page 11.

Below is section of
Bon Bon Sports Yarn
in which bag and suit
are made.



FLECK SUIT AND BAG

Color picture page 9.



SUIT

Materials: Jacket—19 (21, 23, 25) balls Woolworths Bon Bon Sports Yarn or Nylo Sports; Skirt—14 (16, 18, 20) balls Woolworths Bon Bon Sports Yarn or Nylo Sports; 3 prs. each Nos. 8, 7, and 6 needles; 8in. zipper; 1 crochet hook; Petersham belting.

Measurements: Jacket—To fit 32 (34, 36, 38) in. bust. Garment will be 2in. larger to provide an easy fit; length from top of shoulder, 22½ (22½, 22½, 23) in.; length of sleeve seam, 12½ (13, 13½, 13½) in. Skirt: Actual measurements—Waist, 24 (26, 28, 30) in.; hips, 34 (36, 38, 40) in.; length, 25 (26, 26, 26) in.

Tension: On No. 6 needles, 4½ sts. 1in.; 6½ rows 1in. On No. 7 needles, 5 sts. 1in.; 7 rows 1in.

JACKET

BACK

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 82 (87, 92, 97) sts. Work in st-st. until work measures 14½ (14½, 14½, 14½) in. or 1½in. longer than required length, shape armholes by k 2 tog. each end of the next 7 (7, 8, 8) rows. Cont. in st-st. inc. 1 st. each end of every 10th row 3 times. When armholes measure 6½ (7, 7½, 7½) in., shape shoulders by casting off 5 (5, 5, 5) sts. at the beg. of the next 8 (8, 8, 8) rows. Cast off 6 (8, 8, 10) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 (2, 2, 2) rows. Cast off rem. 22 (23, 26, 27) sts.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 42 (44, 46, 48) sts. Work in st-st. for 3in.

Next Row: Knit to end of row, turn, cast on 6 sts. for facing.

Next Row: Purl to end.
Cont. in st-st. on these 48 (50, 52, 54) sts. When work measures 14½ (14½, 14½, 14½) in. or 1½in. longer than required length, shape armhole by k 2 tog. at armhole edge every row 7 (7, 8, 8) times. Cont. in st-st. inc. 1 st. at armhole edge every 10th row 3 times. When armhole measures 6½ (6½, 6½, 7) in., shape neck by casting off 14 (14, 15, 15) sts. at the neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge every 2nd row 4 (4, 4, 4) times, at the same time when armhole measures 6½ (7, 7½, 7½) in. shape shoulder by casting off 5 (5, 5, 5) sts. at the armhole edge of the next and every following alt. row 4 times, then cast off 6 (8, 8, 10) sts. on next alt. row.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working shapings and facings at opposite ends.

SLEEVES

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 52 (54, 56, 58) sts. Work in st-st. inc. 1 st. each end of the 24th row and every foll. 8th row until inc. to 66 (68, 70, 72) sts. When sleeve seam measures 14 (14½, 15, 15) in. or 1½in. longer than required

length, shape top by k 2 tog. each end of the next 7 (7, 8, 8) rows. Cast off 5 (5, 5, 5) sts. at the beg. of the next 6 (6, 6, 6) rows. Cast off.

NECK FACING

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Join shoulder seams. Fold back the 6 facing sts. and st-st. neatly down fronts and across top of neck. With right side of work toward you, using No. 8 needles, pick up and knit about 68 (69, 70, 71) sts. around neck inside the facing. P 1 row and work in st-st. for ½in. Cast off loosely.

TRIMMING

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 3 sts. Work in moss-st. until long enough to go up one side, across back of neck, and down other side. Cast off. Work 2 pieces in same way for sleeves.

TO MAKE UP

Stitch sleeves around armholes, sew up side and sleeve seams. Make 1½in. hem around lower edge of jacket and sleeves and stitch down neatly the ½in. facing around neck. Sew on trimming as illustrated.

SKIRT

BACK

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 87 (92, 97, 102) sts. Work in st-st. for 4in. Change to No. 7 needles and cont. in st-st. until work measures 17 (18, 18, 18) in. or 8in. less than required length above hemline. Dec. 1 st. each end of the next, then every 8th row until dec. to 81 (86, 91, 96) sts. Work 5 rows st-st.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 21 (23, 26, 28) sts., k 2 tog., k 31 (32, 31, 32) sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 21 (23, 26, 28) sts., k 2 tog.

Work 5 rows st-st., commencing and ending with a p row.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 19 (21, 24, 26) sts., k 2 tog., k 31 (32, 31, 32) sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 19 (21, 24, 26) sts., k 2 tog.

Cont. in this way, dec. 4 sts. every 6th row (working 2 less sts. each end of every dec. row) until dec. to 61 (66, 71, 76) sts. When work measures 27 (28, 28, 28) in., cast off.

FRONT

Work the same as for back.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side seams, leaving an 8in. opening for zipper. Work 1 row of d.c. around opening and sew in zipper. Stitch belting around waist. Make a 2in. hem around lower edge.

HANDBAG

Materials: 7 Balls Woolworths Bon Bon Sports Yarn or Nylo Sports; 1 pair No. 6 needles; 1 pair 9in. bag handles; stiffening and silk for lining; 1 button.

Tension: 19 sts. 4in.; 26 rows 4in.

Using No. 5 needles, cast on 44 sts. K for 2in.

Next Row: * K twice into first st., k 1, rep. from * to last 2 sts. K twice into each st. (67 sts.). Work as follows:

1st Row: K 2, * p 2, k 2, rep. from * to last st., p 1.

2nd Row: P 2, * k 2, p 2, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Rep. these 2 rows for 18in.

Next Row: * K 2 tog., k 1, rep. from * to last 4 sts., (k 2 tog.) twice (44 sts.), k for 2in. Cast off.

GUSSETS (2)

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 11 sts. Work in patt. for 8in. Cast off.

FLAP

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 7 sts. Work in patt., casting on 4 sts. at the beg. of every row until inc. to 23 sts. Make a buttonhole as follows:

Next Row: Cast on 4 sts., work 15 sts. in patt., including the 4 cast-on sts., w.r.n. twice, k 2 tog., work to end of row. Cont. in patt., casting on 4 sts. at the beg. of every row until inc. to 57 sts. Cont. in patt. for 5in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Cut stiffening ½in. smaller than knitting and the silk ½in. larger than knitting. Stitch the cast-on edge of gussets along the centre of bag, then join to each side up to the 2in. at top of bag. Fold the 2in. at top of bag in half and stitch over handles. Line bag, then stitch flap at back just below handle and allow to fold over on to right side and fasten with a button.

BULKY SWEATERS FOR HIM AND HER

Color picture page 7.



Materials: 18 (19, 20, 22, 23, 25) balls Woolworths Nylo Sports or Bon Bon; 1 pr. each Nos. 7 and 9 needles.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38, 40, 42) in. chest; length, 23½ (23½, 24, 25½, 26½, 27) in.; sleeve, 17in. for her, 19½in. for him.

Tension: 5 sts. to 1in.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 90 (96, 102, 106, 112, 118) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. Change to No. 7 needles and st-st. Cont. until work measures 15in. for her, 16½in. for him (or length required), ending on a purl row.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off at beg. of next 2 rows 2 (2, 4, 5, 6, 6) sts.

Next Row: K 2 tog., knit to last 2 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o.

Next Row: Purl.

Rep. last 2 rows until 28 (28, 28, 30, 32, 32) sts. rem. Leave on needle.

FRONT

Work as back until 70 (70, 70, 72, 74, 76) sts. rem. in raglan shaping. Purl 1 row.

To Shape Raglan and Neck—Next Row: K 2 tog., k 33 (33, 33, 34, 35, 36), turn. Cont. on last 34 (34, 34, 35, 36, 37) sts., shaping raglan as before, at the same time, dec. 1 st. on neck edge every 2nd row 9 (9, 9, 10, 11, 12) times, then every 4th row 4 times (all sizes). Cont. shaping raglan until 2 sts. rem., work 2 sts. tog. and fasten off. Return to rem. 35 (35, 35, 36, 37, 38) sts., join in yarn at neck edge and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 44 (46, 50, 54, 58, 58) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. evenly, inc. 6 sts. on last row. Change to No. 7 needles and st-st. inc. 1 st. each end of the 3rd and every 8th row thereafter until 70 (76, 82, 84, 88, 94) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 17in. for her, 19½in. for him (or length required), ending on a purl row. Shape raglan exactly as back until 8 sts. (all sizes) rem. Leave on holder.

TO FINISH OFF

Press work on the wrong side. Sew up the fronts and left back raglans only. With right side of work facing and using a spare fine needle, pick up 40 (40, 40, 41, 42, 43) sts. on each side of front neck. Transfer all sts. round neck edge to side of needle. Using No. 9 needles, work in rib of k 1, p 1 one these 124 (124, 124, 128, 132, 134) sts. Dec. 1 st. each side of centre V front every row until 1 1/2 in. Work 1 row without shaping, then inc. 1 st. each side of V for 1 1/2 in. Cast off loosely ribwise.

Sew up the 4th raglan and neckband ends. Press raglan seams. Using a small bk-st., sew up side and sleeve seams. Fold neckband facing to inside and st-st. down. Press seams.

GIRL'S JUMPER IN FOUR SIZES

Color picture page 6.



Materials: 7 (8, 9, 10) balls Woolworths Nylo 4-Ply; 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 12 needles; 1 set No. 12 needles.
Measurements: To fit 26 (28, 30, 32) in. chest; length, 17 1/2 (18 1/2, 19, 20 1/2) in.; sleeve, 14 (15, 16 1/2, 17) in.
Tension: 15 sts. to 2 in.

PATTERN

1st Row: Knit.
2nd Row: P 2, * k 2, p 2, rep. from * to end.
Rep. these 2 rows for pattern inclusive.

BACK

* Using No. 12 needles, cast on 88 (96, 104, 112) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 1/2 (2 1/2, 2 1/2, 3) in., inc. 1 st. each end of the last row, 90 (98, 106, 114) sts. Change to No. 10 needles and patt. Cont. until work measures 10 1/2 (11, 12, 13) in. (or length required), ending on 2nd row of patt.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of the next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of the next and alt. rows until 7 1/2 (8, 8 1/2, 8 1/2) sts. rem. *. Cont. until armhole measures 5 1/2 (6, 6 1/2, 7) in.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off at beg. of every row 7 (8, 8, 9) sts. 4 times, 8 (8, 10, 10) sts. twice, 26 (28, 30, 32) sts. once.

FRONT

Work as back from * to *. Cont. until armhole measures 2 1/2 (3, 3 1/2, 4) in., ending on 2nd row of patt.

To Shape Neck—Next Row: K 28 (30, 32, 34) sts., cast off centre 14 (16, 18, 20) sts., k 2 to end.

Cont. on these last sts., leaving rem. sts. on holder. Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next and alt. rows until 22 (24, 26, 28) sts. rem. Cont. until armhole measures 5 1/2 (6, 6 1/2, 7) in., ending at armhole edge. Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 7 (8, 8, 9) sts. twice, 8 (8, 10, 10) sts. once. Return to rem. sts. Join in yarn at neck edge, and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 42 (46, 50, 54) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 1/2 (2 1/2, 3, 3) in. Change to No. 10 needles and work in patt. as for back. Inc. 1 st. each end

of the 3rd and every 6th row thereafter until 72 (80, 86, 92) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 14 (15, 16 1/2, 17) in. (or length required).

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next 3 rows, then every 2nd row until 34 (38, 40, 42) sts. rem. Cast off on the next and every row 3 sts. 6 times (all sizes), 16 (20, 22, 24) sts. once.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Using a small bk-st., sew up shoulder seams.

NECKBAND AND COLLAR

With right side of work facing and using set of No. 12 needles, commencing from centre front: 1st needle—pick up and k 40 (42, 44, 46) sts. to right shoulder; 2nd needle—30 (32, 34, 36) sts. from back neck; 3rd needle—40 (42, 44, 46) sts. down left side of neck edge. Work in rounds of k 1, p 1 rib for 1 in., ending on centre front. Now work backwards and forwards on these sts. for 2 1/2 in. Cast off loosely ribwise.

Using a small bk-st., sew up side and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Flat-seam all ribbing. Fold 2 1/2 in. of collar to right side. Press all seams.

SHIRT STYLE FOR A GIRL OR A BOY

Color picture page 9.



Materials: Size A, 2 1/2 in. underarm, 3 balls main color Woolworths Super Crochet Wool; size B, 2 3/4 in. underarm, 4 balls main color Woolworths Super Crochet Wool; size C, 2 1/2 in. underarm, 5 balls main color Woolworths Super Crochet Wool; all sizes, small amount contrast color; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 needles; 2 small buttons; 2 press-studs.

Measurements: Length from shoulder top, 9 1/2 (11, 12 1/2) in.; sleeve seam, 2 (2 1/2, 3) in.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1 in. over st-st.

FRONT

Using No. 12 needles and m.c., cast on 67 (73, 79) sts.
1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.
2nd Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.
Rep. last 2 rows until 18 rows altogether have been worked.

Change to No. 10 needles.

1st Row: Knit, inc. 1 st. in first st., * k 2, inc. once in next st., rep. from * to end of row, 90 (98, 106) sts.

Next Row: Purl.

Cont. in plain smooth fabric until work measures 6 (7, 8) in. from commencement, finishing at end of a purl row.

Cast off 5 (6, 7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows **.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 33 (35, 37), cast off 10 (12, 14) sts., k 33 (35, 37), k 2 tog.

Cont. on these 34 (36, 38) sts., dec. once at armhole edge in every alt. row until 29 (31, 33) sts. rem. Work 17 (21, 25) rows without shaping.

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. once at

neck edge in every row until 21 (23, 25) sts. rem. Work 5 (7, 9) rows without shaping.

To Shape Shoulder—1st Row: Work to last 10 (11, 12) sts., turn.

2nd Row: Work to end of row. Cast off. Join in wool at neck edge and work on rem. sts. to correspond with other side.

BACK

Work as given for front to **.

Dec. once at each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 68 (74, 80) sts. rem. Cont. without shaping until armholes measure same as front armholes.

To Shape Shoulder—1st and 2nd Rows: Work to last 10 (11, 12) sts., turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Work to last 21 (23, 25) sts., turn.

5th Row: Work to end of row. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles and m.c., cast on 49 (55, 61) sts.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 4 times. Using No. 10 needles, proceed as follows:

1st Row: Inc. once in first st., * k 2, inc. once in next st., rep. from * to end of row, 66 (74, 82) sts.

2nd Row: Purl.

Cont. in plain smooth fabric until work measures 2 (2 1/2, 3) in. from commencement, finishing at end of a purl row. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. once at each end of needle in every row until 12 (12, 12) sts. rem. Cast off. Work another sleeve in same manner.

COLLAR

Using No. 12 needles and m.c., cast on 99 (105, 111) sts.

1st Row (right side of work): K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.

7th Row: Using c.c. knit.

Using c.c., rep. 2nd row once, then 1st and 2nd rows once. Break off c.c.

11th Row: Using m.c., knit.

Rep. 2nd row once, then 1st and 2nd rows four times. Cast off in rib.

LEFT FRONT BAND

(N.B.: If making for girl, omit buttonholes.)

Using No. 12 needles and m.c., cast on 13 (15, 17) sts.

1st Row (right side of work): K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 6 (7, 8) times.

Next Row: Rib 6 (7, 8), w.fwd., k 2 tog. (w.r.n. p 2 tog. —w.fwd. k 2 tog.), rib 5 (6, 7).

Next Row: As 2nd row **.

Rep. from ** to ** once, then 1st and 2nd rows twice. Cast off in rib.

RIGHT FRONT BAND

(N.B.: If making for boy, omit buttonholes.)

Work exactly as given for left front band.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using a flat seam for ribbing and a fine back-stitch seam for other seams, sew up side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seams to side seams. Using a fine back-stitch seam, sew front bands in position, placing cast-on edge to cast-off sts. at centre front, and crossing left over right for boy, or right over left for girl. Using a flat seam, sew collar in position, commencing and finishing at centre of front bands and placing cast-off edge to neck edge. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Sew press-studs in position at neck edge of front bands. Finally press all seams.



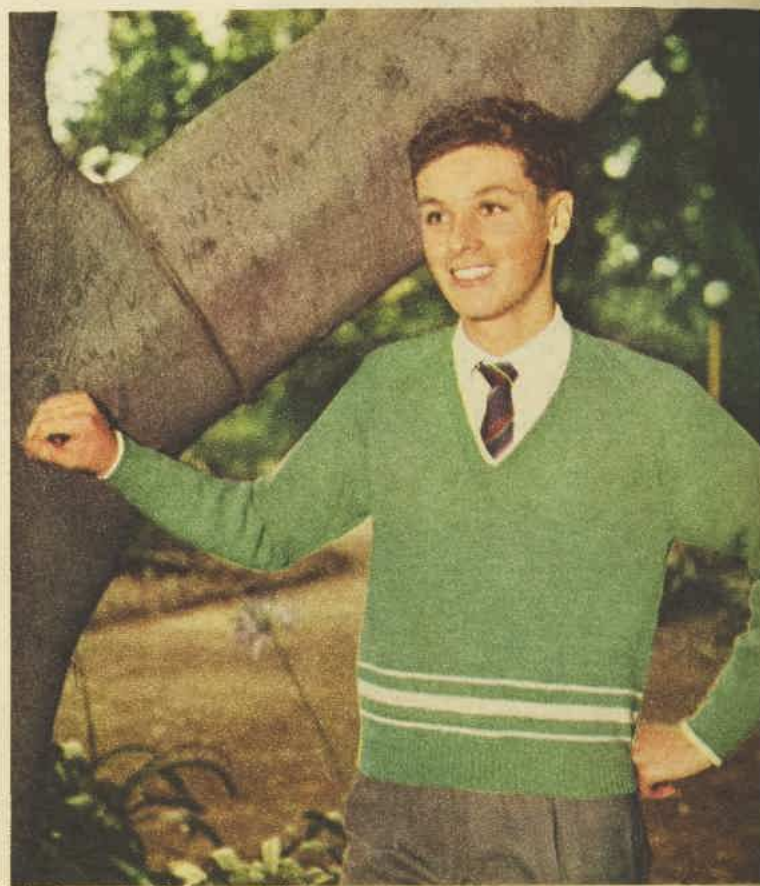
V-NECK STYLE IN SINGLE RIB

Directions to fit 38 to 44in.
chest sizes are on page 14.

FOR FATHERS AND SONS

RAGLAN SWEATER (26-36in. chest sizes)

Directions for this design
are given on page 14.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

April 11, 1962

Teenagers

WEEKLY

**PATTERN FOR
A PARTY
FROCK—page 2**

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Last words as a teenager

BEFORE I leave behind the teenage years (I am nearly 20) I should like to register some complaints against the adult world. I wish to protest against:

(1) The parents who don't know where their children go, or with whom, because they are not interested or they're too busy with interests of their own.

(2) The adults who, in a shop, push in before a young child who shouldn't really have been sent by his mother in the first place.

(3) The mothers who drag little children about the city with them and into stuffy picture theatres and then punish them if they drag their feet or cry from utter weariness.

(4) The adults who accuse us of discourtesy and yet fail to thank us for courtesies.

(5) The adults who accuse us of having "wild" parties and who can be seen in public places "living it up," shouting, and being exhibitionistic after a literally "staggering" round of drinks.

(6) Lastly, the adults who see us as irreligious but are never at church to see the large number of young people who do worship regularly. — "Janie," Malvern, S.A.

Live for today

HOW often I have walked down the road and heard people say, "Tomorrow we are going to" do something or go somewhere. People may even plan to do things next week or next month or even next year. Death is at our doorstep and may call any day. Live today while you have a chance. Yesterday is past, tomorrow is another day, so make the best of today. If more people were to think of life as such, I am sure we would have a much happier world. — "Idealistic," Torrensville, S.A.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

No hope chest

MY mother is worried because I have not collected a "hope chest." Friends have slowly but surely collected for years, but I have no inclination to begin something which, to me, symbolises drudgery, expense, and boredom.

Mum has tried to instil the "collecting bug" into me by relating her own stories, but it is all of no avail. I hope to buy what's necessary when the time arrives. What I like now I will loathe later! However, not being a millionairess I will not be able to do this.

So with the situation in mind I am prepared to accept my fate of paper plates, packing-cases and a basement room, living out of tins (I can't cook and have no wish to learn). — "Walesite," Kew, Vic.

Spuds "a drug"

HAVE you ever wondered why potatoes are called spuds? The potato was not known in England until 1586, when Sir Walter Raleigh introduced it from America. The Puritans bitterly opposed the new vegetable because it was not mentioned in the Bible. In Scotland the potato was called "a dangerous drug and as bad as tea."

Hostility against the potato became so strong that a society was formed to prevent its use. This organisation was called "The Society for the Prevention of the Unwholesome Diet," thus the word "spud" came into use from the initials of the Society. — Ken Sutherland, Stafford, Qld.

Plea for animals

I CANNOT believe that animals taken from their natural surroundings and penned up like criminals in circus cages or concrete zoo cages can be happy or even reconciled to the loss of their freedom. (In spite of tales, told by their trainers, of how happy they are.)

I think Ralph Hodgson speaks for many like me in this poem:

"I would ring the bells of Heaven
The wildest peal of years,
If Parson lost his senses
And people came to theirs,
And he and they together
Knelt down with angry prayers.
For tamed and shabby tigers
And dancing dogs and bears,
And wretched blind pit ponies,
And little hunted hares."
— Wendy Hutchins, Murchison, Vic.

Beastly Adair

NO offence to T.W.'s Robin Adair (at whose wit I've had many a chuckle) but I cannot help thinking that as there's usually a beauty article next to his column, the page should be headed "Beauty and the Beast!" — R. Dawson, Kingaroy, Qld.

People matter

AFTER doing a commercial course at school I left the protected, carefree school times to go into the grim, bustling world. I wanted a job with piles of money and no responsibility, but it did not work out that way. After being scared to death on my first interview, I wanted to stay at school.

Now I am working as a secretary in an office with three terrific people. I have an average wage and loads of responsibility which I love. I found out that it is the people you work with and not the money that counts. I also have to work a switchboard. After cutting my boss off a few times, I find it terrific fun to work.

I hope that other girls doing commercial courses like their work as much as I do when they leave. — M. Deague, Camberwell, Vic.

Unemployed

I HAVE all the qualifications needed for a junior typist's job, but I have walked up and down the main streets of our city, not missing a single office, entering all, asking the eternal question, "Have you any vacancies or will there be any in the near future?" The answer has always been a sympathetic "Sorry."

I am not a Miss Australia where looks are concerned or a faster-than-sound speed typist, but I do my work diligently and, I believe, well.

If the present situation continues I shall go out of my mind with worry. My parents

BEATNIK



"Thank you, young man, but we already have a manager."

are far from well-off, and with five younger brothers and sisters my earnings are badly needed for the family.

My clothes are becoming an acute problem, and it is becoming increasingly difficult to appear well dressed before prospective employers.

Being registered as unemployed I get £3/15/- a week. Most of this is spent on tram fares and the remainder goes to my parents. I am grateful to the Government for this small help and would be without hope if I hadn't that money each week.

My story would be the same as hundreds of other young people and how I wish that something could be done about the large number of married women who continue to work.

A woman's place is in the home and a happily married woman should be thus content. Unless a woman is a widow or a deserted wife or something like that she should be compelled to resign when she marries.

This may sound harsh and selfish, but Australia is grossly underpopulated and it is well known that working wives don't have babies. Most working wives want too much too soon. Instead of being content with the advantages a husband can provide, they go to work to enable hubby to pay off an expensive television set, fur coat, or some such luxury. — Rae Collis, Brisbane.

Quotable quotes

"TO LOOK is one thing.

"To SEE what you look at is another.

"To UNDERSTAND what you see is a third.

"To LEARN from what you understand is still something else.

"But to ACT on what you learn is all that really matters." — "Book Worm," Rankin Springs, N.S.W.

THE most sensible quote I have learnt to date is this: "The only gracious way to take an insult is to ignore it; if you can't ignore it, top it; if you can't top it, laugh at it; if you

can't laugh at it, it is probably deserved." — Ildika Nagy, Heathmont, Vic.

ON my younger brother's 13th birthday my father inquired how it felt to be a teenager at last.

"Okay," was the reply, "except for the reputation." — "C.C.," Gladesville, N.S.W.

Shorthand useful

WHY isn't shorthand taught in all schools? Usually it is a subject only in Home Science Courses for girls. Surely there must be many students at high schools who would find a knowledge of shorthand a great benefit when it came lecture time at university. Notes could be taken quickly and without any great effort. — Lenore Anderson, Wentworthville, N.S.W.

Easter eggs

COULD you please tell me why we give eggs at Easter time and in which country this custom originated? — "Thoughtful," Armadale, Vic.

• There are many explanations. The most common is that the egg is a symbol of New Life and, as such, is connected with the Resurrection of Christ. Harnesworths Encyclopaedia says: "The idea that the egg symbolises Resurrection is of comparatively modern origin. Eggs, having been forbidden as food during Lent, were restored at Easter." The custom began in Europe during the Middle Ages. — Ed.

• It's fun making Easter Eggs. See pages 6, 7.

OUR COVER

THE dreamy party frock on this week's cover was specially chosen for teenagers by Candy Hardy for the coming round of winter parties. The frock is easy to make from Candy Hardy pattern No. 7487. It requires 3½yds. 36in. chantilly lace (or fine lace); 5½yds. 36in. organdie; 4½yds. 36in. lining. In teenage sizes 30, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 4/6. Order from Candy Hardy, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Sorry, but no C.O.D. orders accepted.



Next week

FEELING the cold breath of winter on the back of your neck? Next week we feature two thick-knit sweaters — one for a boy, the other for a girl — which will keep you warm till next summer. ALSO . . . candid color pictures of teenage celebrities at Col Joye's new theatre restaurant, a pin-up of young actress Yvette Mimieux, and a story of three of Australia's youngest racing-car drivers.

Little things girls and boys do and say, or just the looks on their "dials," will let you know they'll soon be engaged to be married.

By KERRY YATES

● Even before a girl appears with a ring on her finger—and her guy with one through his nose—there are ways to tell when the engaged signals are ringing.



WITH GIRLS:

★ She starts to watch his money. An observant friend can take a tip when at a restaurant she stops him giving one.

★ She gets her driving licence and starts to drive his car. Remember how he used to hate women drivers?

★ She tends to take his advice on clothes and hairdos. This gives him a false sense of mastery—usually she has managed to sway his taste in the beginning.

★ She starts to wonder aloud, "What did I ever see in Bill?" (a former boy-friend)

★ She seems to become very interested in her young married friends and visits them more than before.

★ She comments on household articles in shops that she has never noticed before. She points out beaut homes to her boy-friend.

★ She seems to lose interest in going to expensive restaurants and balls.

★ She starts to refer to Peter and herself as "we'd love to come," instead of "Pete and I would love to come."

★ She buys presents from both of them, especially for the boy's family.

★ She invites him along to parties, christenings, and weddings, where he can meet her relatives.



WITH BOYS:

● He suddenly stops scoffing at married mates.

● He begins to drop out of the crowd, especially the crowd of all the guys he used to knock around with.

● He goes shopping with her, carries her baskets and even drives her mother to do the family shopping at the weekend.

● He stops whistling at, or even commenting on, other girls.

● He insists on ringing her if he's delayed with the boys longer than expected.

● He starts showing more interest in and respect for her parents. He even tolerates the little brother.

● He takes her along to help choose his clothes.

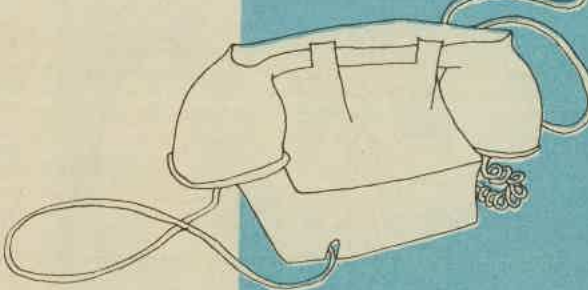
● He'll begin to "match-make" for the rest of the boys. As he realises that he's "hooked," it becomes important that everyone else follows.

● He invites her often to his house for dinner.

● He stops denying roasts from the boys "that it won't be long now before you're an old married man." He mightn't agree, but he sure won't deny it.



ENGAGED SIGNALS



**OR
(HOW TO PICK
FOR WHOM A
BELLE TOLLS!)**

TEACHING MOTHERS HOW TO DO WASHING

● This time last year blond, blue-eyed, 21-year-old Valerie Chambers, of Hawthorn, Victoria, had never done the laundry in her life. Mother was available. But now, a long way from her New Zealand home, Valerie is teaching mothers how to do the family wash.

SHE is a sales-demonstrator for a British washing-machine company, with all the wiles of washing at her pretty fingertips.

The cotton shantung uniform in a soft shade of blue that she wears was specially designed for the company by Michael Lachasse, one of London's Top Ten. It's made with a loose-fitting back so that the demonstrators' movements are unimpeded.

"You wash it at 100deg. for four minutes," said Valerie smartly. "No hotter—the color has a tendency to run."

OTHER PEOPLE'S JOBS By Sheila Sibley

She has been trained to tell the customer all she needs to know about washing times, temperatures, and water problems — considerable progress for a girl who boiled a woollen sweater her first week away from home and rotted clothes with too much soap powder in Alice Springs.

It was that trip to Alice Springs that made Miss Marion Scott, senior demonstrator for the company, take Valerie on staff.

"She wanted to see Australia," Miss Scott explained, "so she worked as a waitress in Alice Springs for six months. That showed me she was the kind of girl we need — a girl with initiative, a girl who likes meeting people..."

Valerie told me: "Up till I'd left home I'd always done office work, but after Alice Springs I couldn't face the thought of going back to a nine-to-five desk job, so I tried this."

"I love demonstrating. The only thing I don't like is waiting around between demonstrations—I feel I'm not earning my pay."

The way to sell

"You see, we don't approach the customers; we wait until they show an interest first." She indicated a working model of her washing-machine in transparent plastic, in which clothes could be seen busily twirling around. "That gets them in—they love to see what happens to the wash."

She was standing on the pavement in front of an electrical retailer's in Dandenong shopping centre beside her own demonstration model. The day before she had been in Ringwood; next week she would be in Ballarat.

"Another good way of attracting an audience is to be doing something at the machine — such as taking clothes from the spin-dryer," she said, fishing some efficiently out of a porthole in the machine.

"Like to feel how dry they are? Most people are interested. And when they ask questions, I can start talking washing-machines."

"You've got to know the competition, too, in this field." She laughed. "I know the faults of every washing-machine on the market. It helps when you're demonstrating if you can really believe your product is the best — and I do."

"It's the latest of its kind — the firm has been out here only four months — and it's

VALERIE CHAMBERS shows Mrs. Norma Dowling, of Charles Street, Dandenong, how to do the family wash efficiently. Peter Dowling and baby Anne-Marie seem suitably impressed.

TEEN FUN



"Ronald — if you would study grammar the way you study Roberta you would be top of the class."



"Are you through reading my diary, Doris? I need to make some entries about your boy-friend George."

fully thermostatic. And look at this lint-remover..."

She stopped, and a gleam came into her bright blue eyes.

"You're not by any chance interested in a new washing-machine, are you?"

A job such as Valerie's pays about £800 a year, which means she has about £14 a week clear of tax. She is paid travelling expenses and lunch money when away from home.

Her salary does not increase at a set rate, but as her responsibilities increase. In this particular firm, girls who make good will be retained at a higher salary to train other demonstrators as the company grows.

The initial training takes only two weeks. In that time the trainee learns to know — and presumably love — her washing-machine and to unsnarl any minor complications without the aid of a service man.

They also learn the right laundry techniques for various fabrics, salesmanship, and how to address an audience.

Their field training is more gradual, but perhaps more important; while they are actually working on the job they are visited from time to time by senior demonstrators, and any faults corrected on the spot.

Miss Scott has no objections to hiring a teenager for the sales-demonstration staff if the girl has the right qualifications.

"Most of our girls are well educated, but that isn't all-important," she said. "What is important is her way of presenting herself."

"A girl who can't impress people won't be any good at the job. I prefer extroverts—they make the best sales personnel."

"Appearance matters a lot. A dim, down-at-heel girl is no advertisement for the company. A good demonstrator is bright, enthusiastic, and practical — and looks it."

London trip

"I can usually tell a girl's character by her interests and her previous jobs. Girls who are interested in sport are usually good mixers." (Valerie is keen on both skiing and swimming.)

Valerie is now saving earnestly for London. "That's one of the reasons why I took a job with this particular company," she said. "The head office is in England—I'm hoping to get a job demonstrating this machine over there."

At the end of her 10-to-4 day she began piling the wet wash in the dryer for the last time. Time to go home to the boarding-house where she lives, to have dinner, then to tackle her own washing. By machine?

"There isn't one," said the super-laundress with an attractive giggle. "So I do mine by hand. In a basin!"



Page 4 — Teenagers' Weekly

Portrait of artist as young man

By KERRY YATES

● A Sydney boy, just out of his teens, is already earning his living as a landscape painter, and recently had a successful one-man exhibition of his work in a large city store.

HE is Colin Parker, 20, of the North Shore suburb of Killara—a typical young-man-about-town in a white shirt, tie, and suit or tailored sports clothes.

No beatnik beard—or dirty duffle coat—for Colin.

Tall and dark, with quiet good looks, Colin said with a grin, "Once you start selling your paintings as an artist you stop trying to sell yourself as an artist."

The Parker family is very keen on arts and crafts, and it's easy to see that paint has splashed Colin's past.

His father, Clarendon Parker, has exhibited and sold many of his water-color landscape paintings. Mr. Parker has his own business, making picture-frames.

Mrs. Parker, an Estonian, makes conventional and abstract pottery and also paints china. She has won awards at Sydney's Royal Easter Show over the past couple of years for both her hobbies. This year she's teaching these arts at the Chatswood Evening College.

Colin has two older brothers, Phillip and Lindsay. Phillip's hobby is photography and Lindsay's spare time is devoted to the study and drawing of many types of orchids.

One of Colin's uncles, Dudley Parker, is also a professional artist. He sells and exhibits many of his traditional landscape paintings.

Grandfather Parker started the old Grosvenor Art Gallery in George Street, Sydney.

And Colin's grandma used to teach French artificial flower-making in Estonia some years back.

Fond of fun and the outdoors, Colin tries to arrange his painting treks to different parts of Sydney to coincide with the working hours of most of his teenage friends.

As most of them head for city offices each morning, Colin is off with his paintbox, brushes, easel, and stool to find the ideal scene to paint for the day.

Some of his patrons choose the views they want him to paint, but he's always looking for new beauty spots.

Each painting usually takes him a couple of days to complete, and just as others have

a "bad day at the office," sometimes everything goes wrong for this young artist.

Sometimes it rains (recently quite often), sometimes the light changes so quickly that his early sketches are useless, and sometimes Colin is just not in the right mood for work.

Colin's income from painting averages about £14 a week, "and rising all the time." Of this, at least £4 goes on brushes, paints, canvas, and wood to frame his pictures.

He pays his mother £2 a week board, and petrol and repairs for his car cost £3 a week, mainly to get to paintable spots round Sydney. The rest goes on clothes and entertainment.

He left his job as a trainee commercial artist with a Sydney advertising agency 10 months ago to try his luck as a full-time artist.

"Most of my friends laughed at my hopes of becoming a WORKING artist," said Colin, "but I decided to give it a try."

Up to 100 guineas

And already he has sold more than 90 of his oil paintings for prices ranging from 10 to 100 guineas.

Art has interested Colin for many years, and he still has a few of his first "primitive" paintings—from kindergarten lessons in his first year at school.

He studied art as a subject for his Leaving Certificate, which he passed at North Sydney Tech. three years ago. Last year he went to classes held at

the Sketch Club in Sydney, where the Royal Art Society arranges for prominent artists to lecture and help new artists with their work.

Colin's weekend interests are fishing, surfing, surfboard riding, and lots of dancing and parties. Sometimes, when he's doing a painting at the weekend, he takes along a few other boys and girls and they have a barbecue and "painting party" while he's on the job.

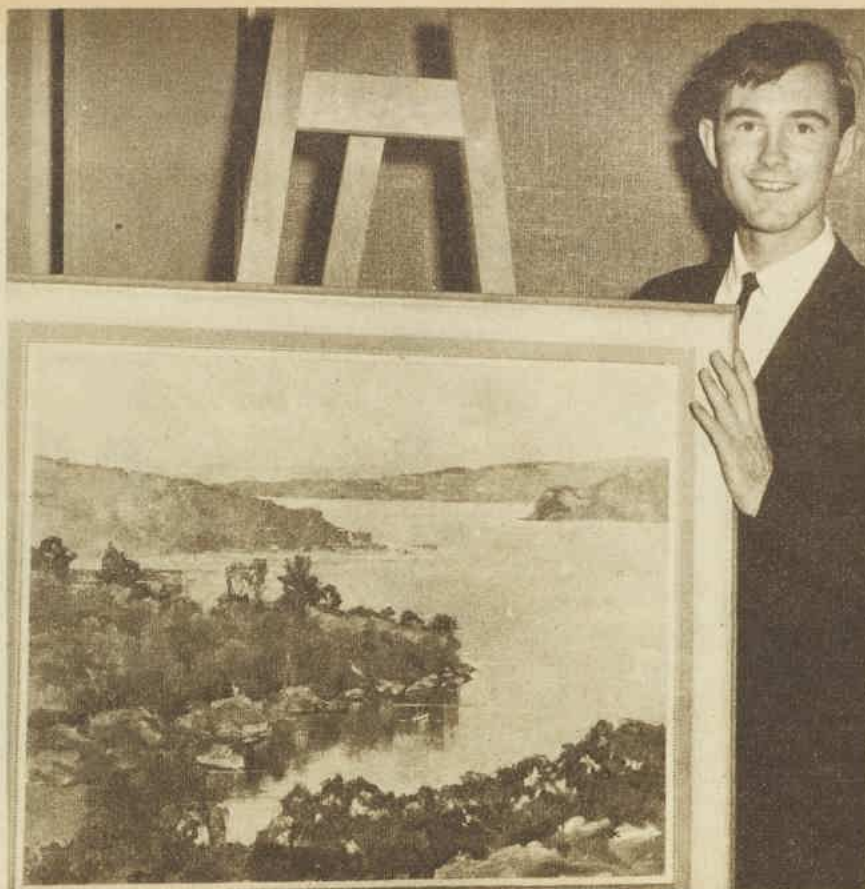
Quite often some of his friends bring along their brushes and have a go at sketching the local scene.

Colin has entered his paintings in about 12 art exhibitions held in Sydney, apart from his one-man show last month when he exhibited 36 of his paintings.

And what are his ambitions? Does he want to travel the globe, painting scenes to sell to tourists as they walk along the famous Left Bank in Paris?

No. He wants to become a famous Australian landscape artist.

"And what's a better way to try," says Colin "than to stay right here in Australia to paint the world around me?"



COLIN PARKER stands proudly beside a painting of Sydney's Middle Harbor at the opening of his one-man exhibition at which he sold 16 of the 36 works.



AT WORK with brush and easel, Colin paints mostly on weekdays—to leave weekends free for leisure.



"Suppose it really isn't 'Spaghetti in Turmoil'—how would we ever know?"

EASTER EGGS ARE FUN TO MAKE



Little Dutch girl

YOU'LL NEED: 1 skein of bright yellow embroidery-wool; 1 small paper lace doily; 2 short lengths of artificial raffia; 1 1/2 in. furnishing fringe (1/4 yd.); small amount of yellow raffia for eyebrows; 2 patty-cake cups; red and blue luminous poster paint; cement glue.

METHOD: Clip off some pieces of the yellow wool to make a fringe. Glue on, then plait the remaining wool and glue firmly in place above fringe. Cut small pieces of yellow raffia for eyebrows and glue on. Paint in eyes, nose, and mouth.

Invert the patty-cake cups, glue together, then glue the egg firmly in centre. Cover the cups with the length of furnishing fringe to make collar. To make the hat, cut a triangular segment from the doily and twist the two cut edges of the segment together to get the slight point at the crown. Glue or pin into place.

Carmen Miranda

YOU'LL NEED: Five yellow patty-cake cups; black, orange, and lemon artificial raffia; 2 brass curtain-rings; 3 small hatpins with beaded ends; 4 colored glass baubles (left-over Christmas decorations); 2 1/2 in. lengths narrow plastic tubing; 2 in. lengths 1/2 in.-wide white drawing-paper; cement glue; 4 round beads; red luminous poster paint.

METHOD: Plait several 3 in. strands of black and orange raffia together and glue on to egg for hair. Attach earrings by threading curtain-rings through with the 1/2 in. strip of paper and gluing both ends to egg. Knot strands of artificial raffia through earrings for decoration (see picture). Invert three

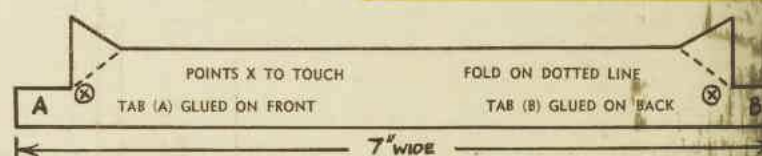
Esquire

YOU'LL NEED: Steel wool; 2 small deep blue buttons; a piece of stiff white paper 7 in. long, 1 in. wide; 2 small black buttons, one flat, one round; 1 brass curtain-ring; 1/4 yd. blue felt or thick blue paper; black poster paint; cement glue.

METHOD: Cut two pieces of steel wool for eyebrows. Glue on. Cut two long pieces of steel wool for moustache (see picture) and glue on. Glue on the two blue buttons for eyes and paint on rest of face as in picture. To make

the hat, glue the flat button on to the egg, then glue round button on to the flat one. Slip curtain-ring over round button and glue in place.

Stand the egg in a plasticine base and press in firmly. To make the collar, see diagram below. Finish off with bow made from felt or thick blue paper.



Then cut two wing shapes at the sides of hat front and turn up edges (see picture). Finish off by tying two artificial raffia bows on plaits.

Stand the Dutch girl in a plasticine base and press in firmly. If you want to make any of your Easter eggs more elaborate, use colored wire candle-holders (see Balinese dancer), which can be bought cheaply in department stores or gift shops.



● The seven delightful little characters on these pages are as easy as boiling eggs to make and will give your whole family hours of fun. They are all made from hen eggs—hard-boiled, of course—and the decorations are available from department stores in all States. Copy these figures exactly, or use them as a starting point for your own designs.



Phyllis the flapper

YOU'LL NEED: 1 skein of violet embroidery-wool; $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. grey cotton furnishing fringe $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep; feathers dipped in colored ink; clipped black raffia $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long; 2 patty-cake cups; $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. $\frac{1}{2}$ in. felt or thick blue paper; plastic doorknob (available at chainstores); pink luminous poster paint; cement glue.

METHOD: Glue on clipped raffia for eyelashes (see instructions for Carmen Miranda) and paint on the mouth. Cut the embroidery-wool to form a shingle style (see picture) and glue on. To make the hat, roll the furnishing fringe so that it forms a circle and pin the join together. Glue on at an angle. Glue the feathers in place.

Glue the egg on to the inverted paper cups and finish with a bow of the felt or thick paper. Stand the flapper on a plastic doorknob and glue in place.

Balinese dancer

YOU'LL NEED: Gold metallic paper doily (split at one point and cut to centre); 20 small brass screws; small piece of metallic paper (chocolate wrap); small brass candle-holder; green, pink, and black luminous poster paint; about 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. lengths of narrow pink plastic tubing; cement glue.

METHOD: Paint on face as in the picture. Pull together the two split sections of the doily and glue so that it is high in the front. Glue on to the egg. Turn the brass screws upside down and glue on a little less than $\frac{1}{2}$ in. apart in front of the headdress. Slip the pieces of plastic tubing over some of the screws. Work the small piece of metallic paper into a simple flower shape and glue on the centre front of headdress. Rest the egg on the candle-holder.

Cockney queen

YOU'LL NEED: Three small paper doilies; 5 small hen feathers dipped in colored ink; plaited black raffia; 1 patty-cake cup; pink, green, and black luminous poster paint; 2 small buttons; cement glue.

METHOD: First place the egg in the inverted cup and glue on firmly. To make hat, take two doilies, decorated with poster paint (see picture), place them together, and fold down centre. Then bend the doilies to fit shape of the egg and glue on. Glue on the plaited raffia for the hair.

To make the collar, cut out the centre of the third doily, decorate with paint, and glue down centre back. Finish off with button earrings glued to hair and paint face according to picture.



Pogo the clown

YOU'LL NEED: Colored metallic paper (chocolate wrapper or colored foil); narrow pink plastic tubing; lemon rick-rack braid ($\frac{1}{2}$ yd.); black raffia fringe; 2 round beads; 3 patty-cake paper cups; 1 sheet of white unlined drawing-paper; luminous pink poster paint; copper wire (about 5in.); cement glue.

METHOD: Cut out a small piece of raffia fringe for the hair and glue to egg. Roll up the metallic paper into a cone shape and glue on above the fringe to make the hat. Cut three $\frac{1}{2}$ in. lengths from the plastic tubing and glue on for eyes and nose. Glue on the two beads to form ears.

Now invert the three paper cups and glue together, cutting the top cups a

little shorter. Glue the egg firmly to the top of the inverted cups. To make the arms, thread a piece of copper wire through the paper cups and twist so that arms are held up.

Slip on pieces of plastic tubing to the required length. Twist upper ends of wire to form a right-angle. Now cut out four hands, two left and two right, from the white drawing-paper and glue the two left and two right hands together. Attach where copper wire forms right-angle.

Finish off by trimming hat and wrists with plastic tubing and rick-rack braid (see picture). Cut piece of plastic tubing to make collar and join in front with a piece of the copper wire. With the poster color, paint in mouth and decorate the edges of the paper cups.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

He's a shy guy

"I HAVE had my eye on a girl for quite some time. I like her very much, but she doesn't know it. She is still going to school and I have been working for just over a year. I have never had a girl-friend and I am a bit shy so I was wondering if you could tell me what to do about asking her out."

"Shy Pal," Vic.

I suppose you know her well enough to talk to, but, if you don't, get busy with that smile of yours and, for a start, get talking to her.

When you get to this stage, if you are not already at it, ask her if her parents allow her to go out with boys yet. (Sometimes parents forbid school-girls to go out with boys until their exams are over, or until they are 16, or only during holidays or something.)

If she is allowed out with boys, ask her to the pictures or to watch a football match or some other sporting fixture. If she accepts, call for her at her home so that she can introduce you to her parents, and ask them what time you must have her home. Good luck.

Busy Line?

"FOR six months I was engaged to a boy of 21. I am 20. Our engagement was broken 15 months ago due to his infatuation with another girl. He says now it was only infatuation. But the thing is this, ever since the engagement was broken he has rung me every day. He takes me out regularly and gets angry if I go out with other boys, although he takes other girls out. I have continually told him to leave me alone, but he insists I am the only one for him. He doesn't want to go steady or get married yet, but he still expects me to be there waiting for him. What am I to do? I still love him as much as I did when we were engaged."

"Mixed Up," N.S.W.

"Every care but no responsibility" is evidently his motto. You'll have to get rid of him, temporarily at least.

Naturally, he won't take on the responsibility of a fiancée or wife while he gets the same love, devotion, and attention from you as he did when you were engaged, and you don't alter even when he takes off with other girls.

Go out with other boys and let him be angry and stew about it, even if you don't enjoy it. He may then do something about you, or you may discover that other boys are worthy of this love you are wasting on him.

Gloves on or off?

"AT a small party given by one of my classmates, a discussion arose on when and where to wear gloves. It was a high tea before we all went on to a monthly high-school dance.

One of my friends was going to wear gloves, and I objected, saying it wasn't necessary. The reply I got was that it is etiquette to wear gloves. Is this right? The dance is one at which all forms of dress are worn. Is it correct to wear gloves to the pictures? When should a person wear gloves?"

"Wondering," Qld.

In these free-and-easy days it is only absolutely necessary to wear gloves when royalty is present.

Apart from that occasion, wearing gloves is really a matter of personal taste. Gloves are an added elegance for formal occasions or are worn as a purely commonsense accessory to keep hands warm or clean.

The question of whether to wear gloves or not is decided by whether a girl feels that her clothes or the occasion is sufficiently formal to demand them. Some girls prefer to wear them, but the ones who don't are not considered to be incorrectly dressed.

Most people have their own pet rules about when to wear them. Some girls always wear them when they wear a hat; some when they don't wear a hat; some people won't go to church without them.

Personal taste and good judgment govern the wearing of gloves these days, except when you are asked to Government House. Then you must wear them, and they should be white.

Holiday romance

"DURING my holidays in the country, from which I have just recently returned, I met a very nice young man of my own age, 20, toward whom I was very attracted. I think he liked me, as he asked me if I would write. But I am a city girl, and his job does not allow him much spare time. Under the circumstances, should I continue this friendship?"

G.J., S.A.

Holiday romances and friendships generally fade like suntan, but some don't. Why not write to him? One letter doesn't mean a lifelong tie.

In for a penny . . .

"MY girl-friend and I, who are both 15, have another girl-friend of the same age to whom we are always lending money. The trouble is she never pays us back. When we go out together she either doesn't bring enough money or has lost it, so it is up to us to lend it to her. As we are not working and she is, we can't afford to be lending her money all the time. I recently lent her over £1, which I often ask her about, but she says she'll pay tomorrow and changes the subject. What should we do about it?"

"Loser," N.S.W.

Lending money is a very touchy business, as you have already found

out. There is nothing guaranteed to tarnish a friendship more than the sort of treatment your friend has handed you two.

At your age, you should decide what you are going to do about lending money in future. I have a rule which you may care to make, too. I will lend money to people twice, whether or not the first lot is returned, but when a third loan is requested, be it for sixpence or a pound, if the previous loans haven't been repaid, I just say "No," without explanation. If they ask why, I tell them.

Whether I have the money or not makes no difference to me. I won't be treated like a sucker.

If you know what you are going to do, it is quite easy to deal with borrowers.

You two have allowed your "friend" to ride roughshod over you and finance her outings quite long enough. Don't do it again, under any circumstances. She must be taught a lesson. If she goes out with you and pulls that "no money" or "lost it" story, be firm, tell her you're not going to help her with money and leave her to her own devices.

You'll probably never get your money back from her now. It is certainly learning about borrowers the hard way.

* * *

"EMBARRASSED": You should go and see a good skin specialist and let him advise you. Your mother may know of one; if she doesn't, ring the Australian Medical Association and ask them to recommend one. A doctor will tell you how to get rid of your trouble, which could not be caused by shaving.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

First invitation

"I AM in fourth year at high school and am over 15. I have taken a liking toward a nice-looking girl whose name I know, but I do not know if she knows mine. I would like to know her better. I have never had a girl-friend or taken a girl out. How could I invite her to a school social?"

"Hopeful," N.S.W.

I think it is a good idea to get to know a girl by casual conversation before you ask her out to anything, even to a school social.

Both being pupils at the same school seems to me to be sufficient acquaintance to start a friendship. Start it with a smile and a "Good-morning" and "How are you?" Follow it up by carrying her bag to the bus or walking to the gate with her or something.

It's hard for me to suggest any cut-and-dried line of conversation, not knowing your local and school set-up, but you can talk about the teachers or your homework — anything to get over that first shy-making talk. Sport is a good thing to talk about, too. Perhaps she plays tennis or watches you playing football.

Talk to this girl for a while, and then ask her to the social. But don't just walk up to her one day and ask her. She might be so surprised or embarrassed, never having talked to you before, that she might refuse. This won't happen if you cultivate her conversationally for a week or two first.

TABLE MANNERS

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

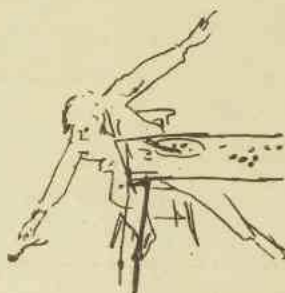
From "Tiffany's Table Manners for Teenagers."



● If you knock over your water glass, don't say, "Oops." Right the glass and keep talking to your partner. DON'T start mopping the table frantically with your napkin.



● But if you spill the water on your partner's dress, offer her your napkin and say you're sorry. But DON'T start mopping her. It might be misunderstood.



● If you happen to drop your knife or fork on the floor, DON'T dive down after it or peer down at it. Pick up another one, and proceed with your meal according to plan.

● *Clear, bright, singing colors that add zest and sparkle to lips and fingernails are very much in the news at the moment — in defiance, perhaps, of all those pale, pale tones of the past few seasons.*

By
Carolyn
Earle

YOUR lips and hands are in the spotlight no matter where you go. Consequently, they must color-match perfectly, especially when you put bright color on them.

If you've been timid about lipstick and nail varnish colors until now, and don't want to start out with too big a splash, consider these pointers:

If your skin looks rosy-pink, if your eyes are blue or grey, your lips blue-red, the probabilities are that you will look best in make-up colors in the range of blue-red.

If your skin tone is beige or tan (either natural skin-tone or suntan), then a lipstick and nail varnish in the range of orange-red or brown-red should give the right emphasis to your coloring.

If your skin is colorless (and it's rather unusual), you have a wider choice and will find make-up becoming in both ranges of reds.

It's easy to apply lipstick. But there's no room for mistakes when you start using darker colors; you can achieve a clean, clear, and lasting outline, however, by following four simple rules:

- Make certain your lips are perfectly dry, and dust them very lightly with powder. This ensures maximum adhesion of lipstick.

- Make sure your mouth is relaxed so that it assumes its natural contour. Outline upper lip first, then the lower lip. Work from centre to corners.

- Fill in lips, holding lipstick steady and applying a clear, smooth band of color.

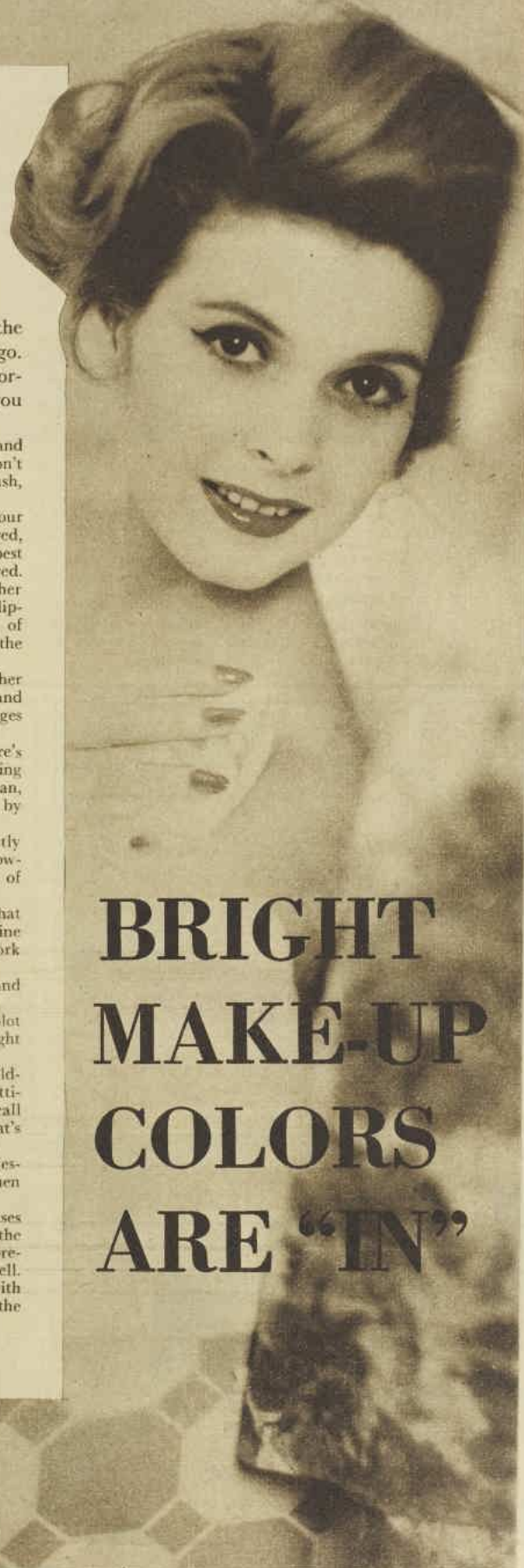
- Let it set for a minute or two, then blot carefully with a tissue. Hold tissue straight on lips, pressing lightly.

Nail varnish gives the glamorous gilding that shows your hands at their prettiest; brighter shades of varnish also call attention to your hands, so be sure that's what you want to do before you paint.

Anyone can learn to do a truly professional job, applying a base coat first, then two thin coats of polish.

Stroke on lightly, as pressure causes streaking. Next wipe the edge of the nail with thumb of the other hand to prevent chipping. Let each coat dry well.

Guard your varnish job by sealing with a top coat carried under the tip of the nail for added protection.



BRIGHT MAKE-UP COLORS ARE "IN"

EXERCISING THE FEMALE PREROGATIVE

● Federal Parliamentarians have been taking physical training pretty seriously lately.

I GATHER they want to be not only personally fit (to have good Constitutions, Statute-esque bodies?) but also to help their parties more successfully wrestle, politically, with their opponents.

Now, I believe girls could well adapt this idea—to help them in the task of dealing with affairs of date instead of State.

Some of the politicians have adopted a Canadian armed forces P.T. plan.

So, as I'm an 'armless force always at girls' Quebec and call, I offer lasses a special fitness scheme.

Like to take a look at a gym using my methods? All together now . . .

As you walk into the room you see girls making throwing gestures at the ground. This is an exercise to help lasses drop hints.

Other girls are doing a more advanced exercise—propping up dummies of males at odd angles against a wall, then scurrying away.

This is good practice for standing up dates and leaving boys in the lurch.

One of the more involved exercises has a girl doing a series of quick changes — hair color, clothes, facial appearance, etc.

What better way for a girl to get into trim to ask: "What sort of girl do you think I am?"

Another interesting sight is a group of girls playing with plastic models of boys' hearts . . .

. . . Wonderful for toning up muscles to toy with his affections.

Then there's the bunch of belles silently mouthing words with looks of pleasure on their faces.

Whispering sweet-nothings, you know.

Other girls are rushing around in nurses' uniforms — training for the time they will have to say, "I can only be a sister to you."

There are also sad-faced girls rasping away on violins—getting ready in case they one day have to play second fiddle.

These girls' next exercise is to try to smile while carrying on their backs heavy weights. That way they learn to grin and bear it.

Perhaps the most ingenious exercise I've evolved is the one in which you see a girl prone on the floor — representing the Tasmanian sea "monster."

What sort of exercise is that?

Well, she's practising to be one of those girls of whom boys don't know quite what to make.

You know the sort—crazy mixed-up squids!

—Robin Adair

AUSTRALIAN PAINTERS

By Douglas Watson

Naiivete and sincerity

4. EBENEZER WENBAN (1862-1934)

EBENEZER WENBAN'S father, William Wenban, came to Australia from England when he was a young man. He opened a paint shop in Upper Oxford Street, Paddington, Sydney, and Ebenezer and his two brothers, Joseph and Henry, used to sketch for amusement in their spare time.

Ebenezer Wenban was not a professional artist like Conrad Martens (T.W., April 4), but his painting was sincere and creative. He was not a fluent painter, but he succeeded in obtaining a uniform effect with the color he used—in particular, an all-over golden glow of light.

In the painting reproduced at right, "Farm Cove, Showing Government House and the Exhibition Building, 1880," the two figures in the foreground are painted with tenderness, though not very professionally. The picture as a whole is naive—as could be expected from an artist who painted only at weekends.

Paintings such as these, by a relatively untrained hand guided by the "innocent eye," can be of importance in any country, both historically and aesthetically.



"FARM COVE, showing Government House and the Exhibition Building, 1880," by Ebenezer Wenban.

cally. They are reminiscent of the French painter Henri Rousseau, whose work is greatly admired by Picasso.

Wenban's paintings are particularly important from the historical point of view, for they give a vivid picture of Sydney in the 1880s.

For instance, notice the ship at anchor in Farm Cove and the appearance of Sydney's Botanic Gardens as recorded by the artist some 80 years ago.

The domed building shown in the background of Wenban's picture was the Great Exhibition Building completed in 1878 at the enormous cost (for those times) of £300,000, and destroyed by fire in 1882.

The building stood on five acres of the Botanic Gardens, and was topped by a dome 100 feet in diameter. Wenban's painting of the Exhibition Building is thus an important historical document.

NEXT WEEK: Charles Conder



LISTEN HERE

—with Ainslie Baker

Paul now a wow with the girls

● When blue-eyed, inky-haired, 17-year-old Paul Wayne appears on a TV screen and begins to sing, the girl viewers go "Wow!"

BUT his first efforts to entertain didn't meet with quite the same response. In fact, they led to Paul and his embarrassed mother being asked to leave the picture show.

Paul, aged three, had wandered into the aisle and was doing an impersonation of black-face singer Al Jolson.

Similar "please remove your child" requests from irate managers on two other occasions have failed to dampen Paul's admiration of his old idol.

"Most of the singers I like best seem to be dead," he says wryly. "There's Eddie Cochran (I've got all his records) and Buddy Holly. But Cliff Richard's alive," he added more cheerfully.

When he was at Gardeners' Road School, Paul got into representative Sydney school-boy teams for cricket and football and has cups he won when he swam with the Granville Club.

His professional singing career started when he won a talent quest at the old "Teen Canteen" and was offered a job there. Now he has his own band, The Paul Wayne Combo, which you hear behind him on his current Leedon disc, "Keep A'Walkin'."

He had the big thrill of going over with some of our top artists to appear during the Adelaide Festival.

WOULDN'T it be marvelous if Lonnie and Pam Lee's coming baby was to be born on June 9, exactly a year after the birth of their son, David? There's a big chance that this could happen, and if it does Lonnie and Pam will be thrilled. They both feel it's going to be a girl this time and have a name already picked out. It's Virginia Jane — Virginia because they like it and Jane because it's Pam's own second name.

BOUNCY, boisterous girl singer Lee Sellers, who moved from Adelaide to Sydney six months ago, has been



Paul Wayne

out of action for the past few weeks. The trouble has been a bad throat infection. Lee had to cancel two Brisbane TV dates and a string of Sydney dance dates.

What has she been doing to pass the time? Reading, reading, reading. "I've never read so much in my life," she croaked over the telephone.

Local talent: Never try a tongue-twister on Lucky Starr, because after rattling off 120 Australian place names (some of them aboriginal) on his latest novelty single, "I've Been Everywhere," he'll have you beaten before he even starts. It's a humorous gimmick number and would be a lot of fun to try yourself.

WORTH HEARING

LISZT: Piano works

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ, one of the greatest living pianists, pays homage to Franz Liszt, perhaps the greatest pianist of all time, in a new record released by R.C.A.

The record, containing seven of Liszt's piano works, was originally issued (in America) to commemorate the 150th anniversary of Liszt's birth in 1811.

Liszt and Berlioz were the two great prophets of the Romantic movement in music. Both of them were typical Romantic artists: emotional, flamboyant, and, at the same time, passionately earnest. Both of them were experimenters and forerunners; they are respected today more for what they taught and suggested to later composers (notably Wagner) than for what they wrote themselves.

Liszt's best work is in his piano music and in his smaller, lighter works rather than in his more grandiose ones. These are well represented (and beautifully played and recorded) on this disc—for example, in the tender little "Valse Oubliee" and the lively Hungarian Rhapsodies (Nos. 2, 6, and part of No. 15).

—Martin Long



The flip's the straight singing side, "Cuddle Closer" — written by Lucky, and pretty good. (Festival.)

IT'S about 18 months since Victoria's Hawking Brothers were first mentioned in this column, and it's good to have another disc from them after so long. If you're a Country and Western fan, don't miss "Two Timin' Baby" (W and G 45). The flip's good, too — "You're A Fool." Russ Hawking works in the Public Service and Alan for a guitar company.

EVERYONE has been telling Noeleen Batley what a lot they think her new grown-up hairdo has done for her. In line with this, she completely shakes off her "little girl" personality with her emotional, mature version of "A Letter Full Of Tears" (Festival 45). The other side, "Steady Johnny," a local composition, is a more typical girl-and-boy tune that suits Noeleen down to the ground.

Pops: Talent certainly runs in some families! First there was Helen Shapiro, and now her 15-year-old cousin (small, dark, and, like Helen, packed with pep) has made a disc debut that's a sizzler. The girl is Susan Singer, and the disc is a W and G single, "Geel It's Great To Be Young." "Hello First Love." Susan drives a song along with the same swing as Helen and Brenda Lee.

THE KINGSWAY FOUR, from left, Harold Lepp, Hewart Bakker, Norman Bakker, and Mac Hawkins. After a year as an amateur group, singing for evangelistic and church gatherings around Melbourne, the Kingsway Four have broken into the professional ring with a recently released disc, "Steal Away," which also carries the hymns "Tenderly He Watches," "Have a Little Talk with Jesus," and "Precious Lord Take My Hand," all sung without musical backing. Mac Hawkins, of Caulfield, at 21 is the youngest member of the group, and its founder. Hewart and Norman Bakker, of Blackburn, are identical twins of 22, and Harold Lepp is 24. They decided to cut a disc of their own after providing vocal backing for Country and Western singer Ken Arnott in his recently released religious recording, "Christian Cowboys." Crest records have booked them for two more recordings soon.

ANYONE who feels he might sometime be stuck with a room of ill-assorted guests couldn't do better than have on hand *The Limelights'* R.C.A. LP "Sing Out!" Their friendly, good-humored handling of folksy material seems to ring a bell with nearly everybody. One of the surefire tracks is "Marvin," their follow-up to their credit-buying epic, "A Dollar Down."

REMEMBER what B. Bumble and The Stingers did to "The Flight Of The Bumble Bee" a while back? Well, they do the same, or, according to how you look at it — worse — with Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite" on a Festival 45 that they've called "Nutrocker." It's an instrumental, of course. But the flip, "Nautilus," a bit of an eerie thing with spooky underwater sounds, has a few bars of vocal.

WHEN he visited Australia with Jo Ann Campbell and Bobby Darin in 1958, George Hamilton IV didn't exactly set the Yarra on fire. These days he has come to be quite highly regarded in U.S.A. as a quiet, low-keyed balladeer of country-based songs. If you're interested in the new George, you can hear him on an R.C.A. single, "China Doll." "Commerce Street And Sixth Avenue North." The last one's a beauty.

PLAYING against a lush background of strings, The George Shearing Quintet create a mood of dreamy, sophisticated romance with their new Capitol LP, "Satin Affair." It's a disc for drifting to with the rugs rolled back

or whispering sweet nothings to across a candlelit table.

"Queen of the ragtime pianists," Del Wood, is off on a 'thirties kick ("Happy Days Are Here Again," "Meet Me Tonight In Dreamland") on a bright and breezy LP, "Honky Tonk Piano." (R.C.A. Camden.)

Jazz: For people who like to have a little lightly swinging jazz playing in the background, a good buy is "Bourbon Street" (Coral LP), starring clarinetist Pete Fountain and trumpeter Al Hirst. Bob Crosby's "March Of The Bobcats," the traditional "March Through The Streets Of Their City" — known also as "Red River Valley" — and Fountain's own "Blues On Bourbon Street" are in a well-rounded programme.

PIN-UP BOYS

THE SAPPHIRES (overleaf) are a Sydney vocal-instrumental group of recording artists whose ease and humor before the TV cameras are making them national favorites.

They use two guitars and a banjo, and have a Kingston Trio-like approach to the folk songs they sing. They make frequent appearances on "The Johnny O'Keefe Show," and have recently returned from a season on Queensland's Gold Coast.



THE SAPPHIRES

Tony Garrick

Ned Hussney

Duke Finlay

Page 12 — Teenagers Weekly

Supplement to the Australian Women's Weekly — April 11, 1962



JACKETS IN EIGHT SIZES

These jackets can be made to fit 30-44in. chests. Directions on pages 14-15.

Below: Section of the jackets showing flecked effect of Bon Bon sports wool which has been used for both of these designs.



CARDIGAN IN STOCKING-STITCH

Directions for making cardigan in 38-44in. chest sizes on page 15.



V-NECK STYLE IN SINGLE RIB

Color picture page 12.



Materials: 20 (B 22, C 24, D 26) balls Woolworths 5-ply crepe wool; 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 12 knitting needles.
Measurements: Chest, 38 (B 40, C 42, D 44) in.; length, 25 (B 26, C 27, D 27) in.; sleeve seam, 20 in. all sizes or length required.
Tension: 6 sts. to 1in. over pattern.
Abbreviations: K 1 b, knit one below.

PATTERN

1st Row (wrong side): Knit.
2nd Row: K 1, k 1 b. * p 1, k 1 b, rep. from * to last st., k 1.
These 2 rows form the pattern.

BACK

* With No. 12 needles, cast on 127 (B 133, C 139, D 145) sts. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 11in. Change to No. 8 needles and patt. Work even for 17½ (B 18, C 19, D 19) in. from cast-on edge.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 8 (B 8, C 9, D 9) sts. at beg. of next two rows, dec. once each end every row to 97 (B 101, C 105, D 109) sts.* Work even until armholes measure 8 (B 8, C 8½, D 8½) in. altog. on the straight. Shape shoulders by casting off 9 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows (B and C 8 rows, D 4 rows), 7 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows (D 10) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off rem. 29 (B 29, C 33, D 33) sts.

FRONT

Work from * to * as directed for back.
Next Row: Cast off 7 sts. in centre and shape neck by dec. once each side of neck every 4th row until 34 (B 36, C 36, D 38) sts. rem. for shoulder each side. Work even until armholes match back.

Shape shoulders to correspond with back.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 65 (B 71, C 77, D 83) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 3in. Change to No. 8 needles and pattern, inc. once each end of the 3rd row and every foll. 6th row to 101 (B 107, C 113, D 119). Work even for 20in. from beg. or length required.

Shape top by casting off 4 sts. each end once, dec. once each end every alt. row to 49 (B 55, C 61, D 67) sts., then every row until (A and B 31, C and D 37) sts. rem. Cast off firmly.

NECKBAND

With No. 12 needles, cast on 12 sts. Work k 1, p 1 rib until strip is long enough to fit along neck edge with ends overlapping where 7 sts. were cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Join shoulder, side, and sleeve seams, sew in sleeves seam to seam. Stitch ribbed border round neck overlapping from left to right, stitch in place. Steam press carefully.

RAGLAN SWEATER (26-36in. chest sizes)

Color picture page 12.



Materials: 12 (B 13, C 14) balls main color, 2 balls contrasting color Woolworths 5-ply Crepe; 1 pair each Nos. 12 and 9 knitting needles; a set of 4 No. 12 needles.
Measurements: To fit 26-28 (B 30-32, C 34-36) in. chest; full length, 17 (B 18½, C 20) in.; sleeve seam, 14 (B 16, C 17) in. (or length required).
Tension: 13½ sts. to 2in.
Abbreviations: M.C., main color; c.c., contrasting color.

BACK

With m.c. and No. 12 needles, cast on 105 (B 115, C 125) sts. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 2in. Change to No. 9 needles and st-st. Work 6 rows m.c., 2 rows c.c., 6 rows m.c., 6 rows c.c., 6 rows m.c., 2 rows c.c. Cont. now in m.c. until back measures 10½ (B 11, C 12) in. from cast-on edge.

To Shape Raglan Armholes, 1st and 2nd Rows: Cast off 3 sts.

3rd Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

4th Row: Purl.
Rep. 3rd and 4th rows until 25 (B 27, C 29) sts. rem. Work 1 row and cast off.

FRONT

Make as directed for back to underarm. Shape raglan armholes as for back. At the same time divide sts. in half for V neck, leaving centre st. on a thread. Join on a second ball of wool, and, working both sides together, dec. once each side of V on the 3rd and every foll. 4th row 12 (B 13, C 14) times.
Cont. dec. at armholes until 2 sts. rem. K 2 tog. Fasten off.

SLEEVES

With c.c. and No. 12 needles, cast on 52 (B 56, C 60) sts. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 2 rows.

Change to m.c., k 1 row.
Cont. now in rib for 3in. from cast-on edge.
Change to No. 9 needles and st-st., inc. once each end of the 3rd row and every following 6th row, 82 (B 90, C 98) sts.

Now inc. every 4th row to 90 (B 98, C 106) sts., work even for required length. Shape top as directed for back of cardigan until 10 sts. rem.

Work 1 row and cast off.

NECKBAND

Press work. Join front and back to sleeves.
With right side of work facing, using set of 4 No. 12 needles and m.c., pick up 78 (B 82, C 86) sts. to back of neck, 26 (B 30, C 32) sts. across back of neck, 79 (B 83, C 87) sts. along left front, including st. left on thread.
Keeping this st. plain, work in k 1, p 1 rib, dec. once each side of centre st. every row for 10 rows, join c.c., k 1 row.

Dec. as before, work in rib for 2 rows, still dec., and cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Sew side and sleeve seams. Press seams.

JACKETS IN EIGHT SIZES

Color picture page 13.



30-36in. CHESTS:

Materials: 21 (23, 25, 27) balls Woolworths Bon Bon Sports Yarn or Nylo Sports; 2 prs. each Nos. 10 and 6 needles; 6 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 30 (32, 34, 36) in. chest. Actual measurements will be 2in. larger to provide an easy fit. Length from top of shoulder, 21 (22½, 22½, 23) in.; length of sleeve seam, 17 (17, 17, 17½) in.
Tension: 19 sts. to 4in., 26 rows to 4in.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 80 (84, 88, 94) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in. Dec. 2 (1, 1, 2) sts. on last row, 78 (83, 87, 92) sts. Change to No. 6 needles and work in st-st. When work measures 14 (15, 15, 15) in. or required length, shape armholes by casting off 3 (4, 4, 4) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 2 (2, 2, 3) rows, then every 2nd row 2 (2, 2, 2) times. When armholes measure 7 (7½, 7½, 8) in., shape shoulders by casting off 7 (8, 8, 9) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off 7 (7, 8, 8) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 52 (54, 56, 58) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in. Rib 13 sts. and leave on a spare needle to be worked later. Change to No. 6 needles and work in st-st. When work measures 14 (15, 15, 15) in., or required length, shape armhole by casting off 3 (4, 4, 4) sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 2 (2, 2, 3) rows, then every 2nd row 2 (2, 2, 2) times. When armhole measures 5 (5½, 5½, 6) in., shape for neck by casting off 2 (2, 2, 2) sts. at the neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge every row 9 (9, 9, 9) times. When armhole measures 7 (7½, 7½, 8) in., shape shoulder by casting off 7 (8, 8, 9) sts. at the armhole edge of the next row. Cast off 7 (7, 8, 8) sts. at the armhole edge every 2nd row twice. Using No. 10 needles, join wool to the 13 border sts. and cont. in rib until long enough to go up front. Cast off. Stitch border neatly down front.

LEFT FRONT

Work to correspond with right front, working shapings and border at opposite ends and commencing rib with p 1, k 1 instead of k 1, p 1. Make buttonholes, first one being ½in. from lower edge and 5 more evenly spaced about 2½in. apart. The last buttonhole is worked 3in. from top.

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: Work to last 8 sts., cast off 3 sts. loosely, rib to end.

2nd Row: Rib 5 sts., cast on 3 sts. loosely, rib to end.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 44 (46, 48, 50) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in. Change to No. 6 needles and work in st-st, inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row until inc. to 62 (64, 66, 70) sts. When sleeve seam measures 17 (17, 17, 17) in., or required length, k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 44 (44, 44, 44) sts., then every row until dec. to 22 (22, 24, 24) sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 117 (119, 119, 121) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 (3, 3, 3) in. Cast off loosely in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up shoulder seams. Stitch sleeves around armholes. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew on collar, 6 sts. in from edge of border. Sew on buttons.

JACKETS IN EIGHT SIZES

Color picture page 13.



38-44in. CHESTS:

Materials: 29 (31, 33, 35) balls Woolworths Bon Bon Sports Yarn or Nylo Sports; 2 pairs each Nos. 10 and 6 needles; 7 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 38 (40, 42, 44) in. chest. Actual measurements will be 2in. larger to provide an easy fit. Length from top of shoulder, 25 (25, 25, 25) in.; length of sleeve seam, 18 (18, 18, 18) in. **Tension:** 19 sts., 4in.; 26 rows, 4in.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 100 (104, 110, 114) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in., dec. 3 (2, 3, 2) sts. evenly on last row, 97 (102, 107, 112) sts. Change to No. 6 needles and work in st-st. When work measures 16 (16, 16, 16) in., or required length, shape armholes by casting off 3 (4, 4, 5) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 3 (3, 4, 4) rows, then every 2nd row 3 (3, 4, 4) times. When armholes measure 9 (9, 9, 9) in., shape shoulders by casting off 8 (9, 9, 10) sts. at beg. of the next 2 rows. Cast off 9 (9, 9, 9) sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 64 (66, 68, 70) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in., dec. 3 (2, 2, 1) sts. on last row, 61 (64, 66, 69) sts. Rib 13 sts. and leave on a spare needle to be worked later. Change to No. 6 needles and work in st-st. When work measures 16 (16, 16, 16) in., or required length, shape armhole by casting off 3 (4, 4, 5) sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 3 (3, 4, 4) rows, then every 2nd row 3 (3, 4, 4) times. When armhole measures 6

(7, 7, 7) in., shape for neck by casting off 2 (2, 2, 3) sts. at the neck edge of the next row, k 2 tog. at the neck edge every row 11 (12, 12, 12) times. When armhole measures 9 (9, 9, 9) in., shape shoulder by casting off 8 (9, 9, 10) sts. at the armhole edge of the next row. Cast off 9 (9, 9, 9) sts. at the armhole edge every 2nd row twice. Using No. 10 needles, join wool to the 13 border sts. and cont. in rib until long enough to go up front. Cast off. Stitch border neatly down front.

LEFT FRONT

Work to correspond with right front, working shapings and border at opposite ends and commencing rib with p 1, k 1 instead of k 1, p 1. Make buttonholes as follows, the first one being 3in. from lower edge, and 6 more evenly spaced about 2in. apart. The last buttonhole is worked 4in. from top.

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: Work to last 8 sts., cast off 3 sts. loosely, rib to end.
2nd Row: Rib 5 sts., cast on 3 sts. loosely, rib to end.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 50 (52, 54, 56) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in. Change to No. 6 needles and work in st-st, inc. 1 st. each end of every 7th row until inc. to 78 (78, 80, 82) sts. When sleeve seam measures 18 (18, 18, 18) in., or required length, k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 44 (44, 44, 44) sts., then every row until dec. to 24 (24, 24, 24) sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 131 (133, 135, 137) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. Cast off loosely in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up shoulder seams. Stitch sleeves around armholes. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew on collar, 6 sts. in from edge of borders. Sew on buttons.

CARDIGAN IN STOCKING-STITCH

Color picture page 13.



Materials: 18 (B 20, C 22, D 24) balls Woolworths Super Crepe 5-Ply Wool; 1 pr. each Nos. 12 and 9 knitting needles; 6 buttons; 3 stitch-holders.

Measurements: Chest, 36 (B 40, C 42, D 44) in.; length, 24 (B 25, C 25, D 25) in.; sleeve seam, 20in. (all sizes) or length required.

Tension: 7 sts. to 1in.

POCKETS (Make 2)

With No. 9 needles, cast on 30 sts. Beg. with a k row, work 18 rows st-st. Break off wool, leave these sts. on a stitch-holder.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 12 needles, cast on 66 (B 70, C 74, D 78) sts. **1st Row:** K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end of row. Rep. 1st row 19 times, inc. once at beg. of last row. Change to No. 9 needles and beg. with a knit row, work st-st. for 18 rows.

Next Row: K 17 (B 17, C 19, D 19), slip next 30 sts. on to a stitch-holder and leave, slip pocket sts. on to left-hand needle, right side facing, k across these sts. to end of row.

Work even until front measures 13 (B 13, C 14, D 14) in. from beg., finishing at end of a k row.

Shape for Front: Dec. once at beg. of next row (front edge) and every foll. 6th row 19 times altogether, while at the same time after 3rd dec. has been made, shape for raglan armhole.

Cast off 4 (E 6, C 7, D 8) sts. at beg. of next p row, dec. once at same edge every alt. row until 6 sts. rem., then dec. every row until 2 sts. rem., k 2 tog. Fasten off.

LEFT FRONT

Make to correspond, reversing all shapings.

BACK

With No. 12 needles, cast on 132 (B 140, C 148, D 156) sts.

1st Row: Knit 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end. Rep. 1st row 19 times. Change to No. 9 needles and begin with a k row. Work st-st. until back measures the same as front to armhole.

To Shape Raglan: Cast off 4 (B 6, C 7, D 8) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, k 2 tog. each end every alt. row until there are 50 sts., then dec. each end every row to 36 (B 38, C 40, D 40) sts. Cast off.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 66 (B 70, C 74, D 78) sts. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 3in.

Change to No. 9 needles and st-st, inc. once each end of the next and every foll. 8th row to 102 (B 110, C 118, D 126) sts.

Work even until sleeve measures 20in., or length required, ending with a purl row.

Cast off 4 (B 6, C 7, D 8) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. once each end every alt. row until 10 sts. rem. Cast off. (All sizes.)

FRONT BAND

With No. 12 needles, cast on 13 sts.

1st Row: K 2 (p 1, k 1) 5 times, k 1.

2nd Row: (K 1, p 1) 6 times, k 1.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once.

5th Row: Rib 5, cast off 3 sts., rib 5.

6th Row: Rib 5, cast on 3 sts., rib 5.

Cont. in rib, making 5 more buttonholes in every 25th and 26th rows from previous buttonhole. Work even until band fits (slightly stretched) right round fronts of cardigan. Cast off in rib.

POCKET TOPS

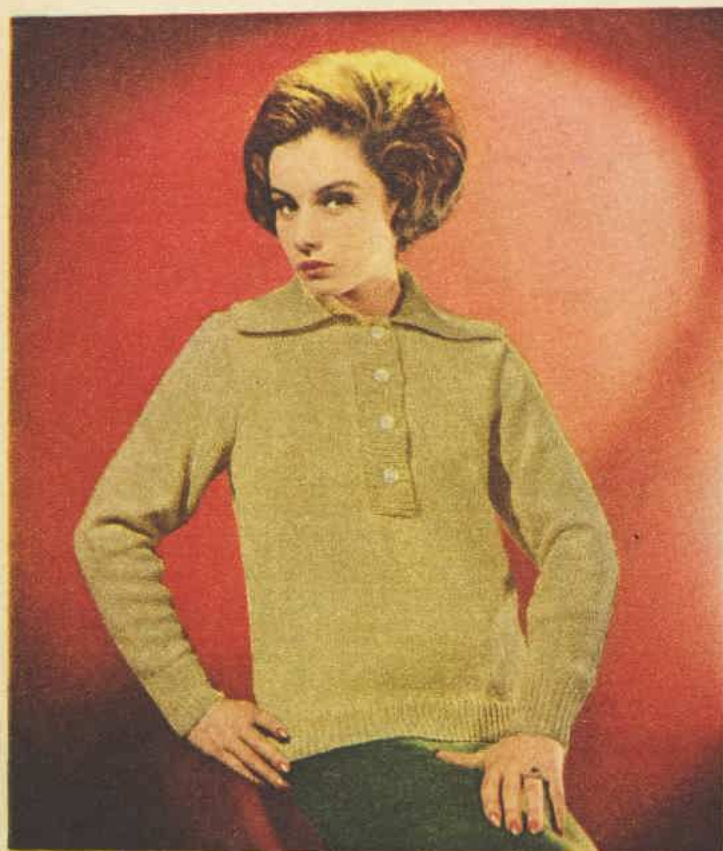
Slip 30 pocket sts. on to a No. 12 needle, with right side of work facing. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 10 rows, cast off in rib. Finish other pocket in the same way.

TO MAKE UP

Sew sleeves to back and fronts of cardigan. Slip-stitch pocket backs in position on wrong side and pocket tops on right side. Sew front band in position. Press garment carefully. Sew on buttons.

SWEATER WITH WIDE COLLAR

Directions for 34-38in. bust
sizes are on opposite page.



CARDIGANS IN ASTRAKHAN

Button-through or V neck,
these cardigans are variations
of one pattern. Directions
begin on this page.

Materials: Of Woolworths Astrakhan:
Button-through style: 15 (16, 17, 19, 20) balls; 6 (7, 7, 7,
7) buttons.
V-Neck style: 13 (14, 15, 16, 17) balls; 5 (5, 6, 6, 6)
buttons.
1 pr. each Nos. 5 and 8 needles.
Measurements: To fit 22 (24, 26, 28, 30) in. chest; length,
13 (15, 16½, 17½, 19) in.; sleeves, 10 (12, 14, 15, 16) in.
Tension: 4 sts. to 1 in.

BACK
Using No. 8 needles cast on 50 (54, 58, 62, 66) sts. and
work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 in. Change to No. 5 needles
Continued in next column.

Continued from previous column.

and work in st-st. until work measures 8 (9, 10, 11, 12) in., ending on a purl row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then k 2 tog. each end of every knit row until 38 (40, 42, 46, 50) sts. rem. Cont. until armholes measure 5 (6, 6½, 7) in., ending on a purl row.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off at beg. of next 4 rows 5 (5, 6, 6, 6) sts. twice, 5 (6, 6, 7, 8) sts. twice, 18 (18, 18, 20, 22) sts. once.

LEFT FRONT—BUTTON-THROUGH STYLE

*Using No. 8 needles, cast on 34 (36, 38, 40, 42) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in. Change to No. 5 needles.

1st Row: Knit to last 9 sts., slip these 9 sts. on to holder. Cont. in st-st. until work measures same as back to armhole, ending at side edge.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next row, knit to end.

Next Row: Purl.

K 2 tog. at beg. of next and alt. rows 3 (4, 5, 5, 5) times, then cont. straight until armhole measures 2½ (3, 3½, 3½, 4) in., ending on a knit row.

To Shape Neck: Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 4 (4, 4, 5, 6) sts. once, 1 st. 5 times (all sizes). Cont. until work measures same as back armhole, ending on a purl row.

Shape Shoulder to correspond with back.

RIGHT FRONT—BUTTON-THROUGH STYLE

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 34 (36, 38, 40, 42) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in.

To Make Buttonhole—Next Row: Rib 4 sts., cast off 2 sts., rib to end.

Next Row: Rib and cast on 2 sts. over cast-off 2 sts., rib 4 sts.

Cont. in rib until 2in., ending at buttonhole end.

Next Row: Slip 9 sts. on to holder. Change to No. 5 needles and work to correspond with left front in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 28 (30, 30, 32, 32) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in. Inc. 1 st. each end of last row. Change to No. 5 needles and st-st. inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until 44 (46, 48, 50, 52) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 10 (12, 14, 15, 16) in. (or length required), ending on a purl row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next 3 rows, then every knit row until 20 (22, 22, 24, 26) sts. rem. Cast off at beg. of next and every row 3 sts. 4 times, 8 (10, 10, 12, 14) sts. once.

LEFT FRONT—V-NECK STYLE

Work as button-through style from * to *.

To Shape Armhole and Neck Edge: Cast off 3 sts., knit to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Next Row: Purl.

K 2 tog. at beg. of next and alt. rows 3 (4, 5, 5, 5) times.

At the same time on neck edge dec. 1 st. every 3rd row until 10 (10, 12, 13, 14) sts. rem. Cont. until armhole measures same as back armhole, ending on a purl row.

To Shape Shoulder: Work to correspond with back.

RIGHT FRONT—V-NECK STYLE

Work to correspond with left front V-neck style in reverse.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Using a small bk-st., sew up shoulder, side, and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves, flat seam all ribbing.

LEFT FRONT BAND—BUTTON-THROUGH STYLE

Return to 9 sts. on holder, using No. 8 needles join in yarn and rib until slightly shorter than front edge. Leave aside. Mark off a number of button positions to suit size of garment, the first 1in. from beg. and the last half-way on neckband.

RIGHT FRONT BAND—BUTTON-THROUGH STYLE

Work as left front band, making buttonholes to correspond with markers on left band.

Using small bk-st., attach bands to fronts.

Using No. 8 needles, pick up and knit 17 (18, 19, 20, 21) sts. along right side of neck, 18 (18, 18, 20, 22) sts. on back neck, 17 (18, 19, 20, 21) sts. on left side of neck, and 9 sts. from left band. Cont. in rib for 1½in., making buttonhole halfway. Cast off ribwise. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

LEFT FRONT BAND—V-NECK STYLE

Return to 9 sts. on holder of left front and using No. 8 needles join in yarn and rib until slightly stretched to centre back neck. Leave on holder.

Mark off a number of button positions to suit size of garment, the last one at beg. of V-neck shaping.

RIGHT FRONT BAND—V-NECK STYLE

Work as left band, making buttonholes to correspond with marker on left band. Cont. in rib to meet centre back slightly stretched. Join band ends neatly at centre back. Using small bk-st., attach bands to front edges. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

SWEATER WITH WIDE COLLAR

Color picture on opposite page.



Materials: 20 (22, 24) balls Woolworths Nylo Sports or Bon Bon Sports; 1 pr. each Nos. 7 and 9 needles; 4 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust; length 22½ (23, 24) in.; sleeve 17½in. (all sizes).

Tension: 5 sts. to 1in.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 98 (104, 110) sts. and work firmly in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in. Change to No. 7 needles and st-st. Cont. until work measures 14½ (14½, 15) in., ending on a purl row.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2

rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row until 72 (76, 80) sts. rem. Cont. until armholes measure 8 (8, 8½) in., ending on a purl row.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off at beg. of next and every row 7 (9, 10) sts. twice, 8 sts. 4 times (all sizes), 26 (26, 28) sts. once.

FRONT

Work as back until work measures 10in., ending on a purl row.

Front Opening—Next Row: K 44 (47, 50) sts., cast off centre 10 sts., k 44 (47, 50) sts. Cont. on these 44 (47, 50) sts. (leave rem. sts. on holder) until work measures 14½ (14½, 15) in., ending at side edge.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at same edge on next 5 rows, then every 2nd row until 31 (33, 35) sts. rem. Cont. until armhole measures 5½ (5½, 6) in., ending at front edge.

To Shape Neck: Cast off 2 sts. on next row, and dec. 1 st. at same edge on next 6 (6, 7) rows, 23 (25, 26) sts. rem. Cont. until armhole measures same as back, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Cast off on next and alt. rows 7, (9, 10) sts. once, 8 sts. twice (all sizes).

Return to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge, and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 46 (48, 50) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. Change to No. 7 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of the 3rd and every 6th row thereafter until 78 (80, 82) sts. rem. Cont. until sleeve measures 17½in. (all sizes), or length required, ending on a purl row. Cast off 4 sts. (all sizes) at beg. of next 2

rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of every alt. row 8 times (all sizes), then every row until 26 sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side.

LEFT FRONT BAND

Using No. 9 needles and with right side of work facing, pick up and knit from neck edge 70 (74, 78) sts. down left front opening. Work in rib of k 1, p 1, for 2in. Cast off ribwise.

RIGHT FRONT BAND

Using No. 9 needles and with right side of work facing, pick up and knit 70 (74, 78) sts. up right front opening to neck edge. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in. With right side of work facing, rib 13 (14, 15) sts., cast off 2 sts., * rib 15 (16, 17) sts., cast off 2 sts. * Rep. from * to * until 4 sts. rem. Rib 4 sts.

Next Row: Rib and cast on 2 sts. over cast-off 2 sts. Cont. in rib for 2in. Cast off ribwise.

COLLAR

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 153 (153, 157) sts.

1st Row (Right Side Facing): * k 1, p 1, * rep. to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: * P 1, k 1, * rep. to last st., p 1.

Rep. last 2 rows twice.

7th Row: (K 1, p 1) twice, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rib until 8 sts. rem., p 1, k 3 tog., p 1, k 1, twice.

Rep. from 2nd to 7th row 5 times. Cont. in rib until work measures 6in. Cast off ribwise.

Using a small bk-st. sew shoulder, side, and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Stitch down front-band ends to cast-off edge. Sew collar evenly to neck edge 1in. in from rib border. Sew on buttons. Press seams.



Woolworths will cheerfully refund your money for any wool left over, so it is always a good idea to buy a few extra balls to ensure you have sufficient of the same dye lot. If different dye lots are used a contrast in color can result. When knitting with Bon Bon Sports wool buy an extra two balls per garment.

CHILD'S SWEATER IN SPORTS WOOL

Directions are
on this page.

Materials: 10 (11, 12, 13, 14) balls Woolworths Nylo Sports or Bon Bon; 1 pr. each Nos. 7 and 10 needles.
Measurements: To fit chest, 24 (26, 28, 30, 32) in.; length, 15½ (16, 17, 18, 19) in.; sleeve, 11 (12½, 15, 16, 17) in.
Tension: 5 sts. to 1 in.

PATTERN

1st Row: Knit.
2nd Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1), rep. to end.
Rep. these 2 rows for pattern inclusive.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 64 (70, 78, 82, 88) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 in. inc. 1 st. at end of last row. Change to No. 7 needles and patt. inclusive. Cont. until work measures 8½ (9, 10, 11, 12) in., ending on the 2nd row of patt.

To Shape Raglans: Cast off 2 sts. (all sizes) at beg. of next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., knit to last 3 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1.

Next, and Alt. Rows: P 2, patt. to last 2 sts., p 2. Keeping patt. in order, rep. last 2 rows until 23 (25, 27, 29, 31) sts. rem. Cast off.

FRONT

Work as for back until 39 (41, 43, 45, 47) sts. rem., ending on the 2nd row of patt.

To Shape Neck—Next Row: K 1, k 2 tog., k 11 (all sizes), cast off centre 11 (13, 15, 17, 19) sts., knit until 3 sts. rem., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1.

Cont. on last group of sts. (leaving rem. sts. on holder). Cont. shaping raglan, at the same time, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on the next 2 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. Cont. shaping raglan until 2 sts. rem. K 2 tog. and fasten off. Return to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 38 (40, 42, 44, 46) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 (2½, 2½, 2½, 3) in., inc. 1 st. at end of last row. Change to No. 7 needles and patt. inclusive. Inc. 1 st. each end of the 9th and every 6th row thereafter until 51 (55, 59, 63, 67) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 11 (12½, 15, 16, 17) in. (or length required), ending on the 2nd row of patt.

Shape raglan exactly as back until 7 sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Using a flat seam, join the two front and one back raglan seams.

NECKBAND

With right side of work facing and using No. 10 needles, pick up and knit 7 sts. of left sleeve top, 16 sts. on each side of front neck edge and centre 11 (13, 15, 17, 19) sts., 7 sts. of right sleeve top, 23 (25, 27, 29, 31) sts. from back neck. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 in. Cast off ribwise. Sew up remaining raglan seam and neckband ends. Fold neckband in half to inside and slip-stitch down. Press seams. Using a small back-stitch, sew up side and sleeve seams, flat seam all ribbing.





JUMPER WITH ROLL COLLAR

Directions for this stocking-stitch
jumper to fit 24, 26, 28, 30,
32in. chest sizes on page 21.



TWINSET IN THREE SIZES

Directions begin
below and are
continued on the
following page.



Materials: 9 (10, 11) oz. Woolworths Super Crochet
Wool; 1 pair each Nos. 11, 12, and 13 knitting needles; 1
No. 2 steel crochet hook; 6 buttons for jumper; 8 buttons
for cardigan.

Measurements: To fit 22 (24, 26) in. chest; Cardigan,
length from top of shoulder, 12½ (14, 15) in., sleeve seam
10 (11, 12½) in.; Jumper, length from top of shoulder, 12½
(13½, 14½) in., sleeve seam 2 (2½, 3½) in.

Tension: 8 sts. and 11 rows to lin.
Abbreviations: M2, (k 1, p 1) into loop between stitch
just knitted and one to be knitted.

Panel 14 1st: Work 1st row of panel 14 from * to *.

PANEL 14

1st Row: * K 1, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., M2,
sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1 *.

2nd and Alternate Rows: * Purl *.

3rd Row: * K 1, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog.,
w.fwd., k 2, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, k 2 tog., w.fwd.,
k 1 *.

5th Row: * K 1, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, w.fwd.,
sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 2, k 2 tog., w.fwd.,
k 1 *.

7th Row: * K 1, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, sl. 1, k 1,
p.s.s.o., M2, k 2 tog., k 2, k 2 tog., w.fwd., k 1 *.

9th Row: * K 1, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 8, k 2 tog.,
w.fwd., k 1 *.

10th Row: * Purl *.

JUMPER: Wool Required: 4 (4, 5) oz.

BACK

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 92 (100, 108) sts.
Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 28 rows.

Change to No. 11 needles and work in st-st. for 56 (66,
76) rows.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 2 (3, 4) sts. at beg. of next
2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of 3rd and then foll. 4
rows, then foll. 2 alternate rows, 74 (80, 86) sts.

Cont. without further shaping until there are 46 (50,
54) rows in armhole.

To Shape Shoulder: At beg. of every row cast off 8 (8,
9) sts. 4 times and 8 (10, 10) sts. twice, 26 (28, 30) sts. **

Change to No. 13 needles and knit across these 26 (28,
30) sts., inc. evenly across row to 36 (36, 38) sts. Work in
k 1, p 1 rib for six rows. Cast off in rib.

* With right side of work facing, using No. 11 needles,
pick up and knit 16 sts. along edge of left neckband and
lin. of left shoulder seam knit 4 rows in g-st. Cast off *.

FRONT

Work as for back until 50th (64th, 68th) row of back is
complete.

Next Row: K 17 (21, 25) sts. (Panel 14 1st, k 8) 3 times,
k 9 (13, 17).

Keeping continuity of panels, work until 56th (66th,
76th) row above ribbing is complete.

To Shape Armhole: Keeping continuity of panels as set,
dec. armhole as for back, then cont. until 26th (30th, 34th)
row is complete.

To Shape Neck: Patt. 30 (33, 36), place next 14 sts. on
holder for neck and leave rem. on spare needle.

Still working in patt., dec. 1 st. at neck edge of every
row until 24 (26, 28) sts. rem., then without further
shaping until there are 46 (50, 54) rows in armhole.

Continued overleaf.

TWINSET IN THREE SIZES—continued from page 19.

To Shape Shoulder: * At beg. of next and foll. 2 alt. rows, cast off 8 (8, 9) sts. twice and 8 (10, 10) sts. once *. Join wool at neck edge to sts. from spare needle and work to correspond.

Neckband: With right side of work facing, using No. 13 needles, pick up and knit 22 (23, 24) sts. down left side of neck, knit 14 (14, 14) sts. across front of neck, and pick up and knit 22 (23, 24) sts. to right shoulder. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 6 rows. Cast off in rib.

SLEEVES (Short)

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 70 (74, 74) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 10 rows. Change to No. 11 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. at each end of 1st and every 6th row foll. until there are 78 (82, 86) sts. on needle, and 22nd (22nd-32nd) row above ribbing is complete.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 2 (3, 4) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of 3rd and every alt. row foll. until 52 (56, 60) sts. rem., then every row until 26 (28, 30) sts. rem. Cast off **.

TO MAKE UP

Join side and sleeve seams and right shoulder seam. Seam left shoulder as far as button placket. Crochet 3 loops on front of left shoulder opening. Press carefully and sew buttons into position.

CARDIGAN: Wool Required: 6 (6, 6) oz.

BACK

Work as for back of jumper with 4 extra rows in ribbing until ** is reached, leave on spare needle.

BUTTONHOLES

1st Size: 5th and every 16th row following.
2nd Size: 5th and every 18th row following.
3rd Size: 7th and every 20th row following.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 52 (56, 60) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 32 rows. Change to No. 11 needles.

1st Row: K 40 (44, 48), using No. 12 needles, (k 1, p 1) 6 times.

2nd Row: No. 12's, (k 1, p 1) 6 times, No. 11's p 40 (44, 48).

3rd Row: No. 11's k 40 (44, 48), No. 12's, (k 1, p 1) 6 times.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

Keeping a border of 12 sts. in rib on No. 12 needles and rem. in st-st. on No. 11 needles, cont. until 56th (66th, 76th) row above ribbing is complete.

To Shape Armhole: Still working in st-st., cast off 2 (3, 4) sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at same edge of 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 9th, and 11th rows, then cont. without shaping until 23rd (27th, 31st) row of armhole is complete.

To Shape Neck—1st Row: No. 12's rib 12, leave on spare needle, No. 11's cast off 3 (3, 3) sts., work to end, dec. 1 st. at neck edge of every row until 24 (26, 28) sts. rem., then without shaping until there are 46 (50, 54) rows in armhole.

To Shape Shoulder: Rep. from * to * of shoulder shaping of jumper front.

POCKET LINING

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 20 sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 32 rows. Leave on spare needle.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 52 (56, 60) sts. Work in p 1, k 1 rib for 4 (4, 6) rows.

Next Row: (P 1, k 1) twice, cast off 4 sts., (p 1, k 1) to end of row.

Next Row: In rib, casting on 4 sts. in place of those cast off in previous row.

Working buttonholes as indicated above according to size, cont. in rib until 22nd row is complete.

Change to No. 11 needles.

1st Row: (K 1, p 1) 6 times, k 14, cast off 20 sts., knit to end of row.

2nd Row: P 6 (10, 14), p 20 from spare needle, purl to last 12 sts., (k 1, p 1) 6 times.

Complete as for left front in rows indicated according to size and reversing shapings.

SLEEVES

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 50 (50, 50) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 24 (24, 30) rows.

Change to No. 11 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. at each end of 3rd and every 6th (6th, 6th) row following until there are 78 (82, 86) sts. on needle, then without further shaping until there are 88 (100, 110) rows above ribbing.

To Shape Armhole: Rep. from ** to ** of short sleeve. Join shoulder seams.

Neckband: Slip the 12 sts. from spare needle on to No. 13 needles, join on wool and pick up and knit 28 (28, 28) sts. to right shoulder, knit across 26 (28, 30) sts. at back of neck, inc. evenly across row to 33 (33, 33) sts., pick up and knit 28 (28, 28) sts. down left front, rib across 12 sts. of left border.

Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 7 rows, working buttonhole in position according to size, cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Join side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Press carefully and sew buttons into position. Sl-st. pocket lining in position and work 1 row of d.c. along top edge.



GIRL'S SWEATER

(on back cover)

Materials: 7 (7, 8) balls Woolworths Nylo 4-ply; 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 12 needles; 4 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 26 (28, 30) in. chest; length, 18 (19, 19) in.; sleeves, 23 (23, 23) in.

Tension: 7½ sts. to lin.

Abbreviations: G-st., garter-stitch; tw. 3, knit 3rd, 2nd, then 1st sts. from left-hand needle, slip off needle.

PATTERN

1st Row: K 4 (8, 12), p 1, * tw. 3, p 1, k 17, p 1, rep. from * to last 9 (13, 17) sts., tw. 3, p 1, k 5 (9, 13).

2nd Row: P 5 (9, 13), k 1, * p 3, k 1, p 17, k 1, rep. from * to last 8 (12, 16) sts., p 3, k 1, p 4 (8, 12).

3rd Row: K 4 (8, 12), p 1, * k 3, p 1, k 17, p 1, rep. from * to last 9 (13, 17) sts., k 3, p 1, k 5 (9, 13).

4th Row: As 2nd row.

5th Row: As 3rd row.

6th Row: As 2nd row.

Rep. these 6 rows for patt. inclusive.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 112 (120, 128) sts. and work in g-st. for 2½ (2½, 3) in., casting off the first 10 sts. on last row, 102 (110, 118) sts. Change to No. 10 needles.

* Next Row: K 4 (8, 12), p 1, * k 3, p 1, k 17, p 1, rep. from * to last 9 (13, 17) sts., k 3, p 1, k 5 (9, 13).

Next Row: P 5 (9, 13), k 1, * p 3, k 1, p 17, k 1, rep. from * to last 8 (12, 16) sts., p 3, k 1, p 4 (8, 12).

Cont. in patt. until work measures 11½ (12½, 13½) in., ending on a purl row.

To Shape Armholes: Keeping patt. in order, cast off 6 (7, 8) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at beg. of next and every row until 76 (80, 88) sts. rem. and armholes measure 2½ in. (all sizes) on the straight, ending on first patt. row. Change to No. 12 needles and g-st. and work until armholes measure 6 (6½, 7) in., ending on wrong side of work.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off at beg. of next and every row 8 (9, 9) sts. 4 times, 9 (8, 10) sts. twice. Cast off.

FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 102 (110, 118) sts. and work in g-st. as back, making a buttonhole on the 4th and foll. 16th row as follows:

1st Row: Knit 4 sts., cast off 3 sts., knit to end.

2nd Row: Knit and cast on 3 sts. over cast-off 3 sts.

Cont. in g-st. until band measures same as back, finishing at buttonhole edge. Change to No. 10 needles and work as back from * to * once. Cont. in patt. until armholes measure 2½ in. (all sizes) on the straight, ending on a first patt. row. Change to No. 12 needles and g-st. and knit 1 row.

To Shape Neck (left side), Next Row: K 25 (26, 28) sts., turn (leaving rem. sts. on needle), cast on 26 sts. for underlap.

Next Row: Knit to end.

Cont. in g-st., dec. 1 st. at end of next row and at neck edge every alt. row until 38 (39, 41) sts., then every row until 25 (26, 28) sts. rem., ending at armhole edge. (Work one more row for the 2 larger sizes.) Cast off on next and alt. rows 8 (9, 9) sts. twice, 9 (8, 10) sts. once.

To Shape Neck (right side): Join in yarn at neck edge and cont. in g-st., dec. 1 st. on neck edge on next and foll. alt. row.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 4, cast off 3 sts., k 6, cast off 3 sts., knit to end.

Next Row: Knit and cast on 3 sts. over cast-off 3 sts. twice. Cont. dec. 1 st. on neck edge until 38 (39, 41) sts. rem., then finish to correspond with left side.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 66 (74, 80) sts. and work in st-st. for 1 in., ending on a knit row. Knit the next row to form line of hem. Change to No. 10 needles.

Next Row: K 8 (12, 15), (p 1, k 3, p 1, k 17) twice, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 9 (13, 16).

Next Row: P 9 (13, 16), (k 1, p 3, k 1, p 17) twice, k 1, p 3, k 1, p 8 (12, 15).

PATTERN

1st Row: K 8 (12, 15), (p 1, tw. 3, p 1, k 17) twice, p 1, tw. 3, p 1, k 9 (13, 16).

2nd Row: P 9 (13, 16), (k 1, p 3, k 1, p 17) twice, k 1, p 3, k 1, p 8 (12, 15).
 3rd Row: K 8 (12, 15), (p 1, k 3, p 1, k 17) twice, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 9 (13, 16).
 4th Row: As 2nd row.
 5th Row: As 3rd row.
 6th Row: As 2nd row.
 Cont. in patt., inc. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. 4th row until 76 (84, 90) sts., ending on a purl row. Keeping patt. in order, shape top by casting off 3 sts. (all sizes) at beg. of next 4 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 54 (54, 60) sts. rem., then dec. 1 st. at beg. of every row until sleeve fits to start of g-st. of back, ending on a knit row. Change to No. 12 needles and g-st. and cont. dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row as before until 12 sts. rem. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP
 Press work on the wrong side. Sew lower edge of underflap on front to first row of g-st. on wrong side of work. Join shoulder seams. Set in sleeves. Using a small bk-st., sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams. Turn sleeve hems to inside and st-st. down. Sew on buttons to welt underflap to correspond with buttonholes. Do not stitch underflap to garment. Press all seams.



JUMPER WITH ROLL COLLAR

Color picture page 19.

Materials: 14 (15, 16, 18, 20) balls Woolworths Flash; 1 pr. each Nos. 3 and 8 needles; 1 set No. 8 needles.
Measurements: To fit 24 (26, 28, 30, 32) in. chest; length, 15½ (17, 18, 19, 20) in.; sleeve, 12 (14, 15, 16½, 17) in.
Tension: 7 sts. to 2in.

BACK

* Using No. 8 needles, cast on 50 (54, 58, 62, 66) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½in. Inc. 1 st. each end of last row, 52 (56, 60, 64, 68) sts. Change to No. 3 needles and work in st-st. Cont. until work measures 9 (10½, 11½, 12½, 13½) in. (or length required), ending on a purl row.
To Shape Armholes: Cast off at beg. of next and every row 2 (2, 2, 3, 3) sts. twice, * 1 st. 10 (12, 12, 12, 14) times, 38 (40, 44, 46, 48) sts. rem. Cont. until armholes measure 5½ (6, 6½, 7, 7½) in., ending on a purl row.
To Shape Shoulders: Cast off at beg. of next and every row 5 (5, 6, 6, 6) sts. twice, 5 (6, 6, 6, 6) sts. twice, 18 (18, 20, 22, 24) sts. once.

FRONT

Work as back from * to * 1 st. 5 (6, 6, 6, 7) times, at the same time shape neck by casting off centre 10 sts.

(all sizes) and dec. 1 st. each side of neck edge on every 4th row until 10 (11, 12, 12, 12) sts. rem. Cont. until armhole measures same as back armhole, ending at armhole edge. Shape shoulders to correspond with back.

SLEEVES

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 30 (32, 34, 36, 36) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2½in. Inc. 1 st. each end of last row. Change to No. 3 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of the 9th and every 8th row thereafter until 40 (42, 46, 50, 52) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 12 (14, 15, 16½, 17) in. (or length required). Cast off 2 (2, 2, 3, 3) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, dec. 1 st. each end of next 2 rows, then every 2nd row until 18 (20, 20, 20, 20) sts. rem. Cast off.

ROLL COLLAR

Using a small bk-st., sew up shoulder seams. With right side of work facing and using a set of No. 8 needles, pick up and knit from right corner front opening — 1st needle, 29 (31, 35, 39, 41) sts. 2nd needle, 18 (18, 20, 22, 24) sts. back neck, 3rd needle, 29 (31, 35, 39, 41) sts. down left front to corner.

Next Row: (K 1, p 1) rib 47 (49, 55, 61, 65) sts., ** turn (holding yarn firmly to prevent a hole), slip first st. rib until 23 (23, 25, 27, 29) sts. on needle **
 Rep. from ** to **, at the same time working an extra 5 sts. at end of every row until all sts. are worked. Cont. in rib until work fits along the cast-off 10 sts. at beg. of neck opening. Cast off loosely ribwise.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Using a small bk-st., sew up side and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Place left side of collar over right side for boy or right over left for girl and sew collar ends down. Roll collar back. Press seams.

BOY'S SWEATER

(on back cover)



Materials: 11 (B 12, C 14) balls Woolworths 5-ply Crepe; 1 pr. each Nos. 9 and 12 knitting needles; 6in. zip-fastener.
Measurements: To fit 26 (B 28, C 30) in. underarm; length from top of shoulder to lower edge, 17 (B 17½, C 18½) in.; length of sleeve seam, 14½ (B 15, C 15½) in. (or length required).
Tension: 2 patt. to 2½in.

FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 98 (B 106, C 114) sts.
1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end of row. Rep. 1st row 23 times, inc. once at end of last row. Using No. 9 needles, proceed as follows:
1st Row: * P 3, k 5, rep. from * to last 3 sts., p 3.
2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.
3rd Row: * P 3, wool to front, slip 5 sts. purlwise, rep. from *, being careful not to draw wool tightly across 5 sts.
5th and 7th Rows: As 3rd row.
9th Row: * P 3, k 2, insert needle upwards through the three loops and k next st., k 2, rep. from * to last 3 sts., p 3.
10th Row: Purl.

Rep. these 10 rows until work measures 12½in. from cast-on sts., ending on a p row. Shape for armholes by casting off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Keeping continuity of patt., dec. once at each end of the needle in next and every alt. row until 77 (B 85, C 93) sts. rem. ***

Work 19 (B 19, C 25) rows without shaping.
To Shape Neck: Work 31 (B 35, C 39) sts., cast off 15, work 31 (B 35, C 39) sts. Keeping continuity of patt., dec. once at neck edge in every alt. row until 25 (B 25, C 28) sts. rem.

Work 6 (B 10, C 14) rows without shaping.
To Shape Shoulder: Cast off from armhole edge 9 sts. twice, 7 (B 7, C 10) sts. once. Join wool at neck edge and work to correspond with other side.

BACK

Work as given for front to ***. Divide for neck opening as follows: Patt. 38 (B 42, C 46) sts., turn, k 1, p to end of row.

Work 34 rows without shaping.
To Shape Shoulder: Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of next and following alt. row, then 7 (B 7, C 10) sts. at beg. of following alt. row. Cast off rem. sts. for back of neck. Join wool at centre back, k 2 tog., and work to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 54 (B 54, C 62) sts.
1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end of row. Rep. 1st row 24 times.
26th Row: A and B rib 8 (C 12) *, inc. once in next st., rib 8, rep. from * to last A and B 8 (C 12) sts., inc. once in last st., A and B 59 (C 67) sts.
 Change to No. 9 needles and keeping continuity of patt. inc. once at each end of needle in next and every following 8th row until there are 77 (B 85, C 93) sts. Cont. without shaping until sleeve measures 14½ (B 15, C 15½) in., ending on p row.
 Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.
 Dec. once at each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 37 sts. rem., then in every row until 19 sts. rem. Cast off. Work another sleeve in same manner.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. Using No. 12 needles, pick up 81 (B 81, C 91) sts. evenly round neck.
1st Row: * K 1, p 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.
2nd Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to last st., k 1.
 Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 3 times.
 Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press work lightly. Join side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves seam to seam. Sew in zip-fastener. Press seams.

TWIN SET WITH CABLE TRIM

Materials: Twin Set—16 (17, 18) oz. Woolworths Super Crochet Wool; Jumper—7 (8, 8) oz. (short sleeve), 9 (10, 10) for long sleeve; Cardigan—10 (10, 11) oz.; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 needles; 1 cable needle; 2 stitch-holders; 10 buttons (Cardigan); 4 small buttons (Jumper).

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust. Jumper: Length from shoulder, 21 (21½, 22) in.; short sleeve seam, 5 (5, 5½) in. Cardigan: Length from shoulder, 21½ (22, 22½) in.; long sleeve seam, 17½ (18, 18) in.

Tension: 7½ sts. to lin. (No. 10 needles).

CARDIGAN BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 112 (120, 128) sts., work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2 in. Change to No. 10 needles and work in st-st. for 3½ in.

Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of next row and every foll. 6th row until 128 (136, 144) sts. are on needle. Cont. in st-st. without further shaping until work measures 13 (13½, 13½) in. or length required to underarm.

To Shape Raglan Armhole with Cable Edging (Right Side Facing): Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

1st Row: * P 2, k 6, p 2, k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o. *, k to last 13 sts., ** k 2 tog., k 1, p 2, k 6, p 2 **.

2nd and Alt. Rows: K 2, p 6, k 2, p to last 10 sts., k 2, p 6, k 2.

3rd Row: * P 2, slip next 2 sts. on to cable needle, place at back of work, k 2, then k 2 from cable needle, k 2, p 2, k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o. *, k to last 13 sts., ** k 2 tog., k 1, p 2, k 2, slip next 2 sts. on to cable needle, place at front of work, k 2, then k 2 from cable needle, p 2 **.

5th Row: Same as 1st row.

7th Row: * P 2, k 2, slip next 2 sts. on to cable needle, place at front of work, k 2, then k 2 from cable needle, p 2, k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o. *, k to last 13 sts., ** k 2 tog., k 1, p 2, slip next 2 sts. on to cable needle, place at back of work, k 2, then k 2 from cable needle, k 2, p 2 **.

8th Row: Same as 2nd row.

Rep. these 8 rows until 34 (36, 38) sts. rem. Cast off.

To Shape Armhole Without Cable (R.S.F.): Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

1st Row: P 2, k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o. *, k to last 5 sts., k 2 tog., k 1, p 2.

2nd Row: K 2, p to last 2 sts., k 2.

Rep. these 2 rows until 34 (36, 38) sts. rem. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 64 (68, 72) sts.

1st Row: * P 1, k 1 *, rep. from * to * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: * P 1, k 1 *, rep. from * to * to last st., k 1.

Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 2 in.

Change to No. 10 needles and work as follows:

Next Row (R.S.F.): Knit.

Next Row: P 7, sl. 1, p to end of row.

Rep. last 2 rows, working even for 3½ in., then cont. in st-st. with slipped st. in front border, inc. 1 st. at side edge

on next row and every foll. 6th row until 72 (76, 82) sts. are on needle. Cont. in st-st. until work measures same as back to underarm.

To Shape Armhole with Cable Pattern (R.S.F.): Cast off 2 sts., work to end of row.

Next Row: P 7, sl. 1, p to end of row.

1st Row: P 2, k 6, p 2, k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o. *, k to end of row.

2nd and Alt. Rows: P 7, sl. 1, p to last 10 sts., k 2, p 6, k 2.

3rd Row: Work from * to * of 3rd row of back armhole patt. once, then k to end of row.

5th Row: Same as 1st row.

7th Row: Work from * to * of 7th row of back armhole patt. once, then k to end of row.

8th Row: Same as 2nd row.

Rep. last 8 rows until 37 (38, 39) sts. rem.

To Shape Neck—Next Row (W.S.F.): P 7, sl. 1, p 7, place these 15 sts. on a stitch-holder for neckband, cast off next 5 (6, 7) sts., work to end of row.

Cont. in armhole patt. as before and at the same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until 12 sts. rem., then dec. 1 st. every row at neck edge only on next 6 rows, keeping continuity of patt. as far as possible. Then dec. 1 st. every alt. row at neck edge until 1 st. remains; end off.

To Shape Armhole Without Cable (R.S.F.): Cast off 2 sts., work to end of row.

Next Row: Purl.

1st Row: P 2, k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o. *, k to end of row.

2nd Row: P 7, sl. 1, p to last 2 sts., k 2.

Rep. these 2 rows until 37 (38, 39) sts. rem.

To Shape Neck—Next Row (W.S.F.): P 7, sl. 1, p 7 (place these 15 sts. on stitch-holder for neckband), cast off 5 (6, 7) sts., work to end of row (17 sts.).

Cont. armhole shaping as before and at the same time shape neck thus:

Dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row 3 times, then every 2nd row 3 times. Cont. dec. at armhole without further neck shaping until 1 st. remains. End off.

Place markers for buttons as follows. The 1st ½ in. from lower edge, then 2 more at equal intervals in basque, then place 6 more markers at equal intervals, allowing for last button in neckband.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, reversing shapings and border edge and working from ** to ** for patt. at armhole edge and making buttonholes opposite markers.

Right Front Without Cable: Work to correspond with left front, reversing shapings and border edge and making buttonholes opposite markers.

Buttonholes (R.S.F.): K 1, cast off 3 sts., k 7, cast off 3 sts., work to end of row.

Continued in next column.



TWINSET, continued from previous column.

Next Row: Work to last 8 sts., cast on 3 sts., p 3, sl. 1, p 3, cast on 3 sts., p 1.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 60 (64, 68) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 in.

Change to No. 10 needles and k 1 row, inc. evenly along row to 64 (68, 72) sts.

Next Row: Purl.
Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until 106 (112, 118) sts. are on needle.

Now cont. even in st-st. until sleeve measures 17½ (18, 18) in. or length required to underarm.

To Shape Top of Sleeve—With or Without Cable (R.S.F.): Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

1st Row: P 2, k 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 5 sts., k 2 tog., k 1, p 2.

Next Row: K 2, p to last 2 sts., k 2.
Rep. last 2 rows until 12 sts. rem. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Sew raglan sleeves into armholes, matching shapings, using a fine back-stitch seam. Using No. 12 needles and commencing at right front edge (R.S.F.), k 15 sts. from front stitch-holder, pick up and k 22 (24, 24) sts. up right side of neck, 12 sts. across top of right sleeve, 35 (37, 39) sts. across back of neck, 12 sts. across top of left sleeve, 22 (24, 24) sts. down left side of neck, then k 15 sts. from left front stitch-holder, 133 (139, 141) sts.

1st Row (W.S.F.): P 7, sl. 1, p 7, work in rib of k 1, p 1 to last 16 sts., k 1, p 7, sl. 1, p 7.

2nd Row: K 15, p 1, work in k 1, p 1 rib to last 15 sts., k 15.

Rep. last 2 rows for lin., making last buttonhole when band measures 1 in. Cast off.

JUMPER (With or Without Cable)

BACK

Work as given for cardigan back until 70 sts. rem., shaping armholes with or without cable as desired.

Back Placket (R.S.F.): Work with or without cable at armhole as desired until 31 sts. are on right-hand needle, turn, cast on 6 sts. and leaving rem. 38 sts. on a stitch-holder, work on these 37 sts. only.

Next Row: K 6, work in continuity of pattern to end of row.

Cont. to dec. armhole as before and keep 6 sts. at placket edge in g-st., until 20 (21, 22) sts. rem. Cast off. Place 2 markers for buttons along placket edge at equal distances, allowing for 4th button in neckband.

Return to sts. left on stitch-holder, join wool at placket edge, and work this side to correspond with first side, having 6 sts. at placket edge in g-st. (omit to cast on 6 sts.) and making buttonholes opposite markers as follows:

Right Side Facing: K 2, k 2 tog., w.fwd., work to end of row.

FRONT

Work as given for back of cardigan until 56 sts. rem., shaping armhole with or without cable as desired.

To Shape Neck (with cable): * Keeping continuity of patt., work until there are 18 sts. on right-hand needle, place these 18 sts. on a stitch-holder, cast off next 18 sts., work to end of row.

Cont. on last 18 sts. only, working cable and shaping armhole as before and at same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until 12 sts. rem. Keeping to patt. as far as possible, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 3 rows, then dec. 1 st. at neck edge every alt. row until 1 st. remains. End off.

To Shape Neck without Cable: Work from * to * as given for neck shaping with cable, then proceed as follows:

To Shape Raglan Armholes: Cast off 2 (B 3, C 3) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Work as follows:

1st Row: K 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

2nd Row: Purl.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows until 22 (B 24, C 26) sts. rem. Work 1 row and cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 50 (B 54, C 58) sts., work k 1, p 1 rib for 10 rows. Change to No. 9 needles and st-st. and work until front measures 8½ (B 9, C 9½) in. from cast-on edge.

Shape front by dec. once at end of next row and every following 6th row, A and B 12 times, C 11 times, while at the same time, when front matches back to armhole, shape raglan armhole:

Cast off 2 (B 3, C 3) sts., p to end of row.

1st Row: K to last 4 sts., k 2 tog., k 2.

2nd Row: Purl.

Cont. dec. in this way at armhole edge until 2 sts. rem. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Make to correspond with right front, reversing shapings and working raglan shaping, k 2, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., instead of k 2 tog.

Cont. armhole shaping and at the same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row 3 times, then every 2nd row 3 times.

Cont. dec. at armhole without further neck shaping until 1 st. remains. End off.

Return to sts. left on stitch-holder and, joining wool at neck edge, work this side to correspond with first side, reversing shapings.

SLEEVES (Short)

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 84 (88, 88) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1 in. Change to No. 10 needles and k 1 row, inc. sts. evenly along row to 94 (102, 108) sts.

Next Row: Purl.

Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until 106 (112, 118) sts. are on needle.

Cont. even in st-st. until work measures 5 (5, 5½) in.

LONG SLEEVES (as for Cardigan)

To Shape Top of Sleeve: Work as given for top of cardigan sleeve.

NECKBAND

Sew raglan sleeves into armholes, matching shapings and using a fine back-stitch seam.

Using No. 12 needle, commencing at left side of back placket (R.S.F.), pick up and k 114 (118, 122) sts. evenly around neck edge to right side of back placket.

Work in rib of k 1, p 1, keeping 6 sts. each end of every row in g-st. and making last buttonhole when band measures 1 in. When band measures 1 in., cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press all st-st. areas with warm iron and damp cloth. Join side and sleeve seams.

Jumper: Sew underlap of placket in place. Sew on buttons.

Cardigan: Fold front facings at slipped stitch and sew free edge to reverse side. Sew around double buttonholes. Sew on buttons. Press seams open.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 48 (B 52, C 56) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2½ in.

Change to No. 9 needles and st-st., inc. once each end of the next row and every following 6th row 10 times, then every 4th row to 80 (B 90, C 98) sts. Work even until sleeve measures 12½ (B 14, C 16) in. (or required length) from beg., ending with a purl row.

Shape raglan top as directed for back of cardigan and cont. dec. until 10 sts. rem. Cast off.

FRONT BAND

Join sleeves to back and fronts. With No. 12 needles cast on 12 sts. Work k 1, p 1 rib. Work 4 rows, make a buttonhole thus:

Rib 5, cast off 2, rib 5.

On Next Row: Cast on 2 sts. over those cast off on previous row. Mark position for buttonholes on left front, the last one level with 1st front dec. and 3 more at equal distance apart. Work even until strip is long enough to fit round fronts of cardigan slightly stretched. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press work. Join side and sleeve seams. Sew on band, sew on buttons. Press seams.

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BOY'S CARDIGAN (on back cover)



Materials: 9 (B 10, C 12) balls Woolworths 5-ply Nylo Crepe; 1 pr. each Nos. 12 and 9 knitting needles; 5 buttons.
Measurements: Chest, 24-26 (B 28-30, C 32-34) in.; length, 17 (B 18, C 19½) in.; sleeve seam, 12 (B 14, C 16) in.
Tension: 13½ sts. to 2 in.

BACK

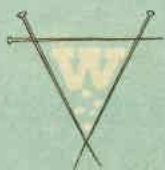
With No. 12 needles, cast on 92 (B 104, C 116) sts. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 10 rows. Change to No. 9 needles and work even in st-st. for 10 (B 10½, C 11) in. from beg.

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The Australian Women's Weekly
April 11, 1962

Directions for these
designs are on pages
20, 21, and 23.



on for apples and pears
 e recipes that make the most
 oned apple pie is always a
 c recipe and five variations
 ther with other delicious
 ts for autumn cookery.

ND PEARS

CITRON APPLES

Four large apples, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons lemon juice, 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind, 6 tablespoons orange juice, 2 teaspoons grated orange rind, 2 tablespoons chopped nuts, whipped cream.

Core apples. Boil for 1 minute the sugar and water in a saucepan. Add apples and simmer covered until tender. Remove apples and continue to cook apple syrup until reduced to a thick syrup. Add fruit rinds and juice and chopped nuts. Pour over apples and chill, basting several times with the syrup. Serve with whipped cream.

ALPINE PEAR PIE

Pastry: Five ounces butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cornflour.

Cream butter and sugar. Add egg and mix well. Sift dry ingredients, leaving about 2 tablespoons for rolling. Mix into butter mixture and turn out on to a floured board. Roll pastry thinly and fill into a greased 9in. pie-plate. Trim edge and pinch a frill. Prick base and sides and chill at least 15 minutes before baking in a moderately hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

Filling: Two tablespoons butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 cups milk, 3 tablespoons cornflour, extra $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 egg-yolk, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream, 12 pear halves (cooked), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raspberry or strawberry jam.

Place butter and brown sugar in a saucepan and simmer over heat 3 or 4 minutes, stirring constantly. Carefully add milk and stir until sugar dissolves. Blend cornflour with extra milk and stir into milk, cook over heat until thickened, stirring constantly. Add vanilla essence and egg-yolk (beaten) and cook 1 minute longer. Allow to cool, and fold in whipped cream and half the pear halves chopped into cubes. Fill into pie-case and top with remaining pear halves, cavity side uppermost. Fill each pear half with jam and chill well before serving.

PEAR AND ALMOND SOUFFLE

Six pears (peeled, cooked, and drained), $\frac{3}{4}$ cup almonds, 1 cup icing-sugar, 4 egg-whites, salt, whipped cream, pear syrup.

Slice pears and arrange in base and along sides of a fancy fluted mould (reserve a few for garnish). Blanch and skin almonds, and then dry in a slow oven. Grate or chop very finely and dry again until quite hard and brittle. Mix almonds with icing-sugar. Beat egg-whites stiffly with

pinch salt. When whites are clinging to dish and have begun to stiffen, keep beating a few minutes longer. Fold whites carefully into almond mixture and pour over fruit in mould. Bake in dish of water about 35 minutes in moderate oven. Cool, unmould on serving-plate. Glaze top with reserved fruit syrup, garnish with whipped cream and reserved pear halves.

CONTINENTAL PEAR MOULD

Five eggs, 8oz. castor sugar, 2 pints milk, 1 tablespoon instant coffee, 1 dessertspoon rum, 3oz. gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint hot water, $\frac{3}{4}$ pint cream, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 3 tablespoons chopped maraschino cherries, 1oz. angelica (chopped), 8 pear halves (cooked in a syrup of sugar, water, and a little lemon rind), strawberries to decorate.

Separate three of the eggs. Then put the two whole eggs, the egg-yolks, and 4oz. of the castor sugar into a basin. Beat lightly, add 1 pint of the milk (warmed). Put mixture into top half of a double saucepan, cook over simmering water, stirring all the time, until mixture coats back of spoon; cool. Put coffee, rum, and 2oz. gelatine into basin, pour on $\frac{1}{2}$ pint hot water, stir until gelatine dissolves. Allow to cool slightly, stir into custard. Fold in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream (beaten until thick). Beat three egg-whites until stiff, fold into custard.

Pour half mixture into base of wetted ring-mould; chill. Stand remaining mixture in warm spot. Dissolve remaining gelatine in 2 tablespoons hot water, cool slightly, mix in 1 pint milk, 4oz. sugar, and the vanilla essence. Cool until beginning to thicken, fold in chopped cherries and angelica. Pour over set coffee layer in mould. Chill until set, then spoon remaining coffee mixture on top; chill until set. Drain pears, leave few whole, chop remainder into rough pieces. Turn mould out on to flat dish, decorate top with pear halves, whipped cream, and strawberries. Spoon chopped pears around edge.

PEAR AND NUT DELIGHT

Half cup rice, 3 cups hot milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla essence, 3 tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon freshly ground nutmeg, 1 cup chopped cooked sweetened pears, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped walnuts, grated rind and juice 1 small lemon, 2 egg-yolks (beaten), 2 egg-whites, pinch salt, 4 tablespoons sugar.

Place rice, hot milk, and salt in top half of a double boiler. Cover and steam until tender (about 45 minutes), stir frequently. Add butter, vanilla, sugar, nutmeg, chopped pears, walnuts, lemon juice and rind, and egg-yolks; mix all well together. Fill into a lightly greased ovenproof dish and prepare meringue. Beat egg-whites until stiff with salt, gradually add sugar, and beat until all sugar grains have dissolved and mixture is soft and peaky. Pile on to top of rice and bake in a moderate oven about 15 minutes or until lightly browned.

PEAR PINWHEEL DESSERT

Fruit Sauce (prepare first before pinwheel dough): Two tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup pear juice, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind.

Combine flour and sugar, blend in fruit juice, cook until sauce thickens, stirring constantly. Add butter, orange juice and rind, and simmer 3 minutes.

Pinwheel Dough: One and a half cups self-raising flour, teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1-3rd cup butter, cup milk, 1 tablespoon soft butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, teaspoon cinnamon, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups drained cooked pears.

Sift together flour and salt, add sugar, cut in butter until mixture resembles meal. Add milk, mix. Knead on floured board. Roll into 10in. x 9in. rectangle. Spread with the soft butter, sugar, and cinnamon mixed together, top with cubed pears. Roll up as for a swiss roll, cut into six slices. Pour fruit sauce into 8in. greased cake-tin, place pinwheels on top. Bake in a hot oven 20 to 25 minutes.





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How to best the

By SHEILA SIBLEY

● "Why don't you hit him?" an infuriated mother demanded of her eight-year-old son. She had just overheard him being goaded mercilessly by a school-mate. "Paul, why don't you fight Johnny?"

"Fight Johnny? Why?" the boy shrugged philosophically. "He always wins."

BUT a spokesman from the Victorian Education Department's Psychology and Guidance Branch approved Paul's attitude to the bully.

"It seems to me he has made a very good adjustment to the situation," he said.

Yet Paul's mother would have been happier if constant bullying hadn't made it necessary for her son to make that adjustment.

How can you prevent a child being bullied?

Parents of girls seldom have this problem. Other little girls may slight or gossip about a girl, but they seldom get together to beat her up on the way home from school!

Often a boy is bullied for no other reason than that he is "different."

He may have some physical defect, he may come from another school, he may be an "egg-head."

A dyed-in-the-wool bully may consider that any of these things merits a good punch.

The boy who is bullied the first year at school is in line to be bullied for the rest of his school life.

Sometimes this is the fault of parents who do not realise that their child is immature for his age group.

A child psychologist told me: "Parents who send a child to his first day at school unable to button his clothes or tie his shoes or attend to his own needs are singling him out for trouble."

"They should see to it that he has the right skills for his age, and is able to accept responsibilities for his age."

"No boy is too young for certain tasks round the house."

A handicap

"A feeling of competence, of pride in his own abilities, is particularly important for an only child. It helps him to meet his schoolmates on equal terms."

To be bad at games is also something of a handicap. A parent who is uninterested in sport and has never taught the child to throw and catch is handicapping that child considerably.

There are some children who will never be good at games, and will never want to be.

Parents with their welfare at heart should see to it that they are particularly good in some other field close to the heart of the school-age male.

For instance, a boy who can build a rabbit hutch or repair a radio or conduct his own chemistry experiments

should never lack interested friends.

On the psychologist's black list, too, are parents who take no interest in their child's school work.

High marks at school won't make a boy particularly popular, but he'll have more respect than the boy whose consistently low marks make him the butt of the class.

If your boy gets fair marks at school, is reasonably good at sport, and has as many skills as his contemporaries, yet still gets bullied—what then?

Teachers watch

An expert in the Education Department in Victoria advises you to have a talk with the boy's headmaster, who has had more opportunity to observe your boy among other children.

You will learn from him that a child is unlikely to be bullied in the school yard, for teachers are constantly alert for this.

But teachers have no control over what happens on the way home from school.

It may be plain by now that your boy is being bullied not through any fault of his own, but because a bully "has it in for him."

Your problem is now simplified to two alternatives.

(a) Should you teach your son to "make a good adjustment"—that is, accept a non-combative role?

Or (b) should you find a way of arming him against the equivalent of the "fastest gun in town"?

Neither is easy. A boy who always backs down may win a moral victory but may lack the respect of his mates.

The boy who goes in fighting has to know how to fight well enough to win now and then.

And that won't be easy, for the boy who can be bullied is seldom a good natural fighter.

If he were, the bully wouldn't pick on him—there's no fun in hurting somebody who can give as good as he gets.

Because a boy's no fighter doesn't mean that he's a coward. Like many a civilised, intelligent man before him, he may abhor violence.

But he is in the wrong age group to ignore it successfully.

He will have to be taught to defend himself somehow, but teaching a gentle child to fight is a very curly problem, especially for fathers in whom

the martial spirit never really burgeoned or mothers who are raising a son without a father's help.

One of the most efficient methods of self-defence is judo.

Mr. Jack Cox, who teaches judo privately and at the Melbourne Y.M.C.A., makes it clear that a boy need not be husky to be good at judo.

"I could teach almost any boy to defend himself successfully," he said.

But facilities for learning judo vary with the locality, so parents considering lessons for their son would need to make inquiries about instructors and the cost.

Judo is primarily a defensive art.

"Pupils are taught right from the start that you don't have to damage your opponent to win," Mr. Cox told me.

"You can give a bully a lesson he'll long remember, but you'll be using his strength to do it and there'll be no dangerous after-effects."

Judo pupils usually pick up a little ju-jitsu at the same time. This must be handled more circumspectly, as it is a Rafferty's rules pastime and nowhere near as "good-mannered" as judo.

The know-how

There are no risks learning judo, Mr. Cox claims, if the lessons are properly supervised. It is easier nowadays to learn judo than wrestling, because judo clubs are becoming more numerous as wrestling declines.

The main difference between judo and wrestling is that judo is performed in loose-fitting garments and throws are achieved by gripping the clothing.

If you feel that the art of fisticuffs is a better defence measure for your son, Police Boys' Clubs offer a good opportunity to learn.

In all States the Police Boys' Clubs—and the Youth Clubs in which police instructors work in close co-operation—will teach boys of seven and over boxing, wrestling, and unarmed combat for nothing—or, at most, a modest subscription.

Injury in the boxing ring is avoided by the use of lightweight inflatable gloves instead of the more punishing leather ones.

The speed with which a boy becomes proficient at boxing or judo depends, naturally enough, on himself, but even the most elementary knowledge of either skill can give him confidence in himself... and often that confidence alone is enough to protect him from the bully in charge of an easy victim.

HOME AND FAMILY

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 11, 1962

school bully

NO COMEBACK: The bully (at right) leads with a fast punch to the head; the smaller boy, an inexperienced scrapper, can only try, inadequately, to protect his face with his hands. And he goes through untold misery, not only because he may be hurt, but because he may feel inferior and inadequate, and insulted.

• These are not actual playground pictures, but were posed to illustrate the point.

THE BULLY BESTED: The smaller boy (below) has been taught the art of self-defence. Profiting from a basic lesson in judo, he has seized the bully's wrist, and now forces him to his knees in a judo hold which can keep him helpless until he has thought better of attacking someone who is smaller than himself.



HINTS ON CHILD CARE

Little things that matter

DO not keep on saying to your child, "Do you love Mummy?" If you give him love and care, of course he will love you in the future, if not at once.

You must make him feel secure, not create a doubt in his mind.

The worst parents are those who are always expecting gratitude. They produce the cringing, dependent child not able to stand up to wrong, and not enjoying life.

WE often see things in the street that worry us.

I met a mother, walking quite quickly, holding by the hand a small child who was running all the time to try to keep up. The child looked tired and strained and very unhappy.

The mother, obviously shopping, looked impatient and cross.

What a terrible strain to be running all the time, those short child's legs trying to keep pace with the mother's long ones. How bad this must be for the child's general health, as well as for his posture and character.

We know that various worries take their toll of mother's patience and nerves, but, after all, the child cannot help these things, so do not take it out on him.

IF you want a child to walk with you, never grab him by the arm or wrist—let him take your hand; he will go quite happily if you do this and will not feel resentful at being grabbed along.

—Ethel Lakeman, of Sydney Day Nursery and Nursery Schools Association.

1



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BARRIER REEF — CAIRNS — THE TROPIC WONDERLAND

The world-famous wonders of the Barrier Reef . . . fabulous coral . . . tropical fish . . . lazy lagoons. Includes a 5-day cruise of the Whitsunday and Cumberland Is. groups. Then Cairns — centre of the tropical North. Dep. 10 June (15 days); 12 Aug. (15 days); 28 Oct. (15 days) incl. Whitsunday Festival. Fare: £120/16/- ex Brisbane.

3



THE COLOURFUL CENTRE — ALICE SPRINGS AND THE ROCK

Ansett-ANA whisks you to the heart of Australia where winter becomes summer . . . where you'll marvel to the harsh beauty and vibrant colours of the Centre. See fabulous Ayers Rock and its thousand-year-old aborigine paintings. Dep. 7 July (16 days); 11 Aug. (16 days). Fare: £156/16/- ex Melbourne.

4



W.A. AND THE WITTENOOM GORGE

The Golden West reveals its glories as you travel through Geraldton, Carnarvon and across the Tropic of Capricorn . . . then onwards to the majestic Wittenoom Gorge set amid the rugged Hamersley ranges. Dep. 25 August (15 days). Fare: £158/13/- ex Adelaide.

6



"ACROSS THE TOP OF AUSTRALIA" TOUR

An entirely new, interest-packed tour of Northern Australia . . . including Darwin, Rum Jungle, Tennant Creek, Mt. Isa, Karumba . . . then on to the Atherton Tablelands, Cairns and the Barrier Reef. Dep. 3rd Sept. (19 days). Fare: £201/16/0 ex Melbourne.

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Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● The silk maternity suit illustrated below was specially chosen for a mother-to-be who wanted a pattern for a design suitable for an afternoon wedding.

HERE is part of the reader's letter with my reply:

"I am in my fifth month of pregnancy and as I wish to attend a small family wedding I would like a style to make for this occasion. I have a nice length of bright blue pure silk. Please suggest a design."

Illustrated below is a two-piece maternity suit which I think would look pretty and voguish made in blue silk. The skirt is designed for expansion and the top has comfortable proportions without looking tent-like.

A paper pattern for the design is available in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Please order according to bust size before pregnancy; all our maternity patterns are drafted

to allow room for expansion. Under the illustration are details and how to order.

"I have always wanted a fur muff, but have no idea what fur would be correct and when it should be worn."

You can carry a muff in the daytime, and it is a wonderful acces-

sory for a really cold day. Actually I think a muff looks best for late day or later; but it's a matter of your own personal taste. Whatever hour of the day a muff is used, it looks best when the shape is neat and simple. The most popular fur currently being used for muffs is leopard. It can be real or fake.

"Should I wear hat and gloves when I wear a skirt and sweater? And what type of shoes are correct? The outfit is to wear watching football."

For spectator sport it is not necessary to wear a hat. Either a hood or scarf is excellent for hair control in cold winter weather. Pig-skin or string gloves are the best choice to wear with "casuals." The correct shoe is a flattie, bootie, or a low-heeled classic.

"I have a ballerina for evening that I feel is the wrong length—it's mid-calf. Would it be best to shorten or lengthen it?"

The knee-tipping party-dress is very much in fashion, but if there is sufficient material it could look just as attractive and new stopping short of the ankle.

"I have a short-skirted dress made in lace and wondered if it would be suitable for the daytime and could I wear it for winter."

No to the first question; yes to the second. Lace is now considered an all-season fabric, but it is only suitable for 5 p.m. onwards.

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Another first for TEK! Tek Initial Toothbrush, with new sculptured handle and a full alphabet of initials on self-adhering gold foil strip—you simply press on your own name or initials. Buy "Tek Initial" in the smart plastic container for all the family—costs just a little more.

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DS470.—Maternity suit in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"My baby preferred Grandma"

● When I had my first baby I was fortunate enough to have my mother living with us. She had crossed the oceans with us to this country and, as I had a job, she solved a financial problem by looking after the baby. Other help would have cost so much.

IF YOU WANT A BABY...

... who is admired by everyone who loves a pretty child, start Curlypet hair treatment right away. Curlypet will soon give your baby a lovely head of pretty curls—no matter how straight the hair before treatment. Curlypet helps baby's hair to grow naturally soft, silky and curly. Curlypet helps prevent cradlecap, too, and keeps baby's tender scalp healthily clean, delightfully fragrant. Get Curlypet from your Chemist or store TO-DAY.

4 weeks' treatment, 4/10.

Curlypet

MONEY was very much needed. We had started saving for a home and car, and wanted to give the baby as much as we could.

I was happy to know that no money in the world could have bought me a more competent nurse, a more loving, tender person than Mother, to look after the baby I had longed so much to have.

I was also happy to know that with my pay I could afford some of the dainty little baby things I often saw in the shops.

When the new baby was placed in my arms I truly felt that this was all I could wish for. I thought that she was the prettiest baby ever!

We were duly discharged and settled down at home.

But after the first few days I could not rid myself of an uneasy feeling, a certain sadness and depression every time I saw my baby in my mother's arms.

Admittedly, I did not know much about baby-care, and my mother had successfully raised five children; still, I felt that something was taken from me.

Although I did not realise it then, I admit now that this feeling was the start of a plain, ugly jealousy that was to torment me for months.

In order to escape this uneasiness I went back to work as soon as possible.

But the first week back was pure misery; I longed for my baby, to look after her; her chubby little face looked at me wherever I turned.

I rang up in a panic. Was everything all right at home?

But my mother was not even surprised when she heard my anxious voice.

Sure, everything was fine, she said, baby had just had her bath and her feed and she was sleeping peacefully.

Jealousy

"Just ring up any time," Mother added comfortingly, "and I will give you the latest news."

This was Mother, always kind, always understanding.

Still, I felt hostile. She had MY baby all day long; knew all her little moods, could look at her any time she wished, while I sat there among strangers.

I grew nervous and bitter. I knew in my heart I was being terribly unfair and mean, but I could not stop.

The torture grew worse. If friends commented on baby's healthy looks it hurt me, because it was not my merit.

If Mother told me at night all the lovable details of baby's day I could hardly endure it.

I went through all the pains that jealousy can give.

And when a friend jokingly said to me: "Oh, how lucky you are to have your mother! You'd be sitting home washing nappies all day, otherwise, like me!" I burst into tears.

But worse was to come as baby grew older — she started being afraid of me.

When I finally arrived home, after scrambling for an earlier train, running home from the station just to take her in my arms, she started to cry miserably.

Her outstretched arms pointed to my mother.

"She is a bit tired today," Mother said.

Mother tried to soften the blow, but it was useless.

As soon as baby was with

Mother her troubles were gone, and she rubbed a wet cheek against Mother's comforting shoulder like a kitten.

It was horrible to realise that my own child hated me, that she only wanted Mother.

Finally, my husband came home; he jokingly pinched baby's cheek, got a smile from her, and came to find me as I lay miserable on my bed.

That night we filled sheets of paper with figures; but it always boiled down to the same result: we could live on my husband's wages, but we could certainly not save enough in twenty years to go ahead in life.

My husband at first did not understand at all what was going on in me. He infuriated me with oversimplifying the problem.

"Why worry," he said. "Babies are used to the one person handling them and are afraid of others."

"In a few months' time she will be able to love more than one person, and the next on the list will be you and me."

Dear, good, patient, understanding Mother offered to go to work and leave me home. But of this I wouldn't hear, she was not well enough and could not earn what I could.

But I accepted her offer to spend weekends with my sister and leave baby to me.

The first weekend was a disaster. Baby threw her toys at me, didn't eat or sleep, and looked round the room with a stern look in her big blue eyes.

Baby plays up

But not only baby was waiting for Mother to return. I was, too.

Exhausted from the day's mishaps, I finally put baby to bed, but she wouldn't go to sleep and kept yelling for something that I couldn't work out.

I gave her all her toys, but she just flung them out of her cot; I sang and danced, stroked her hair, fooled round. But she merely stood up in her cot like a jack-in-the-box.

Not until Grandma arrived did peace return. Baby fell asleep right away in her cot, gripping Grandma's hair!

I was now more desperate than ever.

I do not know what would have happened if my husband had not invited a young couple to visit us one evening.

They were both newcomers to the country, like ourselves, and had a baby.

After that night we spent

much time together, and it did not take long before I felt the urge to discuss my problem with Maria.

She, too, was a working mother, and her mother-in-law was looking after her bonny baby son.

I candidly asked her how she felt about it.

"Wonderful," she said, Grandma is a wonderful help to us, and Charlie adores her.

"You know," she went on, "until a short while ago he wouldn't even take notice of me, and if Grandma goes out we have a terrible time."

"He plays up, he won't sleep, he won't eat."

At that I burst out: "And you, you don't mind that? You don't mind losing your child to a woman that you didn't even know a few years ago? That would kill me, drive me insane."

Flabbergasted

Maria looked at me, flabbergasted. All the feeling, all the misery I had endured all these months blurted out.

She let me talk and cry. She never interrupted me, but listened, full of attention. I felt better. We had a long, wonderful talk.

Maria, whose son was somewhat older, softly explained to me that her boy used to be the same.

But now he had changed. He loved her, he sat at the door waiting for her to come home, he sang with joy when she arrived.

I was much happier then. And Maria was right all the way along. My happier outlook and calm made my child more confident.

She came to greet me now, she laughed happily when I took her on my lap.

I stopped trembling every time I picked her up, took it calmly when in trouble she demanded my mother, and adjusted myself to the situation. And when baby got sick I spent the nights with her, and felt wanted again.

Her little feverish hand rested in mine. But she murmured my mother's name. Little did I care, as long as she got well again.

And she did.

The happy day came when she sat on the carpet surrounded by her toys and got up on weak legs, and after carefully looking round swung to the side and landed laughing gaily in my lap.

Tears ran down my cheeks; I knew then that I had never lost my baby.

I felt suddenly ashamed, terribly ashamed of the ugly, mean jealousy I had felt toward my mother all these months.

I turned to my mother, but words were never necessary between us.

"It was hard on you, I know, my darling," she said, smiling. "It is only natural that a mother should want her own child."

● The author has supplied her name and address, but wishes to be known simply as "Working Mother."

WILL YOUR CHILD GROW STRONG?

You do worry about it sometimes, don't you? But there's no need to, really, if you do as you're doing and give him the best of everything. Much has been written about the value of vitamins as mind and body builders, and, of course, you see to it that he gets all the necessary vitamins. But if he's inclined not to eat "what's good for him," there's a simple solution... Fortagen.

Fortagen is a new kind of vitamin food supplement, with EIGHT ESSENTIAL VITAMINS... A, B₁, B₂, B₆, B₁₂, C, D and NIACIN. Fortagen mixes quickly with milk to make a delicious pure chocolate-flavoured hot or cold drink that children love. So make sure they get their vitamins the most pleasant possible way... get them Fortagen. It's available now at your Family Chemist.

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One quick shampoo stays colour-right for weeks.

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Dessert recipe wins contest

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 each are awarded for recipes for two-toned patty-cakes, which are coated with chocolate icing and topped with marshmallows, and a simple pear-and-passionfruit-flavored jam.

All spoon measurements are level.

PINE-APRICOT DESSERT

Base: One cup rolled oats, 1 cup sifted self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg. Topping: Half pound apricots, water, 1 small can crushed pineapple, ½ cup sugar, grated rind 1 small lemon, 2½ tablespoons arrowroot (blended with ½ cup water), ½ cup coconut, whipped, sweetened cream, cherries, and angelica.

Combine rolled oats, flour, and brown sugar in basin, pour over the melted butter or substitute and mix in egg. Mix all well together and press over base of a greased, shallow, oblong tin. Place in a moderate oven and bake 20 minutes, cool. Soak apricots in cold water until softened and then simmer in liquid until tender. Measure liquid and make up to 1½ cups with water. Return liquid to apricots, add pineapple and syrup, sugar, and grated lemon rind. Stir in blended arrowroot and cook over heat until thickened, stirring all the while. Simmer 2 minutes, cool slightly. Pour over pastry base and sprinkle with coconut. Allow to cool and set. Serve cut into rounds or squares topped with whipped cream, cherries, and angelica.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Stirling, Church St., Beenleigh, Qld.

PICCANINNIES

Half pound flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 4oz. castor sugar, 3 eggs, good ½ cup milk, 1 tablespoon cocoa, extra 1 tablespoon milk, almonds, glace cherries, chocolate-icing, marshmallows.

Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt. Cream butter and sugar, add eggs, beat well. Fold in flour mixture and milk alternately. Take out one-third of the mixture and add cocoa and extra milk to the larger quantity. Half fill greased

● A delicious dessert made up of a crunchy pastry base covered with an apricot-and-pineapple - flavored topping wins the main prize of £5.

patty-tins with the brown mixture, place a small teaspoon of the white mixture on top of each and place a piece of almond and cherry on top of this. Bake in a moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. Cool, cover with icing and place a marshmallow piece on top.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Brice, 34 Honeyton St., Seaton Park, S.A.

PEAR AND PASSIONFRUIT JAM

One pound firm pears, 12 passionfruit, 1lb. sugar, juice 2 lemons.

Peel and chop pears roughly. Scoop pulp from passionfruit over pears. Boil passionfruit skins, with enough water to cover, about ½ hour or until inside skins are soft. Strain off liquid and reserve. Scoop out pulp from the skins, add to pears. Fold in liquid, sugar, and strained lemon juice. Boil all together until a good consistency, making a jam test after 20 minutes. Bottle while hot.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Bramall, 19 Oberwyl Rd., Burwood, Vic.



PINE-APRICOT dessert topped with cream and decorated with cherries and angelica will prove a favorite with the family. Recipe this page.



Now! Tasty Old English cheese comes ready-sliced

KRAFT Old English SLICES

Here's Cheddar cheese with that tasty, slightly-stronger flavour.

Australia's favourite cheese variety, Cheddar, came from Old England. Now the Kraft master cheese-makers in Australia have perfected a special Cheddar with a slightly stronger flavour. Kraft DeLuxe Old English slices are deep-golden, smooth-textured, full of flavour. Ready-sliced, too, into eight big bread-size squares that peel apart at a touch. Try these hearty slices in sandwiches, or for supper snacks. They grill deliciously. Available from your grocer's refrigerated dairy case.

Now 4 fine cheeses from KRAFT are in slices



8 perfect squares in every package.

KR230

Page 47

Collectors' Corner



BRACELET of human hair.

● Expert Mr. Stanley Lipscombe answers a reader's question about her antique bracelet.

This bracelet is made entirely of human hair. It is pale golden and beautifully worked. My mother's father brought it out from Scotland. It has been in the family for some time, and I wondered if you could tell me how old it is.—R.S.K., Woolwich, Sydney.

It is hard to date your bracelet, but this sort of work came into fashion during the late 18th or early 19th century. It was not a professional craft, and was worked by members of a family.



HOW'S A GIRL TO KNOW WHEN SHE'S REALLY GROWN UP?

Maturity is more than having your own door key or driver's licence. Maturity is a state of mind. You have the wisdom and conviction to make your own decisions and stay with them.

Take the decision that so many girls have made to turn to Tampax, for example. This is a decision each girl must make for herself. Tampax is neat, discreet, easy to use and unfelt in place. It prevents odour, ends disposal problems, does away with belts, pins, pads. It lets you bathe, shower, do anything you'd normally do. Deciding to use Tampax is a sign you're not going to compromise with discomfort any longer. It's the first step in a long line of wise decisions.

Try Tampax internal sanitary protection this very month. It's available in Regular and Super absorbencies at all chemists and stores.



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now used by millions of women



JUST RIGHT FOR NURSING MOTHERS

Ford Pills are the recommended laxative for nursing mothers as Ford Pills will not cause spasm or pain, flavour natural milk, nor will they upset your baby. Ford Pills are so safe, so sure, so gentle, they are now recommended by those that know, when systems disturbed by pregnancy need a gentle nudge back to regularity. If having a baby has added extra poundage to your weight, follow the Ford Pill Diet Chart to help regain your former slimmer figure.

GET FORD PILLS

in red and gold plastic tubes, 6/- and 3/6 everywhere. P.S.

FORD PILLS

Split-level with attic bedrooms

Home Plan No. 202 is one of the houses being built at Kingsdene Estate, Carlingford, N.S.W., for the Homes Fair — sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly and Lend Lease Homes — which opens in May. It is a low-cost family home with a definite personality.

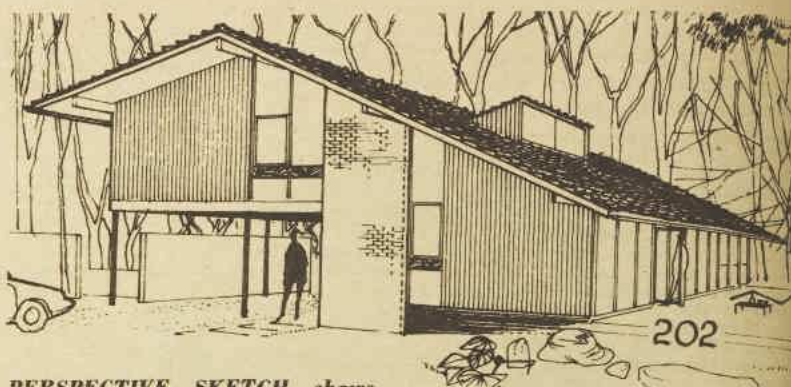
DESIGNED by architects Kenneth Woolley and Michael Dysart, it has an area of 12 squares and can be built for £4250.

It is a split-level house, built on a timber frame in weatherboard and glass, and it has a pan tile roof. The pan tile is a concrete tile, which in this case is a dark slate-grey.

The most interesting feature is the off-centre gabled roof, which has a skylight over the

stairs to give added light. The slope of the roof gives character to the attic-type bedrooms upstairs.

Plan No. 202 has a combined living and dining area, three bedrooms, upstairs bathroom, downstairs toilet, kitchen and laundry, and a large carport area. This can be converted into another room, such as a study, playroom, or fourth bedroom, at very little cost, because it is completely covered overhead. The carport is paved with gravel, which is economical and looks attractive.



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows unusual gabled roof with main bedroom over the carport.

The rooms are well sized, main bedroom being 15ft. by 12ft., second and third bedrooms are both 12ft. by 9ft., and the living-room is 18ft. by 12ft.

Glass doors open out on to a patio at the back, and shelter is provided by the wide overhanging eaves.

A laundry chute runs from the upstairs bathroom down to the laundry, which is directly below.

Open staircase

The open staircase has a steel railing and timber treads.

At the entrance-hall level are laundry and downstairs toilet, the kitchen; living and dining areas are 2ft. 6in. higher, but because of the fall of the site they are also on ground level. The bedrooms and bathroom are all 5ft. above the ground-floor level.

Western red cedar, a

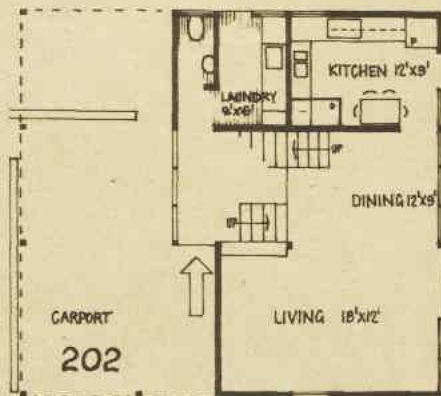
Canadian timber, is used for the window frames, and the actual house frame is in black-painted timber.

The inside wall of the main bedroom has been substituted by a balustrade overlooking the high-ceilinged living-room. From the living-room only the ceiling of the bedroom can be seen, so that this room remains completely private.

There are no added luxu-

ries, but the high standard observed throughout in materials and design, such as concealed hinges on cupboard doors in kitchen, make it an excellent design for the price.

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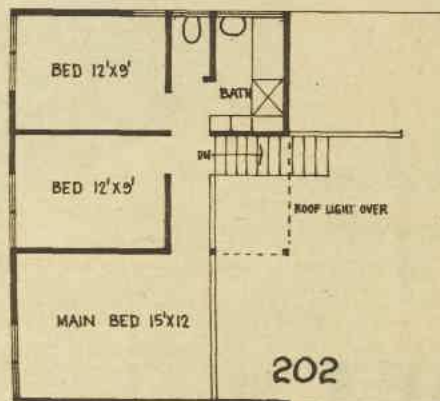


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. . . with three large bedrooms, toilet and bathroom. Angle of the house roof gives attic effect to bedrooms.



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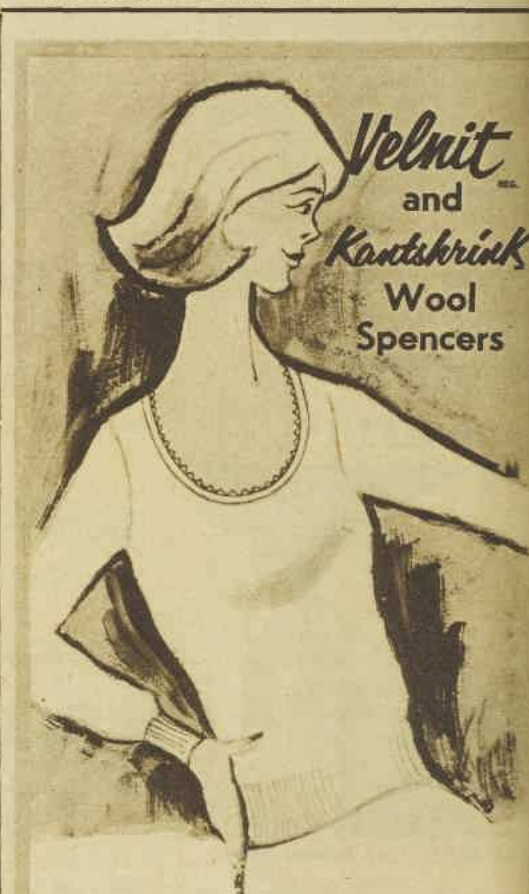
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AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● Last night the girls and I had a long three-sided discussion that lasted us all through the washing-up and then went on and on until Hugh, wondering what had happened to us, came out and found us all perched around on kitchen stools and benches.

"BARMY," he said in disgust. "You women are always moaning that you're tied to the kitchen, but the fact is no one can drag you out of it."

The discussion arose when Di announced that she'd been invited to a dance she very much wants to go to by a boy she doesn't much like.

"That's simple," Kat said. "Don't go." Katherine is in love at the moment, which has had the effect of making her exceptionally high-minded.

Diana's argument that it's better to go with someone you're not mad about in the hope that you'll meet somebody else who's exciting (an argument that I must admit seems very reasonable to me) strikes Kay as being calculating and dishonest.

This is a question that comes up, I suppose, in every family where there are teenage daughters.

The fact is that the "right" boy (and the "right" boy is a different one every week at Di's age) never seems to be the one who gets in first with an invitation to a dance.

I certainly wouldn't urge her to go to a dance with somebody she disliked, but like most of my generation I'd rather see her go to six dances with six different lads than to start this "going steady" business at an early age, or stay away from a dance just because she hadn't been asked by the boy who would have been her first choice.

Teenager in love (that beaming smile!)

IT looks as though we're in for a bout of "going steady" from Katherine. I must say I hope it won't last too long.

The object of her affections is a nice lad whom Hugh and I find almost indistinguishable from half a dozen others in the group of Kat's friends, but for her the sun shines out of him, and every second sentence she utters begins "Bill says" or "Bill thinks" or "Bill feels."

I suppose it sounds mean to say I hope it doesn't last too long, but that's only because I think it's a pity for the very young to get so intense about each other that they hardly notice that anyone else exists.

At the same time it's rather touching to see Kat going round with stars in her eyes instead of saying, "I'm worried. There must be something dreadfully wrong with me, because I've never been in love."

Being in love has made her love the whole world, so that even the teasing she has to put up with from Hugh and Mike has no effect on her except to produce a beaming smile.

Recipe with 100 eggs (READ it, don't TRY it)

A BRISBANE friend of mine with whom I often swop recipes has sent me the most gloriously useless recipe I've seen. It's got Mrs. Beaton and her "Take four dozen eggs and half a gallon of cream" beaten to a frazzle.

You need one hundred eggs and 24lb. of manna (don't wait for it to drop from heaven, take a return ticket to Iraq and pick it up from underneath the tamarisk trees. It's a resinous thing the trees exude when they're attacked by small insects, and in the

heat of the day it softens and drops to the ground).

Well, having picked up your manna—and brushed off the worst of the sticks and ants and leaves—you soak it overnight in cold water, and when it's dissolved strain it, put it in a boiler over a low heat, and add thirty eggs to clear it. Strain it again through muslin (which removes the last of the dirt with the eggs), return the manna to the boiler, and drop in the whites of the remaining seventy eggs.

Simmer the mixture for seven hours, stirring all the while, until it becomes a thick yellowish-white paste.

Add 6lb. of blanched almonds, roll the mass into a long sausage, slice it into rounds, roll these in sifted flour, and store away in tins.

Two things bother me about this recipe: (1) What would you do with those seventy egg-yolks? They'd make an awful lot of scrambled egg. (2) Where can I ever find a recipe which will make a "fair swop" to send to my Brisbane friend?

Should married men wear wedding rings?

COMING home from a wedding the other night four of us started discussing this fashion for wedding rings for men. The young couple whose wedding we'd been attending had exchanged rings during the ceremony, and Hugh said that he remembered reading somewhere that almost seventy-five per cent. of young bridegrooms now wear wedding rings.

Among our contemporaries I can't think of any man Australian born and wed who wears one, though we have lots of New Australian friends who do.

Argument raged all the way home about whether wedding rings for men were a Good Thing or not.

Both of our friends were for them, but for different reasons. Peg thought men should wear wedding rings as a declaration of their married status, while Charles (he doesn't wear one) thought they would be "a useful protection against designing females."

I think myself I'm old-fashioned and against wedding rings for men; I'm not even too sure how I feel about them for women.

I remember how amused Hugh was at my annoyance when I found that we'd been married so long and I'd worn my wedding ring for so many years that my fourth finger was ringbarked by it like a gum tree.

On the subject of rings for men, Hugh says emphatically, "If you're going to give a man a ring when he's married, why not do the job properly and put it where it belongs—through the poor blighter's nose!"



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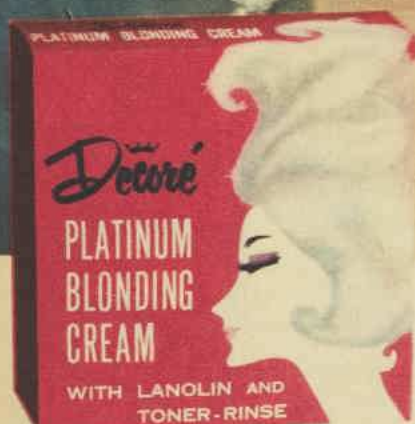


Save on the Economy Size

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Page 49

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WRITE TODAY!

Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

from page 34

It was indeed the Fal, her husband told her, on his return from knocking on the cottage door; they had left the St. Denis road some miles back, thus making a detour, but that this rough road must bring them eventually to their destination.

"Eventually?" asked Linnet, "and what's eventually?"

"Why, half-past one to two," replied Lewarne, "depending on Tim's handling of the horses, and if the carriage can squeeze past the hedgerows. Time enough for us to rest, and change, before the dinner set for five."

"The dinner!" Linnet flung herself back against the carriage cushions. "May it choke you and the rest of them, for I'm not having any."

So Deborah had been right. The gaiety of the preceding day had been a blind, or what was worse, anticipation; with the sweetness of the night a foul deception. He felt in his pocket for the phial Deborah had given him, and held it tight.

It was close on two in the afternoon when the carriage turned from the side road on to the highway and drew up before the Indian Queen. The mist was as thick as ever, and a thin mizzle drifting with it. No other vehicle but their own was stationed by the inn; the door was closed and the garish sign swung to and fro above the porch, the new paint running from the dark-haired beauty's eyes.

"It wanted only this," said Linnet, not stirring from her seat. "The place to be barred and bolted and the folk gone elsewhere."

A face showed itself at the window, and by the time Mark Lewarne had descended from the carriage the door of the inn had opened and the landlord, Bill Hext, stood before

them, mouth open in astonishment.

"My gosh," he exclaimed, "if it isn't Mark Lewarne, and the only one to brave it to the present. Others may drop in by and by, and we'll have some fun yet. Come in, come in, and your good lady, too."

Linnet, once she had entered and looked about her, saw surroundings very different from her own spick-and-span hostelry at Troy. Here was nothing but a roadside inn, low-ceilinged, cramped, the rafters black with smoke, a long trestle table set for a dozen or more with plain glasses and cutlery, none too clean, the room already stinking of ale and tobacco, while her host, in his shirt-sleeves, scratching his head and grinning, betrayed by his grubby linen he had no wife to care for him.

HEARTILY, he was saying: "You'll not want company, my dears, for, though none may turn up from ten mile or more, we'll get some stragglers in, and the miners, and make a night of it. There's half a sheep been roasted for this caper, and I'm not wasting it."

Already he was thrusting glasses into his guests' hands and, shooting the cat off the seat in the chimney-corner: "Sit down, my dear, sit down," he bade Linnet. "Throw your shoes off, if you've a mind; the cat won't scratch you."

Mark Lewarne, uneasy, watched his disdainful wife. The slightest trouble now and his own plan might miscarry. Or, rather, Deborah's plan.

"Half a tumbler of cider for the missus, please, Bill," he asked. "She don't touch spirits," and in a slightly lower voice, as

though to his host alone: "To tell you the truth, she's a bit put out from the weather. She had it all planned to walk and see the country."

Bill Hext lumbered to the bar and stretched out his hand to the cider barrel. "Walk?" he laughed. "Well, she won't walk this day, unless she wants to lose herself on Goss Moor yonder. Give her this, and I'll tell your fellow where to put the horses. There's a room up over for you both, and the bed-ding's aired. I saw to it myself this morning."

Mark Lewarne, his back to Linnet, who, scorning the offer of the chimney-seat, stood warming her hands at the fire, poured the drops of liquid from the phial he held secreted into the tumbler of cider. When Bill Hext had gone outside, shouting to Timmy Udy, Lewarne carried the glass to Linnet.

"Drink it down," he said, speaking with a rough, odd tenderness. "I'm as vexed as you are that the day has gone amiss."

She took it from him and, to his surprise and his relief, swallowed the draught instantly. "That's better," she said. "Your friend keeps good cider, if nothing else. I'll get my walk yet."

Her husband said nothing, but watched her with curiosity.

A few moments later Bill Hext returned, slamming the door behind him.

"My gosh!" he said. "We'll have to bring 'em in directly with a bugle. There's nothing else will do it." And, reaching up to a nail above the bar, he brought down a battered brass horn and put it to his lips. "Spare us, for heaven's sake!"

cried Linnet, dropping her muff and putting her hands to her ears. "Blow it after dinner if you care to, but not now. Where's Castle-an-Dinas, Mr. Hext, and how far from here?"

Their host, wiping the mouthpiece of the bugle on his sleeve, stared at his guest with some surprise. "Some three miles if you go direct," he answered, "but if that's where you wanted to walk you'd never have found it. There's nothing to see there—not even in fine weather. Just a hill, with ditches around it."

Linnet stood for a moment uncertainly looking toward the door.

"Show me the road," she said. "I don't care how far it is. Show me the road."

Now, though, her voice faltered and, moving a step toward the door, she stumbled. "I must go there," she cried. "I have to go there."

Her husband caught her as she fell and, gathering her in his arms, the expression on his face a strange mixture of awkwardness and shame, he stammered, "She's not quite herself, that's the truth. You know how it is. May I carry her upstairs?"

Notice to Contributors

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His host, dumbfounded, nodded. "Why, certain sure," he said, "but to faint like that, so sudden. There's a family on the way, I take it?"

Mark Lewarne did not answer. The question had never been put to him before, but it sounded bitter-sweet now it was said. Let Bill Hext think what he had a mind to think, and tell the company the same, if company came. He laid Linnet down on the bed in the small bare room over the bar and covered her tenderly with the rough, grey coverlet.

Then he turned the key in the door and joined his host downstairs.

WHEN Mary, glancing over her shoulder in St. Columb Church, saw that Amyot was no longer with them, she knew at once that something was amiss. She did not waste time, looking about her in the church, but went straight to the door and out and across the churchyard, and saw his back disappearing up the narrow street to the right.

Instinct made her wary, he must not know that she was following him, and indeed he strode ahead with confidence, never once thinking to look behind him. Instead of turning left to Tresadern by the lane they had entered the town that morning, he continued on uphill, past the shops and houses, until soon St. Columb itself lay behind and there was nothing before them but the open road.

Now Mary paused, for the signpost had "Truro" marked upon it, which she knew lay in the opposite direction from the farm and was at least fifteen miles or more away. The weather was worsening, a fine rain falling, and already Amyot was striding away into the mist

ahead of her and would soon be lost to sight. It was useless any longer to play the spy and she began to run, calling to him as she did so.

"Amyot," she cried, "Amyot, wait for me."

She saw him turn and stare, and when she reached him he did not smile at her, as was his usual way, but stood there watching her in an odd, grave fashion.

"Don't be angry," she said almost ready to cry, "I saw you had left the church and I had to follow you. There's something wrong. I knew it when we came to Tresadern yesterday and you had that letter."

He did not answer her immediately, and when he did his voice sounded different from the Amyot she knew. It was harsh, the voice of a stranger.

"You'd best go back," he said, "there's nothing you can do."

He turned on his heel and was walking ahead again, and she caught at his hand, running all the while beside him.

"Amyot," she said, her tears now falling fast, "you promised father. You gave your word to father. You are not free to do as you please."

He tried to shake her off, his face pale, almost frightening in its unwonted gravity. "I gave my word to another before I gave it to him," he answered, "and it isn't that it pleases me to do this but because I must. It's something stronger than myself and it can't be denied. Go back, Mary, before you make me angry."

"No," she sobbed, "no, I won't. You're too dear to all of us and I won't let you be destroyed."

Then he stood once more, looking down at her, with St. Columb now swallowed in mist and the country all bare and bleak about them, and pulling

To page 53

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her to the side of the road he said, "You are dear to me, too, Mary. You, and Johnny, and the rest, even poor Mr. Tregentil with his kind ways, but you can't any of you stop me now."

"It's Mrs. Lewarne, isn't it?" said Mary. "That's why you're running away. You're going to meet Mrs. Lewarne. The letter was from her."

"Call her that if you like," said Amyot. "I never have or any name for that matter. She's dearer than life itself, that's all I know."

Then Mary knew that nothing she could say would deter him or prevent him going to her. He spoke almost as if he were already by her side or in some dream, and that standing in the road there had no meaning for him and no reality. It was real enough to the child. Every instinct told her she must be firm with him and cunning, too, or she would lose him.

"Yes, Amyot," she said, "I understand. You love her and there's nothing else for you in the world but her. I'm not blaming you. Let me come with you till you find her, that's all I ask."

It seemed to her she had grown suddenly old and wise, and he was a little child, younger than Johnny, in need of protection. He did not know he was in danger and she must keep the knowledge from him.

"She'll never find her way there in this mist, that's what worried me," he

Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

from page 51

the Indian Queen once they approached a dwelling.

Mary, who had already walked from Tresaddern to St. Columb, was becoming footsore and more than a little weary, with anxiety, too, adding to her distress, for what would Mr. Tregentil think of them both, would he search for them in St. Columb, then call the police and Amyot be seized and put into prison again?

The Indian Queen . . . the Indian Queen . . . she kept repeating the name to herself in a sort of jingle, keeping time with her steps, and it was not the name of an inn at all, but Mrs. Lewarne herself, falsely smiling, beckoning them on, all decked about with jewellery round her throat and hair.

They came at last to a cluster of cottages, at the first of which Amyot asked his way, and when he returned to Mary she saw that for the first time that morning he was smiling, and looked once again like the companion she knew and loved.

"We're not far now," he told her. "The next turning to the left should bring us to the inn itself. The woman in the cottage thought I was bidden to the dinner, and I was not going to deny it."

Now Mary's heart began to beat faster, for what in the world was his intention when they reached the Indian Queen? To go boldly in and ask

for Mrs. Lewarne, with the landlord there himself and other company?

They took the turning to the left, as directed, and soon emerged on to a great highway, with a dwelling standing on its own, across the way, that could be none other than the Indian Queen itself. But what a fine and mighty name for so humble a place, and how unlike Mrs. Lewarne the queen above the porch.

As Amyot and Mary stood there watching, for the inn looked deserted enough in all conscience, they heard the sound of wheels coming out of the mist to the right of them on the highway, and voices, too, and swiftly Amyot drew Mary beside him into the ditch, and they crouched there, waiting for the vehicle to pass.

It hove into view, a waggonette, laden with a group of laughing, singing men, and drew up before the inn with enough noise and clatter to rouse anyone within.

"They've come for the dinner," whispered Mary, "though it isn't half-past two yet, and we don't even know if Mrs. Lewarne is there."

Amyot put up his hand, warning her to silence, and they continued to watch as the men climbed down from the waggonette, shouting at the top of their voices; then the door of the inn opened, a voice bade them enter, there was more laughter, more clatter, and some seven or eight men crowded their way inside.

The driver of the waggonette turned his horses and drove back along the road whence he had come, perhaps to fetch more guests for the dinner.

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FROM THE BIBLE

• "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

(Authorized version.)

• "Bend your necks to my yoke, and learn from me, for I am gentle and humble-hearted; and your souls will find relief."

(New English Bible.)

—Matthew 11.29.

When Christ spoke about yokes, He spoke as a craftsman, for He had made many in Joseph's carpentry shop.

said, looking beyond them up the road, "she'll step out bravely and lose herself and come to harm. That's why I've taken the Truro road, which should bring me to the Indian Queen before three miles."

"The Indian Queen?"

"Yes, the name of the inn where they'll be lodging, to attend some dinner there by and by. She counted to be there before midday and asked me to meet her at Castle-an-Dinas between one and two."

The boldness of the request shocked Mary. How did Mrs. Lewarne know Amyot was in the district anyway, and how could she have the effrontery to demand a meeting at the castle with Mr. Tregentil in charge of their party, and she herself in her own husband's company?

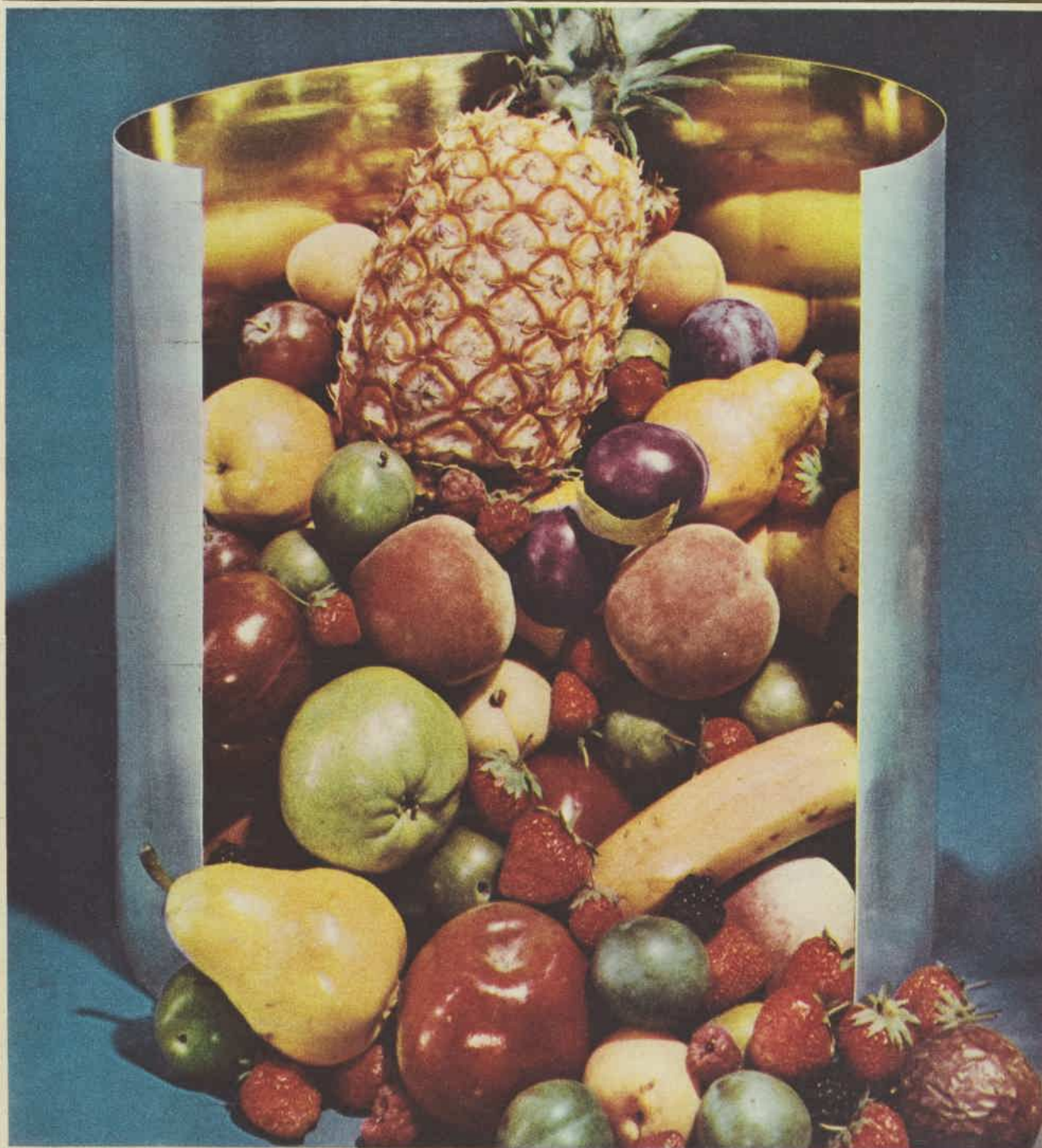
"If we hadn't gone to St. Columb, and the morning had been fine, and all of us picnicking up at the Castle as we did yesterday, how would you have explained her presence to Mr. Tregentil?" she asked.

He shrugged his shoulders, strangely casual, as if such a dilemma had never occurred to him. "I'd have gone on the road to meet her, just as I do now," he said, "it's no use, Mary, there can be no stopping us, I've told you that already. Come on, then, and walk beside me if you will. I daren't delay matters any longer."

He strode off once more and she was obliged to hasten her steps to keep pace with him. Anyway, she thought, this mist must have hindered the travellers going to their dinner, and if Mr. Lewarne himself was at the Indian Queen, and other folk, too, Mrs. Lewarne would be out of her senses if she tried to keep to her plan.

Amyot would surely realise his folly, as they drew nearer, and then, with further persuasion, agree to return with Mary to Tresaddern farm.

A lane branched to the right and another presently to the left, but still Amyot kept upon his way, despite her questioning, for this high road, he insisted, must bring them to a crossroads eventually and he would inquire for



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B.H.P. Tinplate — a product of Australia.

Page 53



● Subtle colors, fine fabrics, and precious antiques have been combined to make the home unit of Major and Mrs. Paddy Russell and their small daughter, Rebel, into a gracious town flat. The Russells divide their time between a farm at Springfield and their new home in Darling Point, Sydney. The unit was decorated by Mr. Leslie Walford.

Pictures by staff photographer Don Cameron.

LIVING AREA (above) has striped silk chair-covers, chartrreuse carpet. A subtle Eastern influence is noticeable in silk wall-paper and Chinese ornaments. Fireplace is carved wood, coffee table has marble top, and lamps are Chinese porcelain. Imitation pilasters give added classical charm.

MURAL PAPER in dining-room (right) features Ming horses. Curtains are Italian silk and blind is pink shantung. Mahogany dining table is George II and dining chairs Hepplewhite. Two extra chairs have mottled lacquered woodwork and green silk covers. Sideboard is an Italian piece.



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GAY polished cotton holland blind in yellow and autumn tones adds color to the kitchen (right). Ceiling-high cupboards provide storage space above stove.



MASTER BEDROOM (above) repeats blue theme of sitting-room. Blue is Mrs. Russell's favorite color. Furniture is painted and rubbed and has bamboo motif carved into legs.

RED COVERS, coffee-colored walls, and mahogany furniture provide a contrasting decor for the second bedroom (below). English chintz curtains hide shoe cleaning-board at right.



Hints for housewives

TIP FOR DRY HAIR

If weekly washing leaves your hair dry and brittle, dissolve 1 dessertspoon of a good liquid shampoo in 3 or 4 pints of fairly warm water. Dip a face-cloth in dissolved shampoo and pass through the hair, rubbing very gently. Rinse thoroughly with tepid water and dry. This mild washing is not so hard on your hair and you can do it more frequently.—Mrs. A. Beck, "Saxley," Margaret River, W.A.

● Each of these hints has been sent in by a reader and wins £1/1/-. They will help speed day-to-day household chores.

WHEN arranging flowers in a very small vase, a plastic hair-roller makes an effective holder if placed upright in the centre of the vase.—Mrs. R. Fyffe, School House, Tullah, Tas.

Save all egg-shells and dry them in the sun or bake crisp in the oven. Then crush them finely. They make excellent shell-grit for fowls.—Mrs. T. J. Connell, Cressy Road, Longford, Tas.

If you are new at bathing baby, wear cotton gloves to stop him from slipping.—Mrs. E. Smith, 90 Elphin Road, Launceston, Tas.

Keep sinks from becoming discoloured by filling with water and adding one tablespoon of bleach, then leave for 15 minutes.—Miss B. L. Woolf, 2 Wrightson Avenue, Bar Beach, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Rain will run off your car's wind-screen if you mix eight tablespoons of glycerine with two tablespoons of water and one tablespoon of salt and apply with a soft rag very sparingly.—Mrs. L. M. Glasson, c/o P.O., Wallaroo Mines, S.A.

Paint the soles inside children's leather sandals with clear varnish before they are worn and socks will not become stained.—Mrs. G. T. Seecombe, Townsend Road, New Plymouth, R.D. 3, N.Z.

If you have no further use for toddlers' nappies, boil, cut in half, hem raw edges, and dye pastel shades to match kitchen color scheme. Sew a curtain-ring to the corner of each square and you have useful kitchen hand-towels.—Mrs. M. Lange, 583 Morphett Road, Seacombe Gardens, Adelaide.

Use old Christmas cards with glittering pictures to decorate home-made party caps for children's parties. Use pinking shears for that extra touch.—Mrs. R. Weston, 4 Stockdale Street, Dickson, A.C.T.

Don't discard your old toothbrushes. Cut off the brush end and file smooth, then immerse in very hot water and bend to the shape of a hook. The hole end is attached to the wall with a screw and you have colorful and rust-proof hooks for bathroom and laundry.—Mrs. C. J. Summers, Box 38, P.O., Burnie, Tas.

If you have a hint to pass on to other housewives, send it to Home Hints, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each one published.

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TUNA & CHICKEN CASSEROLE

Fry mushrooms in 1 tablespoon butter. Put aside. Fry onions in 2 tablespoons butter for 5 minutes. Stir in flour and chicken cubes dissolved in water. Stir until thickened, add cream and sherry. Remove from stove. Stir in rice, tuna, peppers and mushrooms (reserving a few for garnish). Add salt if necessary. Turn into buttered casserole dish. Sprinkle with almonds and remaining mushrooms. Bake for 15-20 minutes.

3 tablespoons butter or margarine
1/2 cup chopped onion
1/4 lb. washed and sliced mushrooms
3 tablespoons flour
3 Maggi Chicken Broth Cubes and 2 cups water
1/2 cup cream
1/4 cup sherry (optional)
3 cups cooked rice
1 large tin tuna
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
2 tablespoons blanched and slivered almonds

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Mulch around the plants with manure, compost, or sawdust to retain moisture in the soil and maintain the root systems in even, cool temperature.

All plants, especially those growing in pots, need regular applications of the right fertiliser. Ask your nurseryman for a suitable proprietary line.

Greenwood cuttings can be taken in spring. Pieces about 6in. long with a few leaves on top strike most easily. Hardwood ripe cuttings can be similarly treated. Bury about one-third their length in good-quality sandy or medium loam, keep in a semi-shady spot, and moisten frequently.

Pictures by staff photographer RON BERG at Green Fingers Nursery, Mona Vale, N.S.W.



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WHITE SPIDER — basket variety, long pendulous buds.

AUSTRALIA FAIR — bushy basket or garden variety.

GARDENING

Slowly the clod of his horses died away in the distance and all was still once more.

"What are you going to do now?" asked Mary.

Amyot looked down at her. His hair was damp with the mist and the fine rain; his face streaky, too, with mud from the ditch that sheltered them, and now he looks a real vagrant, thought Mary, even a thief; if he knocks at the door yonder they won't admit him.

"Wait here," he said. "I'm going to see if there are stables behind the inn. If so, the horses may be there and their barouche . . ." and he was off in a moment and across the road, disappearing round the corner of the inn.

How bleak and desolate it seemed, waiting there in the ditch for his return; no light yet in the windows of the inn, the only sign of life the

smoke coming from the chimney and the creaking of the Indian Queen herself as she swung to and fro upon the hinges.

Amyot, soon back, showed himself once more, beckoning her to cross the road, which she did, when he drew her under cover by a rough stable yard.

"The horses are there and the barouche," he said. "the driver's inside; I saw him from that window, seated at a table, a kitchen I fancy. I have a plan, Mary, and I want you to trust me if you will."

He was smiling again and confident. She supposed it was because he believed now that Mrs. Lewarne could not be far away and they would be together soon.

Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

from page 53

"What is it, Amyot?"

"I want you to wait in the stables near the horses," he told her. "It's warm there on the straw and you'll be safe enough. Wait until I return: I can't promise how long I shall be. But, first, have I changed in appearance since a year ago?"

"How do you mean — changed?"

Mary was puzzled. "You're taller and broader, if that's what you mean, and, anyway, dressed the way you are and wet, too, it would take a friend to recognise you today."

"That's what I thought," Amyot seemed better pleased than ever. "He only saw me once, and that when I

flung myself before this same carriage, and he half-mad with fright . . ."

Mary realised he was talking of Mr. Lewarne. She would recognise him, of course, but not her husband. Anxiety was with her once again.

"Be careful," she urged. "Oh, Amyot, be careful."

"I shall knock on the door," he said, "and ask if they want a musician for their dinner. I have no instrument, but I can sing for them. I'll say I'm a strolling player who has quarrelled with his company and lost his way. If I'd only not burnt my fiddle it would be true."

He might have been Johnny, inventing some foolish game. He was not like a grown person at all. How was it he could turn himself so

swiftly to make-believe? It was dangerous what he proposed to do, but he did not care.

"I'll wait for you," she said. "but please, please, Amyot, don't be long . . ."

Then he disappeared again to the front of the inn, and she crept into the dark stable near the horses and flung herself down amidst the straw. There was no sound now but the soft movement of the horses as they munched their hay, and the ticking of her own wrist-watch, and all the while the feeling of apprehension growing within her for what might be happening inside the inn.

She was hungry, and tired, and wet, but none of this mattered. Her fears were all for Amyot and the danger to him because of Mrs. Lewarne. It was she who had brought all this trouble upon them, and but for her they would be safe and happy, sitting comfortably in the parlor at Tresadern farm.

An hour passed and he did not come, and then, creeping to the yard, she could hear the sound of singing and laughter coming through the open window of the kitchen and surely a bugle blowing; it must be a bugle, but harsh and out of tune. Greatly daring, she drew nearer to the window and she saw that the kitchen itself was empty, but a door with wide open to what must be the bar, and a crowd of men were standing about there, drinking and laughing, while one of them, not Amyot, held a great brass trumpet to his mouth.

Then she saw him. His coat was off, and his sleeves rolled up above his elbows, showing the strange armlet he always wore, picked up, so he had told Johnny, from a ditch; and above him, suspended from a lighted lamp, there was an apple on a string, and he wove this way and that, trying to bite the apple, while the men rocked with laughter and applauded. Then she remembered. It was Hallowe'en. These were the games they played at home on Hallowe'en.

BUT here at the Indian Queen it was somehow frightening and different, not like the merriment at home; and the crowd of men drinking and shouting, even Amyot himself, his hair falling over his eyes, looked savage, queer. There was no sign of Mrs. Lewarne. There were no women there at all.

Tim Udy, their driver, was there, very red in the face, propped up against the wall, and over at the far end of the room the landlord of The Rose and Anchor himself, in his shirtsleeves, too, like Amyot, swaying on his feet and drinking.

Suddenly Amyot ducked and seized the bobbing apple between his teeth and held it and there was a great burst of cheering from the men, and another strident note from the bugle.

"He won the queen," someone yelled. "Brave lad, he has won the queen," and they swarmed about Amyot, clapping him on the shoulder, and Amyot himself, with shining eyes, crunched the apple in two, throwing one half over his shoulder.

It hit the landlord of The Rose and Anchor between the eyes, who advanced, shaking his fist, half-drunk for all the world to see, and another man in shirt-sleeves caught hold of him, laughing, and cried, "Tis your turn now, Lewarne, for the four choices. If you choose aright, then you can up and join your sleeping lady."

The four choices . . . Yes, that was a custom, too, but one their mother never let them play, for it wasn't seemly. Four bowls must be placed in the four corners of a room. One bowl filled with pebbles, the second to be empty, the third filled with clean water, and the fourth with dirty.

The test was for someone to be blindfolded and to creep upon all fours. He who found pebbles found gold and would be wealthy, and he who found the empty bowl would end a pauper. The bowl with clean water foretold a faithful marriage partner, but the bowl of dirty water signified adultery. This was why Mrs. Bosanko forbade them to play the game.

Now they were blindfolding Mr. Lewarne and forcing him upon his knees, and all the men crowding to watch, laughing and jeering, too.

"Oh, let him choose the pebbles and be wealthy," breathed Mary, half sick at the sight of the elderly man degraded; for there he was, crawling like a beast, not knowing which way to turn. There was a sudden hush as he made for the left-hand corner and, coming upon the bowl, dabbed his hands in it.

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Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

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of your sight. The weather's not fit for him without. Goodbye for the present. Mr. Tregentil and I must away on business."

Doctor and patient stepped into the brougham and Mr. Dingle, whose night's lodging in St. Columb had not altered his opinion on the expedition's folly, coaxed Captain to step bravely through the mud that lay ahead.

"I really must tell you, Carfax," began Mr. Tregentil once more, "you've been talking to me in riddles."

"I know that," snapped the doctor, "but you must accept it. Tell me, there are two distinct versions of the death of Tristan, are there not?"

"Yes . . . Yes, I think so, but I can't for the life of me see . . ."

"Then don't attempt it. One version, the later, that he married King Hoel's daughter in Brittany, was wounded in some fight, and, dying, sent for the Queen to come to him, which she did, but arrived too late; the death hastened, anyway, by the lie of Tristan's wife, who, through jealousy, poor soul, declared the barque bearing the Queen carried black sails instead of white, as a signal that the Queen was not on board . . . Confound this mist . . ."

Dr. Carfax rubbed the window of the brougham with his handker-

chief. "Yes, that is so," agreed his bewildered patient, "but, of course, my discovery would prove the event took place in Cornwall and not Brittany at all."

"The second version, less popular, has the maid Brangwyn betray her mistress to King Mark, who, coming upon Tristan singing to the Queen, wounds him with a poisoned spear and locks Iseult in her chamber to prevent her following her lover. Tristan flies to his friend Dinas and dies at his castle, the Queen, as in the other version, arriving too late to bid him farewell. In both cases, Tristan dies from a poisoned spear. The question is . . ."

He broke off, for the brougham had drawn in against the hedge, and

the coachman was descending from the box.

"What's the trouble now?" called the doctor, lowering the sash and leaning from the window."

"Captain's gone lame, sir," reported Dingle in a voice of studied gloom. "It's only to be expected, seeing the state of the road by the farm. There's no smithy handy, and I must remove the stone myself as best I can."

Mr. Tregentil fumbled surreptitiously for the remaining sandwich in his pocket. "Extremely unfortunate," he said, "but this time not my fault. You were saying, Doctor . . . ?"

Dr. Carfax, already out of the brougham and taking his own clasp-knife from his pocket, turned a furious face upon his patient.

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A yell of laughter broke from the crowded company when the landlord of The Rose and Anchor, sitting back on his haunches, tore the bandage from his eyes. "He has found the muck," they all shouted. "He has put his hands in the dirt." Once more the bugle sounded.

As Mark Lewarne rose to his feet, dazed and shaking, his two hands black with mud, his eye fell straight upon Amyot, smiling, crunching his apple, and he lunged toward him, shouting, "It's you that's done it; it's you that's played the trick," and he bent and seized the bowl and flung it toward Amyot, but shattered the lamp instead and plunged them into darkness.

The oaths and laughter and breaking glass that followed were like all of hell let loose, and Mary, terrified, hearing them crash toward the kitchen, ran out of the yard and into the road, and so out on to the highway, which way she neither knew nor cared; anywhere so that it might take her from the sound of the drunken men.

Then a horse and carriage came out of the mist and she ran toward it, crying at the top of her voice, "Come quickly and stop them fighting. They're fighting down there at the inn."

Then she recognised the horse Captain and Mr. Dingle, the coachman, on the box, and the man who stepped out of the brougham and put his arm about her was none other than Dr. Carfax himself, come suddenly and most wonderfully to her aid.

MR. TREGENTIL, a hastily cut ham sandwich in his hand, did his best to answer the doctor's questions before they set forth together in the brougham up the steep hill from Tresadern, en route for the Indian Queen. All, he insisted, had gone well with the excursion until Amyot and Mary had disappeared from St. Columb Church.

The preceding day had been enjoyable in every respect, except perhaps for some unexpected boasting on the part of the Breton lad, who thought he knew his history when he most evidently did not; and because he chanced to locate the quickest entrance to the earthwork and guessed where to find water, took it upon himself to play the leader, though luckily not for long. The evening had been uneventful.

No, he knew nothing of any message from Mrs. Lewarne, although now it seemed, from what Mrs. Polwhele told them, Amyot had received a letter. He himself had been so preoccupied in preventing the ham from being put in the pot that he had small time for anything else. The whole party had been tired and retired early to bed.

"And indeed, Carfax," continued the irate patient, "you are always determined to make me scapegoat for anything that happens to young Amyot. It is not the first time. As to Mrs. Lewarne, I am thankful to say I have not set eyes on her since the unfortunate time we encountered her at Woodget Fyll and were obliged to walk her back through the grounds of Penquite." Tregentil snatched another bite at the ham sandwich, endeavoring at the same time to change his damp shoes.

"Never mind Woodget Fyll," said the doctor, "the damage has been done as far as that is concerned. But you might have had the perspicuity to inform me when you returned my papers that Bosanko's mother was a Hoel."

"I did so in a footnote," exclaimed the astonished Mr. Tregentil, "but what in the world has that to do with the present situation?"

"Nothing," replied the doctor, "or rather, everything. We are dealing with matters beyond our understanding, my friend, and because of it we cannot neglect coincidence. Do you mean to tell me the dog was fortuitous, too?"

"The dog? What dog?"

"The dog that young Johnny gave to Amyot, and Amyot to Mrs. Lewarne, and bears for its name, heaven spare us, Pettigrew?"

Mr. Tregentil stared. "I know nothing of any dog."

"No, no, of course not," Dr. Carfax swallowed a sandwich himself and turned irritably to the door. "Nor did I until this morning. And if I had, what could I have done? He played no part in the original tale, anyway, except to give his mistress a few years' pleasure. In this case, only weeks. We are seeing the past through the wrong end of the telescope, that's the trouble. Mrs. Polwhele?"

Mona's sister came bustling through from the kitchen. "Yes, Doctor. What can I do for you, Doctor?"

"Keep young Johnny here in the house until we return and don't let him out



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Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

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"I was not saying anything," he retorted. "that would make the slightest sense to either of us today. Luckily spears, poisoned or otherwise, are hard to come by, but if we do find ourselves mixed up in a tragedy of some thirteen hundred years ago, who is to play the part of Dinas, you or I?"

Then he went forward to help the coachman, leaving his patient much perplexed. "I have no desire," Mr. Tregentil muttered under his breath, "to play the part of Dinas or anyone else. I sometimes wonder if Carfax is altogether right in the head."

Although Captain obligingly stood still, the stone proved hard to extract, and when it was finally drawn and they were on their way once more, time, which was all too precious, had been lost.

Further consultation as to the best road to take on reaching the top of the hill wasted more minutes, and medical adviser and his patient were not on the best of terms when the brougham finally emerged from a devious lane on to the right road not a quarter of a mile from the Indian Queen, and so to the running figure of Mary Bosanko, waving her arms and crying.

It was only a matter of moments then before Dr. Carfax, after a few words of reassurance to the child, with strict injunctions not to stir from Mr. Tregentil's side in the brougham, thundered with his stick on the door of the inn and burst inside.

The scene that met his eyes was one of complete confusion. A broken lamp, a table overturned, glasses and bottles strewn about the floor, and a bunch of hilarious men lying, sitting, or straddling the bar, too helpless with drink and laughter to clear the mess.

At sight of the doctor there was a sudden hush, and one fellow holding a bent bugle in his hand advanced toward him brandishing the instrument above his head.

"And who may you be, Mister Hollower?" asked this individual. "My name is Carfax and I'm a

doctor in Troy," he called loudly. "a terrified child has just run out from here seeking protection. What the devil do you think you're doing, behaving like a pack of beasts?"

His accusation was met with silence, save for a low murmur, and then the fellow with the bugle, looking about him, said, "There's no child here, nor has been at any time. We was only having a bit of fun. I'm landlord of this place. I know how to keep the peace."

"It would seem so," replied the doctor, "hearken to that . . ."

For in the room overhead there was stumbling and shouting, the crash of furniture, the splintering sound of breaking glass.

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"By gosh, they're at it again," exclaimed the landlord. "Tis none of our doing, Doctor, but two of the fellows here fell out and they're at each other's throats up there, that's what it is . . . Come on, then. We'd best stop them before more blood's spilt. Lewarne's a proper devil when he's roused."

"Lewarne?" uttered the doctor, and in a flash he was at the stairway and up it, with the landlord of the Indian Queen and a handful of others close at his heels. As they passed the stairhead Lewarne himself staggered from the broken-down door of a bedroom.

"This way," he roared; "this way. He has jumped for it. I hope to heaven he has broken his neck."

Dr. Carfax strode into the room. There were two windows, one facing the road, the other giving on to the stable-yard. The second window was smashed to pieces, and there, below him, having leapt the distance, was the flying figure of Amyot heading for the stables.

"Stop him, some of you," cried the doctor. "Seize him and hold him, but watch out for yourselves; he's not responsible . . ."

There was further clatter on the stairs as three or four men tumbled over themselves to reach the bar, and so pass through the kitchen and to the yard, but the confusion below impeded them, and by the time they were clear and stumbling through to the stables, Amyot, astride one of Lewarne's horses, was riding out into the yard, obliging his pursuers to scatter on all sides and let him pass.

"Ho la!" called Amyot, "en avant . . ." And he was away and down the road, past the brougham, and out of sight, the carriage horse galloping like one possessed, while the half-drunken men and the landlord of the Indian Queen stared after him dumbfounded.

"What a leap!" murmured Dr. Carfax. "But, like the rest of the puzzle pieces, it fits too late."

HE turned back into the room and looked down at the sleeping figure on the bed. It was Linnet, and her husband was kneeling beside her.

"She can sleep through all this racket?" said the doctor, and, stooping, he felt her pulse, then turned her eyelids.

"Drugged," he said, "but with what? Can you answer me that?"

Mark Lewarne rose slowly to his feet. He was sober enough now and grey with fear.

"'Twas only a sleeping-draught to keep her quiet," he answered. "Deborah the maid gave it to me in case of trouble."

"What sort of sleeping draught?"

The landlord of The Rose and Anchor drew a small phial from his pocket. "There's none left," he said. "Deborah said to give her all of it. It acted more sudden than I thought."

He handed the phial to the doctor, who removed the stopper and sniffed.

"Apple juice," he declared, "or near enough . . ." He put one finger within the phial, and tasted it, and was instantly reminded of the evening a year ago when he and Ledru had been given each a stirrup-cup, and by Linnet herself.

But this phial had contained a draught more pungent . . . "Do you know where the maid found this?" he asked.

"Have you stuff like it in your cellar?"

The landlord shook his head. "No, Doctor, not to my knowledge. She's going to be all right, isn't she?"

Dr. Carfax, seized with a strange misgiving, gazed down at the sleeping Linnet. "I don't know," he said slowly.

"The draught was potent, and without knowledge of the strength . . ." He looked across at the landlord. "You remember how a spasm of the heart took Monsieur Ledru not twelve months since, and beneath your very roof?"

"Why, good heavens, Doctor, you're never thinking . . ."

"I tell you, man, I don't know. But I'm deeply . . . worried."

His eye was caught by a bangle on Linnet's left wrist, and, touching it, he perceived it to be the same armlet that she had found amongst the earth that time the pair of them had sheltered from the storm at Castle Dor.

"Does she wear this always?" he asked.

Mark Lewarne stared. "I've never seen it in my life before," he answered. "She didn't have it when I carried her here. It's that damned rascal who broke in the door; he has put it here. By heaven, I'll settle with him."

Dr. Carfax laid his hand on the landlord's shoulder.

"Let him be," he said quietly. "I'll be responsible. He has not ridden far. Only a few miles up the road, if I judge

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correctly. Come now, help me wrap her in blankets and we'll carry her down. We must get her to hospital, and Bodmin must be all of thirteen miles."

He leant out of the window and hailed the coachman, who was standing by the brougham.

"You've a long drive ahead of you, Dingle," he called, "and a sick woman as passenger. Will you please request Mr. Tregentil and Miss Mary to step down and give place to Mr. and Mrs. Lewarne?"

He turned once more to the landlord. "With your permission, Lewarne," he said, "I'll couple up your remaining horse to your barouche and drive it myself. I have two other patients in my care and must get them to their lodgings. If your wife should wake on the way to Bodmin . . ." he paused and let his eyes dwell on the armlet encircling Linnet's wrist, "it is very possible she may not recognise you, but will call upon young Trestane, using his surname thus. If she does, bear with her, if you can, and ask no questions."

Mark Lewarne, his face crumpling in grief, plucked at the doctor's sleeve. "Don't leave me alone with her, Doctor," he begged. "Let's go in company, or part of the way, at least. You're not driving all the way to Troy this night surely?"

"No," said the doctor, and his voice was strangely quiet, "my next call is barely two miles distant and, perhaps, as you suggest it, we would do well to keep in company."

SOME ten minutes later two equipages drew away from the now silent Indian Queen. The brougham followed the barouche. Then, instead of continuing straight along the road to Bodmin, Dr. Carfax, the leading driver, suddenly swung left and took the lane across country that led to Castle-an-Dinas.

Instinct bade Dr. Carfax take the shortest route. If he judged rightly, this narrow lane would bring them past the old tin mine he had noticed earlier that morning, and so to the foot of Castle-an-Dinas itself. This was the way Amyot, too, would have chosen, riding like a madman, some ten minutes since. What demon of the past possessed the lad scarce mattered now.

He was no phantom figure, born of this moorland mist, but a living boy of flesh and blood who, after a drunken scrap, might come to misadventure. The road at least was firm to horse and vehicle and the rain had ceased; only the drifting fog was with them still.

Dr. Carfax, glancing behind him over the top of the barouche, saw that the brougham was following some twenty yards in the rear. Lewarne must have given his orders to the coachman, preferring even the hazards of this detour to continuing alone with his drugged wife to Bodmin. A mile or two out of the way, did Linnet's husband but realise it, might make all the difference between her life and death, yet Carfax had not the heart to draw rein and tell him so, and order the brougham back on the Bodmin road.

Reason and judgment had played little part in the happenings of this day, and it could well be that at some point on the drive to Bodmin Linnet would wake from that deep sleep that held her, and with a return to consciousness struggle to be free, and so condemn herself.

Somewhere in the mist ahead her lover rode. Once found and apprehended he could perhaps, with persuasion, be sent back to Tresadern in charge of Tregentil and young Mary, and

Carfax himself would conduct Lewarne and his wife the whole thirteen miles to Bodmin.

This was the gamble. There seemed no other course. The only enemy was time, not the gathering dusk that would encompass them, nor the passing hours, but the freakish ghostly time that had come upon them out of the buried past, holding them all in thrall.

The barouche had nearly covered the second mile, with the lane already sloping to high ground and Castle-an-Dinas beyond, when Merlin, the landlord's remaining horse drawing the vehicle, pricked his ears, paused in his stride, and whinnied.

An answering whinny came out of the mist ahead and, as Dr. Carfax

drove the barouche to the side of the lane, raising his whip on high to warn Dingle on the brougham, Merlin's stable companion Merman came charging down the road toward them. He whinnied again on sighting his partner, pulled up short in his tracks, and stood motionless.

He was riderless and trembling from head to foot.

In a matter of moments the doctor descended from his seat, secured the runaway, and, with the aid of the coachman, who had drawn up the brougham alongside, coupled the frightened animal to the shaft of the barouche with his companion.

"He has thrown his rider," observed Dingle, "and small blame to him."

"Or been set free," returned the doctor, "the rider having reached his journey's end."

He stared at the country on either side of him, or rather what he could see of it through mist. Casting his mind back to the morning's walk, he recollected that the lane they were now upon touched the road beneath Castle-an-Dinas within a hundred yards or so of a tin mine. He himself had noticed the chimney and the sheds, built on a slope to the left of the road, and now peering through the murky dusk ahead it was that same chimney he could make out standing like a giant sentinel, but seen from the opposite side.

When seated in a parlor at Tresadern waiting for the St. Columb party to return, he had glanced at Tregentil's map lying upon the table and had seen the name of the tin mine, Royalton. This, of course, was modern English for Trekyning, or ruler's town, and the manor of the present-day Trekenning was a couple of miles or so westward of this position. But "royal" in Cornish was also "ryal," and through the centuries it well might be that a tin mine constructed on the site of the ruler's house beneath a fortress would carry the ancient name of its former splendor and so be Royalton.

Thus, if his surmise was correct and a ruler's house had stood once beneath the fortified Castle-an-Dinas, would not a friend and brother-in-arms of that same ruler, Dinas, when

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2. Write on the back (a) Name and address of person in photo. (b) Age. All photographs will be returned by Sunsilk.
3. Decision of the judges is final and no correspondence can be entered into. The contest will be judged on general attractiveness and on the appearance and quality of the hair.
4. Entries addressed to Sunsilk "TWO GIRLS IN PARIS" Contest must reach Box 3359, G.P.O., Sydney, not later than 31st May, 1962. Winners will be announced on 14th July, France's National Day, and all contestants will be notified by letter.
(Entry forms are not required from those States whose laws do not permit them to be used.)

CLOSING DATE FOR ENTRIES: 31st MAY, 1962



SK.42.WW144g

Continuing . . . CASTLE DOR

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seeking sanctuary after a private encounter, look for his friend in his house and not his fortress?

Blot out the centuries, accept the fact or the fantasy that time—at any rate for Amyot and Linnet—was then, not now, and it would not be uphill and beyond to the castle where Amyot would descend and dismiss his horse, but here, fifty yards or so ahead, at Royalton mine.

Mary, obedient to the doctor's orders, had not stirred from the barouche, but now, as he looked down at her and Mr. Tregentil, having coupled up Merman to his companion, she could tell from his grave expression that he feared, even as she did herself, mishap might have come to Amyot.

"Mary," he said, his voice concerned, "when you picnicked at the castle yesterday, do you remember if Amyot perceived this mine that lies beyond us now?"

Mary leant from the barouche, and she, too, could see the outline of the chimney just beyond them in the mist.

"I don't think so," she answered, "if he did, he made no mention of it to me. His talk was all of the old days long ago."

"Of which, very naturally, he knew next to nothing," interrupted Mr. Tregentil hastily, "but the lad has an eye for country, that I grant him. I noticed the mine, of course. But did not discuss it. Mining was not the object of the expedition."

"No, indeed," said the doctor, "the object of the expedition was to reconstruct the past, which, in the light of all that has happened, was successfully achieved. A man living thirteen centuries ago sees what stood then and not what stands today. Amyot perceived Royalton, very probably, but not Royalton mine."

He left the barouche and went behind it to the brougham. Linnet was still lying as he had seen her last, wrapped in the blankets, sleeping, her head on her husband's knees. Mark Lewarne, white-faced and drawn, held her close.

"She hasn't stirred, Doctor," he said, "is she any worse?"

Dr. Carfax felt his patient's pulse, and, kneeling within the brougham, put his ear to her heart.

"No change," he said, "keep her warm, as you do now, and within a short while now we shall be, all three of us, I trust, upon our way to Bodmin."

"You're not going to delay things by searching for that rogue?" asked the landlord, "let him break his neck or do what he wills, I'll bear him no further grudge if we can but get Linnet to hospital."

"Have patience, man," replied the doctor, "if I see no sign of him within five minutes we'll drive on and leave the search to Tregentil and his coachman."

Leaving the two vehicles and the horses in charge of Dingle, Dr. Carfax walked slowly upon the lane, his eye on the ground for hoofmarks, and here they were, just as he had surmised, leading off the road and through a gap in the hedge-row, and so on to the broken ground that formed the back premises of the mine itself. The chimney-stack, black and threatening, loomed before him, and the low slated roofs of the sheds.

All was still. The mine, even if in working use, would have been deserted since morning, Saturday night, and All-Hallows e'en, had bereft the spot of even a solitary watchman. Perhaps the men who worked here were amongst those who had been drinking this past hour or more at the Indian Queen, but the rider who had leapt from his horse and plunged forward here amidst the piled-up earth and all the debris, what had he sought, or worse, what had he found?

Dinas, friend to Iseult and Tristan, seneschal to his overlord King Mark, paced up and down this piece of territory once, his dwelling-house perhaps where the sheds stood now or even beneath the engine-house itself, topped by the chimney yonder.

Miners drained the lode, deep in the earth, besides which, centuries since, the servants toiled, and the disused shaft amidst the furze a few yards or so ahead ringed about with rotted fencing, might have seemed—to a traveller in time who knew his way—the entrance to a stairway.

THE hoofprints ceased, the muddied ground was trampled as if the horse had taken fright and fled, and straight to the shaft through the furze lay the new-beaten track . . . Nor was the fencing rotted. The posts leant sideways because they had been smashed.

"Amyot," called Dr. Carfax, "Amyot . . ."

The echo mocked him, flung back from the empty sheds, and in the mist and darkness the chimney-stack loomed larger than before. It seemed to the doctor, standing there by the black pit which perhaps less than a dozen years or so ago had served as a mineshaft and been discontinued, that he hovered now in strange and sickening fashion on the threshold of another world.

Whatever he said or did in the present time would only be repetition of a day gone by, and anyone who listened to his voice calling in the darkness would hear it as the voice of another, dead these thirteen hundred years.

"Trestane . . ." he called, "Trestane . . ." and the sound of the changed name was not foolish in his ears, but strangely ominous, for the echo came back to him without the sharpness of his first cry, when the "t" in Amyot had rung distinct and clear. Now with a melancholy haunting note, the widely flung "Trestane" sounded and died, and the echo was a whisper scarcely louder than a sigh.

Then, gripping his stick firmly in his hands, yet holding his breath with wonder, Dr. Carfax watched a figure rise slowly from the pit beyond him, climbing hand over hand from the depths, now slipping, now secure, and there was black mud about his head and shoulders, and blood upon his face, and the eyes were wild and staring, the eyes of Amyot.

"Who calls?" The voice, half strangled in a sob, was faint and breathless, and the doctor, knowing that a sudden move and one false step would send the climber back to the unknown depths from which he struggled, remained motionless, knee-deep in the furze beside the broken barricade.

"It is I, Dinas," he said softly, "Dinas, your friend."

The boy stared back at him without recognition, and clinging with one hand to the more

To page 64

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MATTRESSES · PILLOWS

Continuing...

CASTLE DOR

from page 62

solid earth above him, thrust back with his free hand the matted hair that fell about his eyes.

"You've played me false," said Amyot, "you, or some other. The stairway's gone. They've dug a pit to trap me and I'm held."

The doctor, leaning forward, saw that the lad's left foot was enmeshed in wire, and if he bent to clear it he would fall.

But suddenly, with a supreme effort, he kicked his foot clear from the tangled wire and, grasping the edge of the pit, dragged himself to safety.

"Good lad," cried the doctor, "here, seize my stick," but his leap forward into Time proved his undoing, for Amyot, taking both words and gesture as hostile to himself, and the stick a weapon, sprang sideways, and in a second had flung his whole weight upon his unsuspecting ally.

Together they wrestled in the furze, each fighting for supremacy not three yards from the open shaft, and Carfax, no longer held by the past, knew that unless he overcame his assailant, death would take him in the present.

Already Amyot, in his blind rage and fear at what he thought betrayal, had seized the clasp-knife from the doctor's pocket—already it lay open in his hand and pointing at the doctor's throat—when the older man, forcing back the wrist that threatened him, threw his opponent on his side, so driving the knife into his shoulder by mischance. The blood spurted, and as Amyot cried out in pain the cry released his anger and his fear. He ceased struggling and was still, then, drawing the knife from the swift-bleeding wound, stared back at his late enemy in wonder.

"Dr. Carfax," he said, "what have you done to me?"

The doctor did not answer, but, flinging off overcoat and jacket, proceeded to divest himself of his own cambric shirt and tear it into strips to staunch the wound.

"There, lad," he said, "keep still. I'll bind you, somewhat rough and ready, but it must suffice."

As Dr. Carfax knelt there in the furze at Royalton beside the disused mineshaft and huddled with all the strength in his lungs for Dingle, the coachman, or Tregentil, his patient, to come to his aid and so help bear young Amyot to the barouche, for there would be two to carry to hospital in Bodmin instead of one, he gave no thought to the death he had himself so narrowly escaped.

He stared down at the lad who now lay white and lifeless

in his arms, bleeding from the wound— inadvertently given, and it was not the depth of the wound that bothered him nor the loss of blood that must inevitably follow before the proper dressings could be applied, but the fact that it was his own clasp-knife, used barely an hour ago to take stones from a horse's hoof and grimy still with mud and grit, that had pierced the tender flesh of Amyot Trestane, thus playing, fatefully and ironically, the role of a long-vanished poisoned spear.

The mist had lifted. The countryside, shrouded and murky for so long, was now clear save for its own natural cloak of darkness. A light wind, coming from the north, would scatter the last clouds and clean the sky.

The track to Castle-an-Dinas wound away in the distance above the road, and Mr. Tregentil, before descending the lane to Tresadern to keep Johnny company, foretold a fine tomorrow.

When he had gone, Dr. Carfax knelt once more on the floor of the brougham and felt for Linnet's pulse. The arm-let dangled from her wrist.

"She hasn't stirred?" he asked.

MARK LEWARNE

answered, "No, Doctor. Once I thought she made a movement with her lips, but no more than that. It was when you were away there by the mine."

Carfax gently replaced the blanket round the sleeping Linnet.

"Everything that medical skill can do will be done for her in hospital," he told her husband, "I cannot promise more. Did I know what the draught contained, I could speak with more authority."

"As to that," said Lewarne slowly, "unless she wakes to tell us, we shall never know. Deborah filled the phial from some bottle, which she then smashed, saying she had drained it to the last drop."

"And you permitted it?"

"What was I to do?" cried the agonised landlord. "She swore it was from some old recipe that could do no harm."

No harm... Yet the same draught had taken an old man in his sleep. Carfax signalled to the coachman to mount the box, and went himself to the barouche. Amyot, recovered from his faint, but deathly pale, smiled at him.

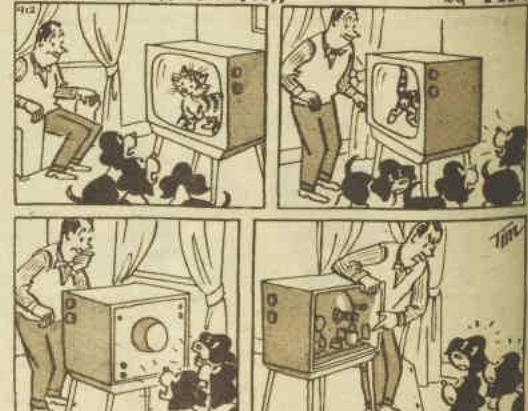
"The strapping holds," he said. "Mary says you want to take me to hospital, but there's no need of it."

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FOR THE CHILDREN

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Page 66



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 11, 1962

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Continuing . . .

CASTLE DOR

—from page 64

"Let me be the judge of that," answered the doctor. "Mary here shall keep you company, and we'll be in Bodmin within two hours."

"What I don't understand," said Amyot, frowning, "is how we came to be fighting. I never touch strong liquor, but I fear I must have done."

"No matter if you did, it's done with now." The doctor glanced at Mary, who, like a young nurse, nodded imperceptibly, guessing his meaning.

Dr. Carfax climbed once more to his seat, and took the reins. Amyot had not as much as asked what he was doing in Mark Lewarne's barouche. Mercifully then the immediate past was blotted from his memory. The lad was no longer a wanderer in time, caught up in a past that was not of his own seeking; but a simple Breton sailor, wounded through misadventure. He, Carfax, would take all blame for what had happened.

Amyot would not have to face the long process of the law again. His last enemy would not be Mark Lewarne, nor any other living soul. The battle must be fought, just as Tristan's had been fought and lost, against an unseeing foe, hitherto unconquerable, that even now, multiplying a thousandfold, coursed through his bloodstream, militant, unchecked.

Mary heard his voice coming as it were from a distance. He said, "We made a pact once, long ago, she and I. If I ever needed her, she swore she'd come to me."

Mary did not answer. Amyot must not know that Mrs. Lewarne, taken ill at the Indian Queen, was in point of fact on her way to hospital, too.

"I left my armet with her as she lay sleeping," continued Amyot, "when she wakes she'll recognise it, and

no matter who tries to prevent it, she'll follow me."

"You're dreaming, Amyot," she said. "Mrs. Lewarne is sleeping safe and sound in her bed, and doesn't know of your accident."

"I swear I heard her call to me just now."

Mary patted his knee, and smiled indulgently. "It's just your fancy," she told him. "Don't fret yourself, but take your ease and rest."

"We're not the only travellers," he said. "There are other wheels behind us. I can hear them. Whose are they, Mary?"

Fearing he would lean too far forward, and in his fever do further damage to his wound, Mary took his hand gently and settled him against the cushion. "Strangers," she answered, "a carriage full of folk from Truro bound for Bodmin, same as we. They lost their way in the fog, I suppose."

"Are you sure, Mary?"

"Certain sure. They have a brougham something like Mr. Tregentil's, but painted black."

She went on holding his hand, believing, in her young heart, that because it gave her comfort it brought him strength, and she did not know that the hope that had been his for a brief moment, on hearing the sound of carriage wheels behind them, was now ebbing, like the life within him. The lie, spoken on impulse to spare him distress, had failed in its purpose.

When presently he whispered a few words in French she guessed him to be wandering in fancy back to Brittany, watching the white seas break on the steep shore. "Dieu vous garde," he whispered, "je ne vous verrai plus." ("God watch over you. I will see you no more.")

THE END

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"Castle Dor" is being published by J. M. Dent, London, and Georgian House, Australia. Copies will be on sale before the end of April.

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"Oh! Yes, I suppose I am. I still have to wash my hair." "It's not your hair. You're too thin and too pale. Washed out." (But she had an extraordinary illuminated quality, an unforgettable look.) "It's only that I'm so excited," Lisa apologised. "It makes me feel sick. Darling Monica, can I help you?"

"No, I'm just off. I'll be back some time tomorrow if Susan is better. I've left my telephone number on the pad."

"What an old fusser you are. You behave like my mother."

"I wish you had your mother around," Monica muttered.

"Good heavens, why do I need my mother? I'm twenty-three."

"You're only a baby. I wish

"You wish I'd fallen in love

with a nice young man approxi-

mately my own age, with a

nice secure job in the city and

a charming house in Chelsea.

But I didn't. I fell in love

with Hugo, who is ten years

older than me and married,

and who is absolutely, abso-

lutely right for me. And I

think I'm right for him." Her

voice, thoughtful and grave for

a moment, changed to flip-

pancy. "That is, when I've

washed my hair. Oh, I've

hung my new picture, Monica."

"I noticed."

Continuing . . . A DRINK WITH A STRANGER

from page 31

"Do you think he'll like it?" That was another thing, the strides Lisa had made with her painting since her friendship with Hugo, as if her natural ability had suddenly matured and intensified. So perhaps they were right for each other. "If he can take his eyes off

face, when she looked at it in the bathroom mirror, was hollow and pale. She had never realised that being in love could bring one to this state of ecstasy and terror.

The terror was that the

little too strong for the artist."

Spoken in his deep, quiet voice, the banal words were curiously not banal. Lisa felt herself coloring with surely more pleasure than a compliment from a stranger warranted. Indeed, she felt a little dizzy, as if something extra-

their own. It had just happened like that. She had never seen this man before, she had no idea who he was, but it was as if she had known him for ever. And already the thought of getting up and walking away out of his life was an impossibility.

"Could we have coffee somewhere? Just to talk?" All at once his voice was boyish and eager. "Look, here's my card. I assure you I'm an entirely respectable person."

Lisa brushed the card away without looking at it.

"Of course you are. I can see that." Then she smiled, and her face was suffused with life. "There's a place just round the corner from here. Do you really want to talk to me? What about?"

"Everything," he said.

Monica preached a brief sermon that evening on the disillusionment, or worse, that

came to girls who picked up

strange men and took them

seriously. Lisa listened with

patience. Then she said, "Hugo

isn't like that at all."

"How do you know?"

"I just know. Besides, he

told me all about himself, even

about his wife."

Monica snorted. "Oh, one

of those. The misunderstood

husband."

"No, it isn't like that. His

wife was in a car accident. She

has been in hospital for four

years with a brain injury. She'll

never get better."

Monica looked at her with

deep concern.

"Lisa! Lisa, this isn't for

you."

"But it is! It is! It's fate,

it's destiny, it's—well, it's just

simply heaven!"

But heaven with a shadow.

The shadow of the sick wife

whom Hugo, because he was

deeply loyal and decent, would

not divorce. The doctors said

she couldn't live very long.

A year, two years, perhaps. It

was a very little time to give

to the woman whom he had

once loved and married. Not,

he said, as he loved Lisa, but

fondly and protectively. She

was only a wraith now who

did not know him, but he must

go regularly to sit by her bed-

side to the end.

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



you to look at it," she said dryly. "Now I'm off."

Alone in the flat, Lisa thought how Hugo's face would light with pleasure when he saw her waiting at the airport. She felt physically sick. Her

ecstasy would not last. So many things might go wrong—the fog prevent the plane arriving; Hugo, after his month in Rome, perhaps realise he did not love her quite so much; or even something happen to the mysterious wife, the woman in the shadows of whom he had talked only once.

That had been at their first meeting.

Lisa remembered everything about that day two years ago, even the dress she had been wearing and the stinging pain in her toes because she had stood for too long on too high heels. Miraculously there was an empty seat in front of her favorite Renoir. She had been gazing at it for ten minutes already and sat down to gaze again in comfort. The man next to her edged away to make room and said quietly:

"That's better. Now you won't be quite so distracting."

"Distracting?"

She turned to look at him, meeting his cool, intent gaze with a sudden shock, a sudden odd quickening of her heart-beats.

"I was trying to concentrate on the Renoir."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Was I in the way?"

"The competition was a

ordinary had just happened, and she wasn't quite sure what it was.

"It is a lovely picture, isn't it?" she said.

"Very lovely."

But his eyes were not on the picture. They were still on her. She knew that even though her head was turned away. And every detail of his face, briefly glanced at, had stayed in her mind, the broad intelligent forehead, the economy of flesh over the prominent bones, the dark hair flecked with grey, and the intent eyes.

She had never been so aware of a man before.

"The whole exhibition is interesting," she went on, driven into more words by the curious disturbance of his regard.

"You like the French Impressionists?"

"Oh, very much. There's a gaiety—I—why do you look at me like that?"

"Because I think you're the most beautiful girl I have ever seen."

The shock of his words was cataclysmic. The color rushed to her face. She could say nothing at all. They were two people, isolated from the milling visitors to the exhibition, ringed into a tiny world of

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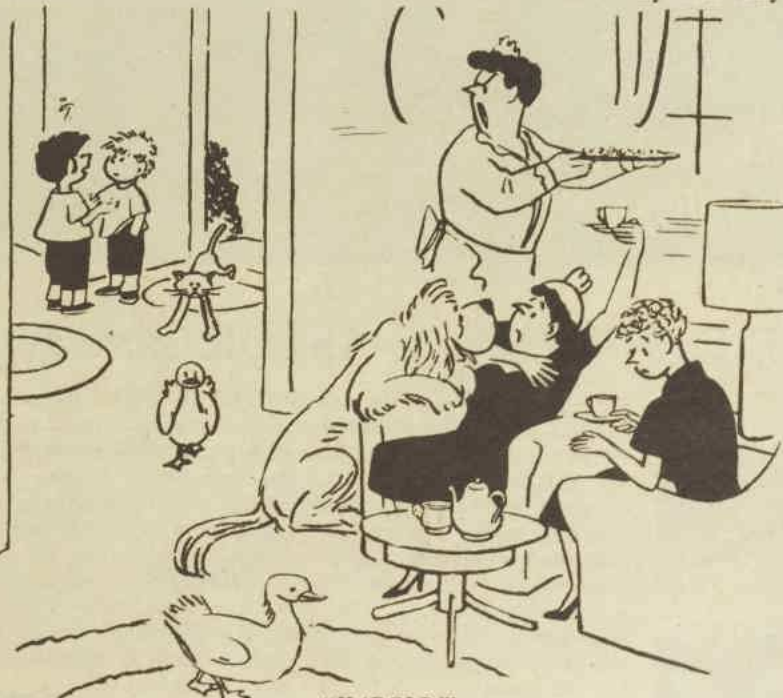
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 11, 1962

HAZEL . . .

. . . by Ted Key



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That was why they had waited, confining their love to kisses, to frequent meetings, to flowers and letters and telephone calls. But two years had gone by and the pathetic ghost in the hospital bed, lingering on unwillingly, would not grudge them more.

Lisa had just had her twenty-third birthday and had a frantic feeling that life was flying away. Hugo was ten years older than she. Then the trip to Rome for his firm had become essential, and the separation had made things come clear in her mind. They could not wait any longer. The time was now.

At last she was ready to leave for the airport. She had ascertained that planes were still landing and would continue to do so unless the fog got worse. It seemed to her that it had thickened as she hurried down the street to the bus stop. She would make herself forget about it, but think

instead of the moment when they got back to the flat, with Hugo closing the door behind them, and holding out his arms to her. And later, with the fire burning and the candles alight. Was it all too perfect to happen? Was it?

At the airport the clerk at the inquiry desk told her that the Rome flight was due in fifteen minutes. Lisa thanked him in a grateful whisper, and went upstairs to the lounge. Time crept by and all at once it was time for the flight from Rome to come in. The roar of engines sounded, shattering close. Lisa ran to the windows to see the huge plane dip over the airfield and then swerve away, like a shy horse, and climb into the grey sky again.

Why had it done that? Lisa

Continuing . . . A DRINK WITH A STRANGER

from page 69

strained her eyes, watching it disappear. When she looked down she noticed sudden activity on the tarmac, some vehicles dashing madly across the landing strip, and then, bursting into sight, a brilliant spot of color in the grey scene, a fire engine, followed almost at once by an ambulance. What was happening? Were they expecting disaster, a plane about to crash?

There was a buzz of excited talk about her. Then someone said authoritatively, "The pilot can't get the undercarriage down. They've got to crash land. It would be easier without this fog. That's why he's circling, waiting for the best moment."

The engines roared, swelling deafeningly, the great form burst out of the mist, swept over the airfield, rose again . . .

Lisa forced herself to turn. She saw that she was one of a small crowd now, gazing fascinated, awestricken.

"Which plane is it?" she asked the man who had appeared to have the information, and the very uttering of the words seemed to confirm disaster.

"The Italian line, from Rome. Due five minutes ago. Have you a friend on it?"

She nodded speechlessly. "Oh, bad luck. You're going to have a nasty half-hour." "As long as that?"

"Maybe. Maybe less. Or more. But it will be all right. You'll see. These flier fellows are wizards."

An air hostess, trim and serene in her uniform, had come up.

"Is there anyone here waiting for flight fifteen from Rome? We're serving coffee in here. Will you come with me?" Several people followed her. After a moment, automatically, Lisa followed, too. Companions in disaster. She found herself sitting beside another woman who seemed quite distraught. Lisa attempted a smile and said, "You're meeting a friend?"

"My husband," said the woman. She was faded, rather plump, probably not as middle-aged as the harassed lines in her face made her seem. Her clothes were plain, almost dowdy, and the hands that clutched her handbag were broad and capable and marked with labor. She was so obviously a suburban housewife nice, decent, kind, but dull, and Lisa tried to imagine the kind of man this woman would be meeting. A stout fussy little person back from a business trip, in a state of complete jitters now, as he sat tightly buckled into his safety belt . . .

What sort of a state would Hugo be in? Outwardly calm, of course, but with his face taut and thin, like that of a medieval saint. She had seen him look like that in moments of unbearable emotion.

She forced herself back to the bright clean room, the circle of listening faces. "It will be right. They say it will be all right."

The woman's lips abruptly quivered. "Thank you, dear. How kind you are. You're worried, too."

Lisa nodded wryly. "You're meeting?" — the woman's eyes flickered over her ringless fingers — "your fiancé?"

"Just a friend. Can I get you some coffee?" Lisa asked.

"No, I couldn't drink it, dear." The woman's hands were gripped tightly in her lap. Impulsively Lisa reached over to take one of them in her own.

A QUIVER passed over the woman's face. "That's what my husband did after our baby was born. It died at birth, you see. He just sat by my bed and held my hand. Oh, I admit we haven't got on so well lately. He's away a lot and we've grown apart. He doesn't know I'm meeting him today. He might not be very pleased, but something seemed to tell me to come." "Of course he'll be pleased," Lisa said. "Do you think so? Anyway, whatever happens" — the woman was making a valiant effort to pull herself together — "I'm glad I came. It's made me remember that day when Hughie held my hand. For hours. He must have got so tired. But he never showed it. Now it seems as if I'm holding his."

"Hughie?" Lisa queried. "That's what I've always called him. His name's Hugo actually, but Hughie's more friendly. More intimate, somehow."

The roar of engines overhead grew nearer, swelled. Someone said: "There's a break in the clouds. He might make it this time. Yes, he's coming lower."

"What's the matter, dear?" came the woman's voice beside Lisa. "Do you feel faint?"

With a tremendous effort Lisa answered. "No, only sick. I always get sick in a crisis."

"Can I get you anything?"

"No — no, I'll just — go away —"

For a moment, as she stood up, she thought she would faint. Somehow she got to the windows and, as if in a dream, saw the shape of the plane emerge from the mist, seem to hang for a moment in the sky, then glide toward the earth. There was a moment when no one seemed to breathe. Then suddenly someone shouted: "He's down!"

The triumphant voices were ringing in Lisa's ears as she made her slow, dizzy way out — out toward the escalator, the entrance doors, the long walk toward the high road, and a bus back to London. Alone, as she had come . . .

"He held my hand," Hugo's wife had said in her sad nostalgic voice . . .

So it was true that he had once had a sick wife to whom he had been very kind. But she had recovered. She was a rather plump, faded, dowdily dressed housewife with loneliness in her eyes. The pathetic unconscious wraith in an anonymous hospital ward was in all reality a wraith.

The fog had turned into a fine rain. Lisa improbably had neither head

To page 71



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Page 70

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 11, 1962

Continuing . . . A DRINK WITH A STRANGER

from page 70

A sob caught in her throat. It frightened her. With an enormous effort she forced it down. "Actually I was. But he couldn't come."

"You were meeting him at the airport?"

She nodded. "His plane was delayed."

"Then he'll come later?"

She shook her head bleakly. "No. He won't come."

"Lisa—you poor little thing—something's gone wrong. I thought all the time, even when I saw you standing in the rain, that there was something about you."

"It's over now, and it's nothing to concern you. What we need is drinks. Light the fire, will you, while I'm

getting them. You may feel like nibbling some cold chicken later. Oh, don't look at that picture. I only hung it for a joke. I'm not a good painter. Anyway, don't let's talk about me. Let's talk about you."

Monica would have been ironically amused to know that this young man was everything she had hoped for Lisa, the good background, the safe income the pleasant looks and manners. Lisa saw him only as someone to sit in the chair opposite her, to keep it from being empty.

She was really being completely self-centred and despicable. She should be so happy that Hugo was

alive. And that the woman with the lonely eyes was at least not lonely tonight.

It was after they had finished the champagne and eaten the chicken that the telephone rang. Lisa started violently.

"Aren't you going to answer that?" Richard asked.

She waved an airy hand. "No. Let it ring."

"But it might be—" Something in her face stopped him. "That's okay with me. Let it ring."

With a little ping the imperious bell stopped. Suddenly it was immensely quiet. Richard moved uncertainly. "I ought to be going."

"No, don't go yet. Please!"

The urgency of her voice startled him.

"Look here, what has happened to you today?"

"I was at the airport when that plane crash-landed."

"And you thought your friend was on it?"

"But he wasn't," she said.

Richard leaned over to take her hand. She stiffened.

"Don't do that!"

"What a funny little thing you are. I'd like to get to know you better. A lot better. But tonight's hardly the night, is it?"

She shook her head slowly.

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KRAFT Ready to Bake COOKIES

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Page 71

covering her umbrella. She stood at the bus stop, her long, fine pale hair growing dank and trickles of water running down her neck. The dreadful thing was that all the cars passing seemed to be driven by Hugo — she caught glimpses of his fine distinctive features and erect head in each one that approached. Then the shape dissolved to ordinariness—fat, ruddy cheeks, bald heads, hooked noses, even a beard . . . The shock of relief and disappointment each time was stupefying. That was why she scarcely realised what the man was doing who had stopped his car beside her and was leaning out.

"I say, you're getting awfully wet. Would you like a lift? How far are you going?"

"To London, Chelsea. Off the King's Road."

"Fine. It's on my way, really." She did notice that he had a youthful, round, open face that looked entirely honest. She also remembered that one never, never accepted lifts from strangers. But now it couldn't matter less. She was glad to escape from that bus stop, with the cold rain in her face and the nightmare sound of planes in her ears.

"Get in," he said kindly. Lisa obeyed, wiping her hand childishly across her wet face.

It was the color of her hair, she reflected, that did this. Men noticed it. Had she been mouse-colored or a middle-aged, dyed brunette this car, with its driver, would have sped past unheeding. But a girl with pale golden hair would not be left standing in the rain.

Lisa, the girl who got picked up by strange men, she mocked herself, and then took them seriously. Even for two whole years took them seriously . . .

"I'm Richard Leigh," the young man said in a pleasant, polite voice. "I'm twenty-five and unmarried. I've just got into a stockbroking firm and I plan to make my fortune." He grinned, his aware eyes going over her casual, unobtrusively good clothing. "And you? Or do you prefer to remain anonymous?"

THE old gambit of introducing oneself to a stranger, or becoming, instead of just a person, a personality. Lisa had done this before, eagerly, every word full of significance and promise.

He would have let her remain anonymous. She was lucky. He really was a decent chap. He deserved trust at least. "My name's Lisa Brannigan and I'm an artist."

"And?"

"What?" she asked blankly.

"Matrimony? I can't see through your gloves."

"No, nothing like that," she said.

"Nothing at all."

"You sound cynical."

"Do I?"

"Much, much too cynical for such an attractive girl."

"At the moment I'm very wet and unattractive."

"That's what you think. Tell me about your work."

Somehow she kept up her end of the conversation. It was a good thing to have to talk. And the young man, Richard Leigh, was pleasant. When they reached the King's Road, Richard said, "Shall I take you straight home? Or would you—don't get me wrong, now—like to eat somewhere? Is there anyone waiting for you?"

That last question was bitterly easy to answer.

"No. No one's waiting for me. But I'll go straight home, please."

But outside the house where she lived Lisa was suddenly overcome with desolation. She remembered the champagne in the refrigerator, the candles ready to light. She couldn't face that awful mockery of festivity. She sat rigid, unable to move.

"What's the matter?" Richard had sprung out and gone round to her side to open the door.

"Nothing. I—I wondered if you would like to come in for a drink?"

"There's nothing I'd like better. But is there something wrong? For a minute you looked scared."

"Not scared. That isn't the word. You'll see."

Inside she switched on lights, making no effort to keep in darkness the carefully laid table with its shining silver and crystal, the candles ready to light, the two chairs intimately close. He noticed at once. In a curious way he was suddenly older than his twenty-five years. His face was no longer open and jolly but full of concern.

She was lucky in the men who picked her up, she reflected wryly.

"Lisa—you were expecting someone else!"

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Continuing . . . A DRINK WITH A STRANGER

"No. I'm sorry. I've used you. But you don't know how grateful I am. Don't go just yet. Have another cigarette."

"Are you afraid the telephone will ring again?"

"It won't ring again."

It was after ten o'clock, and Hugo would think, since she had not answered the telephone, that she was at the theatre or out to dinner. He would not try again tonight. But tomorrow he would.

It wasn't the telephone that rang half an hour later but the doorbell.

Lisa started up.

"Don't answer it!" she cried.

"Don't answer it!"

"Look here, what is it you're frightened of? If it's some man I can fix him."

Lisa tugged at Richard's coat. "No, sit down. Sit down. Keep quiet."

The bell pealed again, long and vigorously.

"Won't your neighbors hear?" Richard asked uneasily.

"They must know you're in."

It wouldn't be Hugo. It couldn't be. He wouldn't have left his wife with that wounded look on her face. If he had, then he was heartless . . .

There was a faint click.

Richard stood up abruptly. Lisa sat petrified.

"Darling!" called Hugo.

"Your door wasn't quite on the latch. Can I come in? Or are you asleep?"

The door into the living-room opened and he stood there in the shadowy light. At first he didn't quite take in what he saw, for he said, "I tried to get you on the telephone—"

then stopped.

Even in the dim light Lisa was aware of the stricken look that came over his face.

"Oh—I do apologise—I see I'm breaking up a party."

"Not at all—" began Richard uncomfortably.

"Yes, I'm afraid you are," Lisa heard herself saying in a high clear voice. "And all the champagne's finished."

He stood a moment as if he couldn't bring himself to believe what he saw. His face was too much in shadow for Lisa to see the look in his eyes. She knew she couldn't have borne to see it, even though he had inflicted equal hurt on her.

Then abruptly he turned and was gone. The front door slammed shut. There was no more sound . . .

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In the morning Monica came home. At first she couldn't make anything out of Lisa's incoherent story.

"Poor Richard! He was afraid to leave me, but at last I persuaded him I was all right. It wasn't his fault he walked into that sort of mess. But Hugo's never done that before, you know, come late and just walked in."

MONICA took a long look at Lisa's colorless face, and went into the kitchen to make black coffee.

After she had obediently drunk a large steaming cup of it Lisa had said quite quietly, "I hope he went back to his wife after that. Hugo, I mean. She'd be waiting for him."

"But how could he go to the hospital at that time of night?"

"Not the hospital, Monica dear. That's a story for innocent young girls. Richard's going to ring me today. Should I let him? Or should I just disappear for a long, long time?"

"Running away," said Monica firmly, "will get you nowhere. If what you say is true, you will stay and pick up the pieces."

"It was only waiting for that awful crash-landing that made us begin to talk. If it hadn't been for that we would both have rushed forward to throw our arms round Hugo."

The horror of that thought made her become completely silent, and Monica could get nothing more out of her.

She said briskly, "You'd better stay in bed. If anyone calls or telephones, I'll say you're ill. I'll bring you a couple of my sleeping-pills. You

look as if you hadn't slept for days."

This she did, with a glass of water, but as soon as she had gone out of the room Lisa slipped them into a drawer. How could she risk going to sleep when at any moment the telephone might ring?

But, of course, she wouldn't be answering it.

Only somehow one had to listen, tensely, as if one's life depended on it.

During the morning flowers arrived.

"From your new boy-friend," said Monica, displaying the deep red carnations. "Nice taste he's got. Aren't you asleep yet?"

She was lucky, wasn't she? Why was she lying here pitying herself? She should be up and out. When Monica looked in at lunch-time she pretended to be asleep.

It was immediately after the first telephone call, the one from Richard Leigh (she could hear Monica saying warily, "Yes, she told me about you. You were wonderful about her state of jitters last night. Oh, yes, she'll be all right . . . No, just some bad news she'd had . . ."), that Lisa got up.

She dressed without making any sound, then brushed her hair carefully in front of the mirror and put on lipstick. Who are you? she said to the face in the mirror. The person who, because she is hurt, must hurt back? And then goes to bed to hide? How could she have hurt Hugo so cruelly! The man she loved . . . Love was forgiveness—even for the woman with the lonely eyes, even for her own bearable hurt . . .

When the telephone rang for the second time Lisa stood a moment listening tensely.

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Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 77. Fashion frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, U.I.T.M.O., Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



"JUDITH."—Smart full-skirted frock is available in soft wool angora. Colors are oatmeal, pale blue, olive, caramel, black, and arctic-white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £6/15/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £6/19/11.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/7/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/9/6.

Postage on both cut-out and ready-to-wear styles 6/6 extra.

KING OSCAR SARDINES

. . . from Norway

JUST MMM-MMMEANT FOR LENT!



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Relax . . . free your nerves from tension, your mind from worry, your wrists and fingers from ache and strain . . . with IBM you just plug in and electricity does the work for you. Here's typing joy at your fingertips. So many advantages are yours with an IBM Electric Typewriter, you'll certainly want to try one without delay. Ask your "boss" to arrange for a demonstration in your office soon.

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Page 72

IBM Australia Pty. Limited. In all capital Cities and Principal Centres.
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 11, 1962

So tasty and different for Lenten meals 

De legger
oss tett i Norgel
In Norway they
pack us in!



Norway sardine bake

Here's a special Lenten dish, that's so hearty and nourishing.

Cook one 8 ounce packet spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Combine with $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups tasty white sauce or 1 can cream of mushroom or tomato soup and 1 cup grated cheese. Heat and stir until cheese melts. Open two $3\frac{1}{2}$ oz. cans of Norway Sardines, drain off oil. Pour half the spaghetti into a casserole, over this arrange the contents of 1 tin of sardines, top with remaining spaghetti. Arrange remaining sardines on top, sprinkle with dried crumbs and a little cheese. Bake in moderate oven till heated through, about 20 minutes. Makes 4 to 5 servings.

Why do Norway Sardines taste so much better?

From the icy Norwegian fjords, the richest coldest waters in the world! Smoked over spicy oakwood fires! That's the secret of the tantalising Norway sardine flavour, deliciously different from all other sardines. There's a taste treat in each protein-rich bite of these plump tender fish. Take home a tin today — your family will love Norway Sardines.

Norway sardines are packed close and whole in every tin, surrounded by the best quality pure natural or olive oils. (And no Norway sardine has a fish scale either.)

Every tin of Norway sardines carries the name NORWAY clearly marked.



Tin sizes range from the small 1 oz. can which holds a single serve, to the large $3\frac{1}{2}$ oz. tin for delicious family sized meals.

For Lenten (and year-round) breakfasts.

TOASTED NORWAY SARDINE SANDWICHES
Butter bread on both sides. Put slice of cheese on bread, place sardines over cheese and cover with remaining bread slice. Toast under grill until golden brown.

Look for this emblem of the
Norwegian Canning Industry —
it is on many tins of Norway Sardines



NW6

INSIST... INSIST ON NORWAY SARDINES

KIDNEY TROUBLES?



like this.
Pressure
and pain
in kidneys,
weak
bladder?

Then start a course of MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLIDS

When your kidneys are not working properly, uric acid and other harmful deposits accumulate in muscles and joints, causing aches and pains that make life a misery. The wonder-drug THIONINE in MENTHOLIDS helps your system throw off these deposits and soothes and cools inflamed, overworked kidneys to resume normal healthy functioning. If you or yours suffer kidney and bladder weakness, bad back, aching muscles and joints, rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis or headaches, start the MENTHOLIDS treatment to-day. MENTHOLIDS, with diet chart, are 15/-, 9/- or 5/- everywhere.

MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLIDS

When she heard Monica lower her voice and begin to say, "Oh, it's you, is it? No, she's asleep. I won't wake her. She isn't well, and she doesn't want to talk to you..." she could listen no more.

She slipped on a coat and tiptoed down the hall. As she opened the door very softly she heard Monica saying in a suddenly shocked voice, "Oh, I'm so sorry! So sorry!"

After her morning in the darkened bedroom the spring sunshine fell almost dazzlingly on her face. She began to walk briskly toward the embankment. Why was Monica so sorry, all at once, for Hugo?

The river was in full tide, and sparkled with light. Lisa stood at the embankment wall looking down at the passing barges. A bargeman waved. She waved back, until suddenly he seemed to have Hugo's face, and the pain was too sharp to bear. She gave a small whimper, and Hugo's voice behind her said,

"Won't you sit down? You're blocking my view of the river."



ROBINSON'S Baby Rice Cereal

THE PRE-COOKED WEANING FOOD

Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal is specially made as a weaning food for babies. It is pre-cooked rice in an easily digested powder form containing vitamins and minerals essential for

STURDY GROWTH AND CONTENTED FEEDING

Baby Rice Cereal provides the tempting variety needed during the weaning period, and is prepared in an instant by simply stirring it into warm (boiled) milk.

TODDLERS TOO!

Toddlers will thrive on Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal. They love it sprinkled on their food, or made up into the special recipes given on the pack.

ROBINSON'S Baby Rice Cereal

NOW ALSO AVAILABLE
★ ROBINSON'S BABY OATS CEREAL
★ ROBINSON'S BABY MIXED CEREAL
★ TRIPLE PACK CONTAINING ALL THREE ROBINSON'S BABY CEREALS

M1900

Continuing . . . A DRINK WITH A STRANGER

from page 72

Lisa whirled round. Then, without any hesitation whatever, she flung herself into his arms.

Her body trembled in his fierce embrace. She heard his voice, "Lisa, my darling, my darling!" and she thought that they were just another pair of London lovers, embracing on a seat on the embankment on a fine spring day, with no past or no future, but just this moment of desperate heaven.

He held her gently from him. "Lisa, we must—"

"No, don't talk, don't talk!" she cried in panic. "We've just met. You've picked me up. I like the way you look. It's a lovely day. Why don't we have coffee somewhere? My name's Lisa Brannigan. Or don't you drink coffee, Mr.—"

The tautness eased in his face. "The name's Cranwell, Hugo Cranwell. I'm crazy about coffee, Miss Brannigan. Let's find a place."

There was one, just round the corner. It was almost empty. Lisa deliberately chose the darkest corner.

"Because we may want to hold hands," she said. "I'm that sort of a girl. Do you like lots of sugar in your coffee, and honey on biscuits, and that lovely stippled sunlight the French Impressionists absolutely bathe in?"

"And marmalade cats and girls with buttercup hair. The girls particularly. I simply

have to snatch them up wherever I see them."

"And make love to them?" For a moment the banter hung in the air. Then suddenly Lisa said, "Do you know, I'm enormously hungry. Could we have some of those wonderful pastries? I haven't eaten for two days."

"Why, darling?" His concerned gaze threatened to dismiss the bright bubble of fantasy. "Because of—"

HER fingers went swiftly to his lips.

"Because I was working hard and forgot. I'm a painter, you know. I go out and find subjects, like little girls skating and may trees in bloom and lovers on seats on embankments or in art galleries. Here's the coffee. Doesn't it smell delicious? Aren't you happy, Hugo? That you've picked up a nice girl and we've a whole heavenly hour to spend together? Let's talk about everything."

It had to come to an end, of course. Even the deception that Hugo was what he seemed, a man belonging completely to her, had to be faced. But Lisa could not bring herself to face it that afternoon. She had succeeded in taking most of the dark look of pain out of Hugo's eyes, and that was all that mattered just now.

"Lisa, I want to tell you—"

"No, not now, please. Please." He regarded her thoughtfully.

"All right, my darling. As you wish. I was ringing your flat from a telephone box across the street and talking to Monica when I saw you come out. So I hung up and followed you. I just wanted to tell you I won't be seeing you again for another week or so. Something"—her eyes, dilated and agonised, stopped him—"has happened. Later, we'll talk about it, won't we?"

"Yes," she whispered, taking his hand. "We'll talk."

When she arrived back at the flat Monica met her.

"Lisa, where have you been? I've been so worried."

"I wasn't intending to jump off a bridge into the river."

"Of course you weren't. Don't say such ridiculous things. But you look different—"

Lisa dropped her coat on a chair. "I met Hugo."

"Oh! Then he's told you."

"Told me what?"

"About his wife, of course." Monica searched Lisa's face.

"Didn't he tell you she died early this morning?"

"Died!" Lisa whispered.

"They've expected it for months as you know."

"But she looked perfectly well yesterday. I told you! I described her!"

"Lisa, you little fool! That wasn't Hugo's wife. If you hadn't jumped to conclusions you'd have found out for your-

self. That was Mrs. Hugo Brown meeting her husband. Hugo Cranwell wasn't even on that plane. He came on a later one. I know, I've just checked with the airline. Didn't it ever occur to you that there might be more than one Hugo in the world?"

"No," said Lisa, shaking her head. "It just didn't."

"My goodness, what a child you are!"

"I suppose I am." Lisa couldn't take it in. It was too wonderful to be true. Suddenly she ran to Monica and gripped her arm. "Monica, did you tell Hugo why I was behaving like that last night? Drinking with a stranger?"

"No, I didn't. I thought that was up to you."

Tears filled Lisa's eyes. Her voice trembled with relief and gratitude. "Oh, bless you, Mon! That means we both forgave each other without explanations. That's so awfully important. It means—" but she couldn't put into words its enormous importance. She was crying again. "Oh, Mon, that poor, poor little creature, dying last night while I was drinking too much champagne."

Monica patted her shoulders. "Let's put it that you were just growing older."

"Older," Lisa repeated. Then suddenly the light sprang back into her face. She wiped away her tears. "But I don't feel old!" she cried. "I feel young—"

—young!"

(Copyright)

***** AS I READ ***** THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting April 4

<p>ARIES MAR 21-APR 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 6. ★ Gambling colors, blue, black. ★ Lucky days, Thurs., Sat.</p>	<p>★ Harmonious contacts with those around you are the key to success just now; friendships grow increasingly important, romance reaches a climax in engagement or marriage. Your loved ones co-operate.</p>
<p>TAURUS APR 21-MAY 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 8. ★ Gambling colors, black, rose. ★ Lucky days, Sunday, Tues.</p>	<p>★ Some of you refuse to fall in with the plans of associates because you disapprove; the cost may be loss of popularity, but you may be glad to make your escape with clear conscience.</p>
<p>GEMINI MAY 21-JUNE 21 ★ Lucky number this week, 5. ★ Gambling colors, grey, red. ★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.</p>	<p>★ Whether you are helping to arrange an Easter camping trip or house party, organising a sports tournament, getting ready for a big social event you'll be at your best looking after details.</p>
<p>CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 9. ★ Gambling colors, red, white. ★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.</p>	<p>★ Whether your job is important or whether you are at the foot of the ladder, if you do it well you'll gain recognition. A few of you please your friends by mastering a new game.</p>
<p>LEO JULY 23-AUG. 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 3. ★ Gambling colors, lilac, green. ★ Lucky days, Friday, Sat.</p>	<p>★ You may begin a project and find yourself blocked by obstacles; a brainwave overcomes your difficulties. You could be in a quandary over personal relationships, but intuition gives you results.</p>
<p>VIRGO AUG. 23-SEPT. 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 6. ★ Gambling colors, navy, red. ★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.</p>	<p>★ Your desire for perfection is in danger of being misdirected. Able to pick the flaws in any effort, you could hurt your beloved with an honest opinion. Give praise where you can.</p>
<p>LIBRA SEPT. 24-OCT. 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 1. ★ Gambling colors, yellow, black. ★ Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.</p>	<p>★ A person you know slightly may do you a favor, such as putting you in touch with a job or helping in an official matter. A business acquaintance might present you to your future life partner.</p>
<p>SCORPIO OCT. 24-NOV. 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 5. ★ Gambling colors, green, gold. ★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.</p>	<p>★ Now is the time to check up on yourself and study the mirror. Create a mental picture of yourself as you wish to be, then live up to it. Try a new hairstyle, color, or different-style outfit.</p>
<p>SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23-DEC. 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 3. ★ Gambling colors, mauve, rose. ★ Lucky days, Thursday, Mon.</p>	<p>★ Your nearest and dearest will be a big factor this week. If a teenager, your parents may grant a wish; if older, your love affair blossoms with the approval of your family.</p>
<p>CAPRICORN DEC. 23-JAN. 19 ★ Lucky number this week, 4. ★ Gambling colors, brn., orange. ★ Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.</p>	<p>★ You could have help from a relative or an older person in authority who uses influence on your behalf. You could have financial help in a crisis from the family or an old friend.</p>
<p>AQUARIUS JAN. 20-FEB. 19 ★ Lucky number this week, 9. ★ Gambling colors, rose, silver. ★ Lucky days, Friday, Tues.</p>	<p>★ Should the morning hours be filled with routine tasks, the afternoons will be a compensation. You may receive a spur-of-the-moment invitation. Brightness and variety give zest to the evening.</p>
<p>PISCES FEB. 20-MAR. 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 2. ★ Gambling colors, white, black. ★ Lucky days, Wed., Monday.</p>	<p>★ The danger lies in being tempted to spend more than you can afford. So plan what you can do, consider essentials, then grant yourself a little pocket-money that you can play with.</p>

***** (The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.) *****

Soft, shining lovely hair



Made first for baby, Johnson's is a gentle shampoo for children . . . wonderful for your own hair, too. It leaves the hair soft, shining, lovely . . . so easy to manage.

BEST FOR BABY . . . BEST FOR YOU

Now available—
Money-saving Family Size.



Johnson's WONT BURN EYES SHAMPOO
TRUST ITS GENTLENESS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 11, 1962

Continuing . . . WINE FESTIVAL

from page 29

and we will have much feasting and dancing."

"The highspot of the year! A pity I won't see it."

There was a look of dismay on Alain's dark face. "You will be gone?" But his eyes were not questioning Helen. Only Paula saw the shadow in their depths.

The words of reassurance were quick upon her lips: "Helen's going. I'm staying."

He let his breath out in a slow, contented sigh. "That is good; very good. Everybody will be here. My cousins from the next village, my aunts, my uncles. All the people come to our wine festival."

"Alain, Alain!" The call was ur-

gent and he shrugged in resignation.

"But now I must go. There is much to do for tomorrow. Au revoir." He saluted them with a formal bow.

Paula stood beside Helen, watching for a while before they made their way to the river. Only distant voices broke the uneasy silence as they sat on the rough bench beneath the trees, until Helen said very gently: "It's the atmosphere, you know."

"I suppose it must be."

"Don't let a sudden whim spoil your life, Paula."

Immediately she was on the defensive. "It's not a whim! The life these people lead is so simple, so uncompli-

cated. Their joys and sorrows are the joys and sorrows of reality."

Helen sighed. "More sorrows than joys, from what I hear, but . . ."

and she spread her hands in a gesture of resignation.

Helen left the village next morning. Paula felt more free than she had ever felt before.

She collected fresh bread rolls and made her way to the hill above the village. She would spend the whole day by herself, she had decided.

The soft breeze soothed her as she lay amongst the coarse grass and seldom did her thoughts follow Helen to Paris.

By evening she felt refreshed and ready for anything the scented dark-

ness might lay before her. Slowly, she walked from the hotel towards the square, her chiffon frock billowing about her.

The breathy notes of an accordion filled the air with melancholy sound, then the tune changed to a livelier beat and she could hear the sound of wooden shoes against the cobblestones.

The lanterns cast fantastic shadows round pools of light and the square was filled with dancers.

Old men and women stood in the doorways, holding aloft glasses filled to the brim with wine, stamping their feet in time to the music. The valley itself seemed to overflow with the sound of joy and merrymaking.

Then Alain was beside her. He took her hands. "Paula." He made the

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The world's finest wheat makes the WORLD'S FINEST BREAKFAST



Straight from Australia's sun-soaked wheatfields comes the golden grain that makes Weet-Bix today's finest energy breakfast. Oven toasted to taste-tempting crispness, Weet-Bix are served in a second. A wonderful budget balancer, too—about 1½d. per serving! At all good grocers.

Serve **WEET-BIX** for 'superific' energy!

Big colour pictures of life in New Guinea and Papua now in every packet. Watch packets, too, for special "surprise" offers.

W4/62

Page 75

"He has had a proper education. He's taking over the school here next year."

"Only because nobody else wants to live in this remote place. Then look at yourself—intelligent, a good job, a life full of interest."

There are more interesting things than books. Living, for instance, real living, close to the land."

"This land? I'd say nothing if it was your own land, one of your own people, nearer your friends. Paula!"

Helen turned and touched her on the arm—"come with me to Paris."

Aware of the pleading in the words, Paula found she could not look into Helen's eyes. The background of her thoughts was a riot of confusion, but one thing stood out sharp and clear. She was going to live for one more day.

She was not an inexperienced child. She had been in love before, and, oh, the pain of finding out that he was not free. But that was a long time ago—so long that the grief and misery of it seemed to belong to another era, another life.

She was not going to be content to let love pass her by. If she had nothing else in her middle years, she would have her memories. When she was Helen's age she would be able to recall the light she had brought to a young Frenchman's eyes and, who knows, perhaps it would not even be necessary to remember. Perhaps.

"I'll follow in a day or two," Paula replied, and getting to her feet she began to lead the way back to the village.

Helen and Paula were the only guests at the little hotel, and they had been treated with a deference which they had found as strange as it was delightful.

Even as they climbed the steps to the paved terrace Madame appeared to greet them. "Allo, allo," she called. "An apéritif?"

"Oui. Two, please." Paula responded, smiling.

Sitting at the table in the shade of the house, Paula leaned across and laid a hand over her friend's. "Don't be cross, Helen. I'll be with you in Paris by the end of the week."

Helen looked up. "I'm not cross. I'm worried."

"Worried?"

"About you and this change of plan. I should hate you to regret what you're doing."

"What could there be to regret?"

"I don't know. I only know I'm worried."

And it seemed that, although it clouded every moment, they deliberately avoided the subject for the rest of the day.

After a leisurely meal it had become a habit for them to take the path through the village to the river bank and sit talking in the warm darkness.

Alain would join them sooner or later and Paula would sit tense and alert until that moment came.

The three of them would talk and laugh together, Alain's dark eyes, warm and bright under his lifted brows, constantly seeking Paula's. Sometimes he would touch her shoulder or her bare arm with fingers that seemed to burn in spite of their gentleness, and she would have to turn away lest she answered that urgent, compelling look with more than a smile.

Her mind would come alert, refreshed by his eager questioning. His simple philosophies found an echo in her heart that made her feel younger, almost untouched by past experience. And always in his eyes was that intensity that made the meeting of their thoughts transcend all else in its importance.

But tonight, as she walked with Helen through the village, there was activity everywhere. The men eddied about, intent on preparations for the morrow and, from the open door of every lighted cottage, the smell of fresh baking drifted out.

Alain sat perched on the top of a high stepladder cutting branches of evergreen to complete the main arch. He leapt down at their approach.

"Allo, mes amies. How are you?" He formed the words meticulously, his glance touching Helen lightly, then resting on Paula.

When she smiled, his face flushed with pleasure. There was no need for words. It was as if they were alone in the crowded square and he was telling her she was beautiful.

"You are very busy?" Helen's voice was tight and withdrawn.

"We make preparations for the wine festival. Tomorrow all the grapes will be gathered and brought to the square

HOOVER FIRST AGAIN

AMAZING 3-IN-1 APPLIANCE

*Shampoos carpets,
scrubs and
polishes floors!*



Special shampooing brushes with light "tip-toeing" action gently massage shampoo suds through carpet pile.

Shampoos carpets fresh as new. Scrubs and polishes floors to a brilliant lasting shine

At last! One amazing appliance not only keeps floors spotless and gleaming but gives fresh life to precious carpets too. The Hoover Shampoo-Polisher has a special action to suit every floor surface, from kitchen to lounge to outside patios. And it's all so easy! Brushes snap on and off in a jiffy. Built-in dispensers apply carpet shampoo, floor suds and polish. No other appliance does so much really hard work so swiftly and economically — all your scrubbing, polishing, buffing, and carpet shampooing. See it demonstrated by your Hoover retailer now.

Price 37 GNS. Complete

Built-in suds dispenser

Tank (a) carries shampoo solution or suds for floor scrubbing. Flow is controlled by a touch of your finger on the trigger, (b). Shampoo is whirled into rich suds before it reaches brushes.

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Liquid floor polish is carried in a plastic bottle behind the tank. Just squeeze to spray polish on floor. Everything you need is carried on this one amazing appliance.



Special brushes for shampooing

Weight of machine rests on smooth centres. No weight on bristles. They "tip-toe" over pile, gently massaging out the dirt.

Dual-purpose brushes for scrubbing and polishing snap on and off in jiffy. Buffing pads give mirror-finish to floors, cars, furniture.

New features make scrubbing and polishing easier than ever

New profile lets brushes reach under low spaces and up to walls. New design gives such steadiness you can scrub or polish with just two fingers holding the handle.



NEW HOOVER SCRUBBER-POLISHER

New exclusive design allows brushes to reach into low and awkward spaces. New splash guard, automatic switch. Easy snap-on brushes, buffing pads. Fastest of all, yet controlled with just two fingers!

Price: 25 GNS.



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Shampoo-Polisher

*Gives every floor a
beauty treatment
at the touch of your finger*

Fashion PATTERNS

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7225.—Cosy, fashionable coat with double-breasted buttons. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material, and 4yds. 36in. lining. Price 4/9.
F7239.—New-style suit has flared skirt, loose, collared top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material and 1½yds. 36in. lining. Price 4/9.
F7518.—Attractive dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Three-quarter sleeves require 3yds. 54in. material; short sleeves, 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

F7543.—Day dress has short or three-quarter sleeves and high neckline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Three-quarter sleeves take 3yds. 54in. material; short sleeves, 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.
F7559.—Little girl's pinafore with V neckline. Sizes four to ten years. Requires 1-1½yds. 54in. material and ¾yds. 36in. braid. Price 3/6.
F7470.—Casually styled suit in teenage sizes, 30 to 36in. bust. Three-quarter sleeves require 3½yds. 54in. material; short sleeves take 4 2-3rd yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 630.—PINAFORE
Serviceable and pretty pinafore is available cut out ready to sew, in corduroy velvet. Colors include red, royal-blue, black, olive-green, soft lilac, and caramel. Sizes 30 and 32in. bust, 34/6; 34 and 36in. bust, 36/6, plus 2/6 postage.

No. 631.—INFANT'S NIGHTGOWN
Available cut out ready to sew in soft tulle. Colors are pale pink, blue, green, lemon, and white; 19/11, plus 2/6 postage.

No. 632.—GIRL'S SKIRT
Tartan corduroy skirt is available cut out ready to sew, in red and green, pink and black, blue and black, and yellow and brown. Sizes two and four years 21/6; six and eight years 22/6; plus 2/6 postage.

630

632

631

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 11, 1962

Can friends criticise... your most-noticed room?



Your friends may not talk about your toilet, but can you be sure what they think?

A clean toilet bowl is a sign of a thoughtful housewife. You know a brush alone cannot do the complete job—it can't disinfect and it can't reach around into the hidden "S" bend.

NOW—here's the quick, easy way to keep your toilet bowl sparkling clean and hygienic.

Just sprinkle Harpic in the toilet last thing every night and flush away in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly and leaves the toilet free of germs. Even that lime-scale caused by hard water is removed—the entire toilet bowl is kept sparkling and hygienically clean. And being delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or toilet sweet-smelling. Harpic, at all stores.



Harpic is made specially for cleansing all sewered and septic tank toilet bowls.

Harpic cleans round the "S" bend—where no brush can reach! It cleans more thoroughly above, as well as below, the water because Harpic stays on the sides of the bowl, cleansing and disinfecting all night long. When flushed next morning, the porcelain is sparkling clean.



HARPIC
Regd.
TOILET CLEANSER

Safe for cleaning
Septic Tank
Toilet Bowls

hame sound beautiful, and tears of tenderness stung her eyes.

He led her through the maze of dancers to the edge of the fountain. There he filled two glasses with the local wine.

Slowly they raised them. She saw his lips forming the words, "To you."

They drank, their eyes never wavering from each other's, and Paula felt the warmth of his admiration as heady as the wine.

"Come. I will show you." Round the square he led her, trying to show her everything at once; laughing, pointing, gesticulating. She almost danced along beside him, his youth was so infectious.

The windows of the little houses were alight with candles and, through the open doorways, she could see the tables piled high with bread woven into intricate shapes. Coming to a larger cottage at the end of the row

they stopped, and the knot of people in the doorway smiled a greeting.

The smiles faded and they looked at her with a new interest as Alain spoke in rapid French. Then, taking the hand of the woman with dark, sad eyes, he said to Paula proudly: "Maman." He smiled and stroked the lined face.

"Papa. Tante Adele. Tante Justine, who live across the valley..." He was going round the group introducing her.

Paula saw speculation in their faces, speculation which almost amounted to distrust. At last someone spoke. She could not catch more than a word or two of the torrent of words, but she knew enough

to understand that she was being described as "too frail, too decorative."

Alain's eyes flashed with anger as he pushed past the speaker into the house, drawing Paula inside.

As they stood in the tiny room, Paula felt a heavy sense of suffocation. The draperies, the overwhelming smell of baking, the crowded furniture all combined to press upon her. She longed to be out in the open again.

"You like it?" Alain was smiling with pride. "These," he handled the thick tapestry hangings, "these were made by my grandmere with her

own hands, and this," he darted forward to the ornate dresser, "by grandpere."

She tried to smile, but felt it false. She did not want to be false with Alain. "Let's go outside again."

Out in the square the air was cool and soft upon her face, but as they threaded their way through the dancing couples she imagined she felt the shrewd eyes of Alain's family following them.

She looked up at him. "Alain, I've found a wonderful place where we can see the square from above. It should look marvellous."

They climbed the steep path to the overhanging grassy ledge. Looking down, the village had merged into

the darkness, only a carpet of lights lay at their feet.

"See?" she said joyously.

He touched her cheek gently. "It is not new to me. I played here as a boy. But tonight it is made new again because you are with me."

He spread his coat upon the grass and, sitting beside her, he asked softly: "You like the valley?"

"I love it."

"You would like to live here?" She felt there was more behind his words but she did not hesitate. "Yes."

She would like to live here and forget the hurry and bustle of the world outside. She was looking beyond him, her eyes full of dreams. "I would like to make this my little world." She sighed, but there was longing in the sigh. "I could build a house just here."

"You would have to climb."

"I should not mind that," she said with a laugh. "Why don't you build a house up here, Alain? Away from the village."

Now he was laughing, too. A young, delighted laugh. "That is a good job. I see in my mind Maman and Papa climbing this hill. There would be so much grumbling."

Her laughter died suddenly. "But when you are married, Alain, would you have a house of your own?"

"Me? Why should I? Our house is a good house. My family has lived there always. Why should I make another?" There was surprise in his eyes.

Paula tried to explain. "In my country, young couples live in a new house."

"So! That is curious. It is not necessary if there is a good house and many people to live in it."

PAULA saw again the overcrowded room in the cottage below, felt the oppression of the atmosphere. "Tell me about your family, Alain," she said.

"Ah," he sighed. "There are many too many. My mother's brothers and sisters, and my father's, they all live in the hills about us."

"Your mother, then. She looks so sad."

"Sad? Yes. I think you are right. She does look sad. She has had many children."

"Yet you live alone with your mother and father. I didn't know you had brothers and sisters."

"I have only one brother and he is gone away."

"What about the others?"

"They died when they were very small. It is hard in the valley."

Paula drew a sharp breath of distress. "And your father?"

"Papa is content. But they are getting older."

There was a moment's silence while the distant sound of music floated about them. Alain turned toward her. She saw his lips curve in a smile. "But we get too serious for a wine festival."

She answered smile for smile and took her hand. "Would you not like to leave the village?" she asked.

"Why, no?" His voice was sharp. "My mother and my father need strong hands to help them to carry the water and to chop the wood for the winter. This is my place, my life," he ended softly.

She looked down at their hands linked together. Hers soft and white, his brown and strong. Hands that belonged to two different worlds; worlds in which the values were poles apart. She knew now why his family had looked at her with distrust. Here in this beautiful valley nature was so dangerously close that a pair of strong hands and endurance were the most precious of all possessions in a wife.

And now the music sounded even more remote as the dream receded into the distance. This way of life was new for her. She raised her eyes to his. "I was thinking that I shall miss you. But I shall think of you, often."

Instantly, Paula sensed the strength of his desire to beg her to stay; then slowly, reluctantly he released her hand.

"Yes. You must go and I must stay," he said quietly as he put his arm about her. The music and the laughter drifted around them as they walked toward the village.

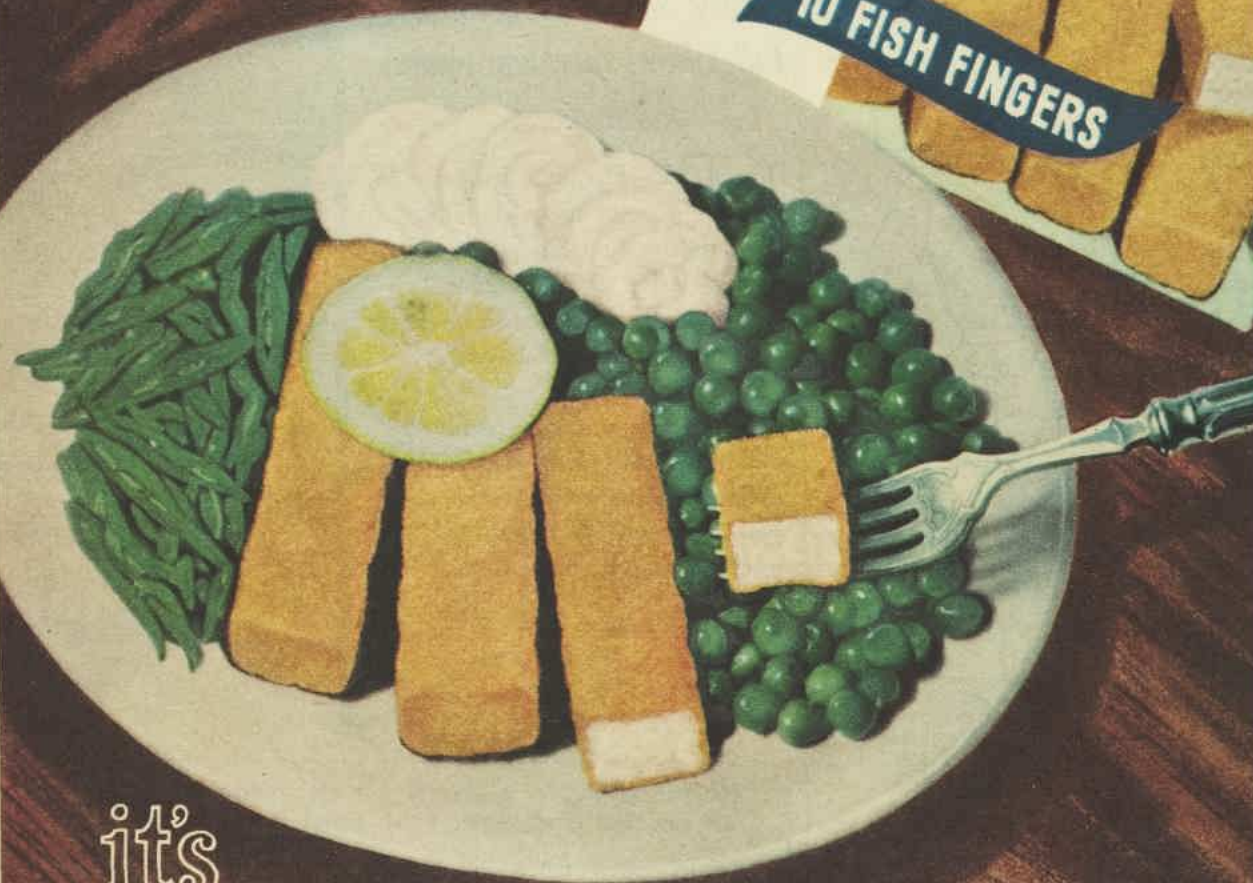
Now the dancing in the square had a new abandon and she saw it with eyes freshly opened to its meaning. They stood side by side, the dancers whirling about them with a fierce intensity that gave the scene an air of unreality.

She felt detached and far-seeing. Tomorrow she would leave the valley. Tomorrow she would re-enter a very different world. But always she would remember.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 11, 1967

savour
that
flavour



it's
flavour-full

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE, suspecting that the
mass escape from the zoo wasn't
an accident, is on his way to the
bank. At the bank, the two rob-
bers disguised as gorillas are in
trouble. NOW READ ON...

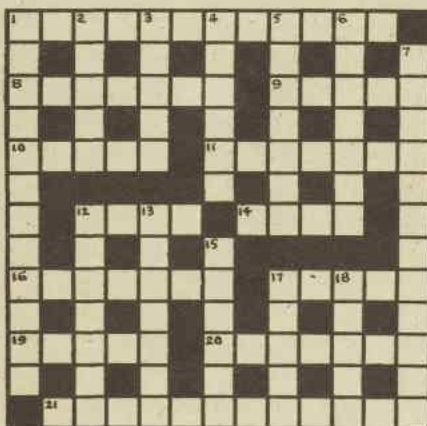


THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- Little Diana's correct answer to a problem in disintegrations (12).
 - Nectars for Greek islanders (7).
 - Rounding up the cattle the head measuring 5½ yards (5).
 - Broken soles could be deposit in certain river valleys (5).
 - Vibrating tone which can produce a lot more (7).
 - Behold and be a part of the ear (4).
 - She is twice a goddess (4).
 - Seaport of Morocco with yellowish-brown top (7).
 - More despicable when you rob a servant (5).
 - The path of a heavenly body or a small portion (5).
 - Rig a gun (Anagr., 7).
 - Shakespeare's January play (7, 5).



Solution of last week's
crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- No real deceit in diminu-
tion of speed (12).
- Member of a vegetable
nation (5).
- Precious stones are nothing
to friends (5).
- Sunset (Anagr., 6).
- Author of "Drums of Mer"
(7).
- He who does it must be
sleepy (3-4).
- With other words "I give
you my word" (6, 6).
- If you draw it, it's a fib (4-
3).
- English city on the Avon
which often precedes
fashion (7).
- Seat of the affections (6).
- Ask for alms in start (5).
- Hurl a toddy containing
gin (5).



Does Potter & Moore Shave cream
taste like ice cream, Dad?

"Well, son, it certainly is the creamiest shave cream. It's cool, too--
makes my shaves comfortable and quick. But stick to the milk bar
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